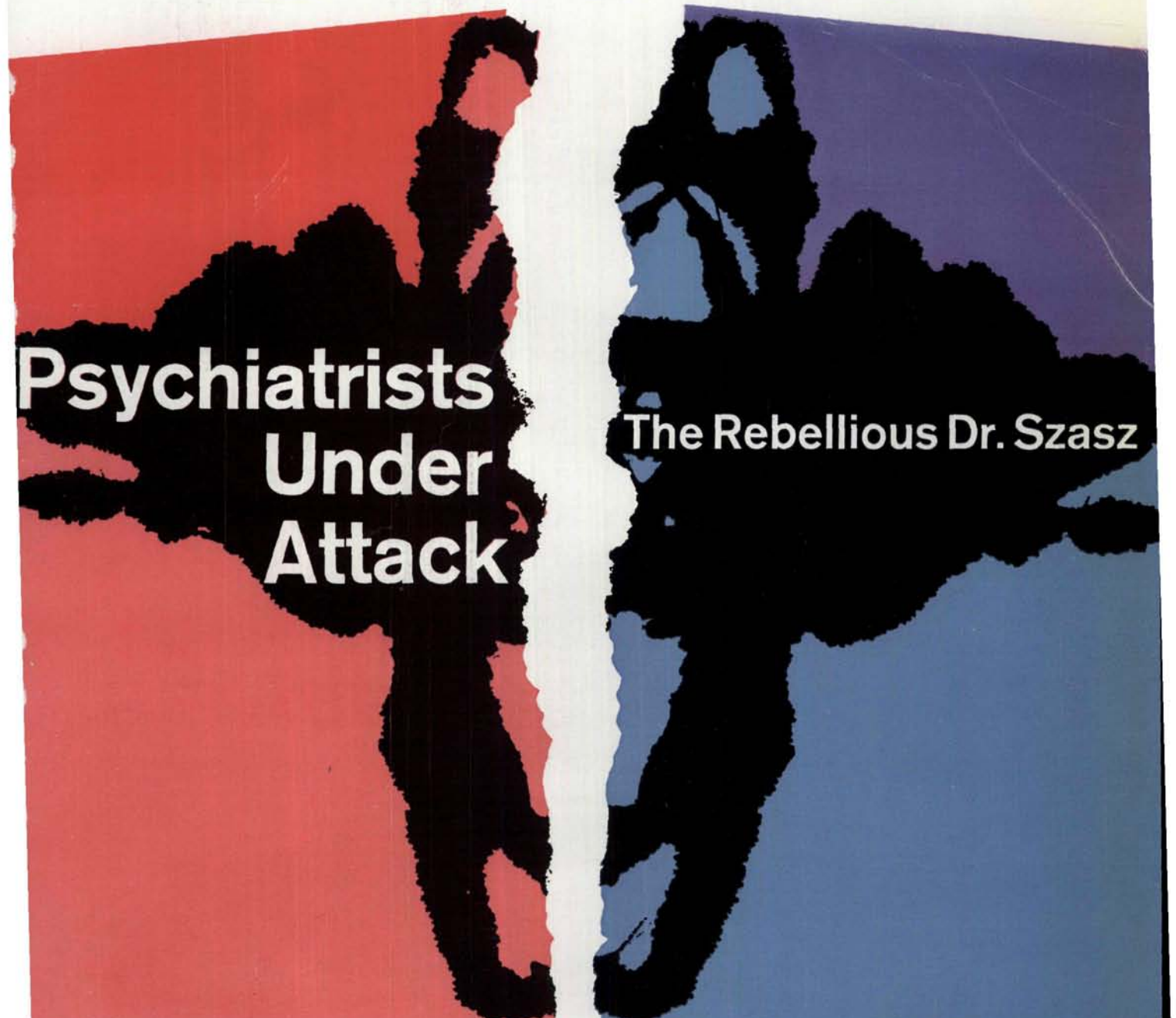


THE *Atlantic*

June 1966, 75 cents



**Psychiatrists
Under
Attack**

The Rebellious Dr. Szasz

the Solitude of William Faulkner MALCOLM COWLEY

The White Northerner ROBERT COLES

New Thinking About China JOHN K. FAIRBANK

A New Poem JAMES DICKEY

Making Strikes Obsolete A. H. RASKIN

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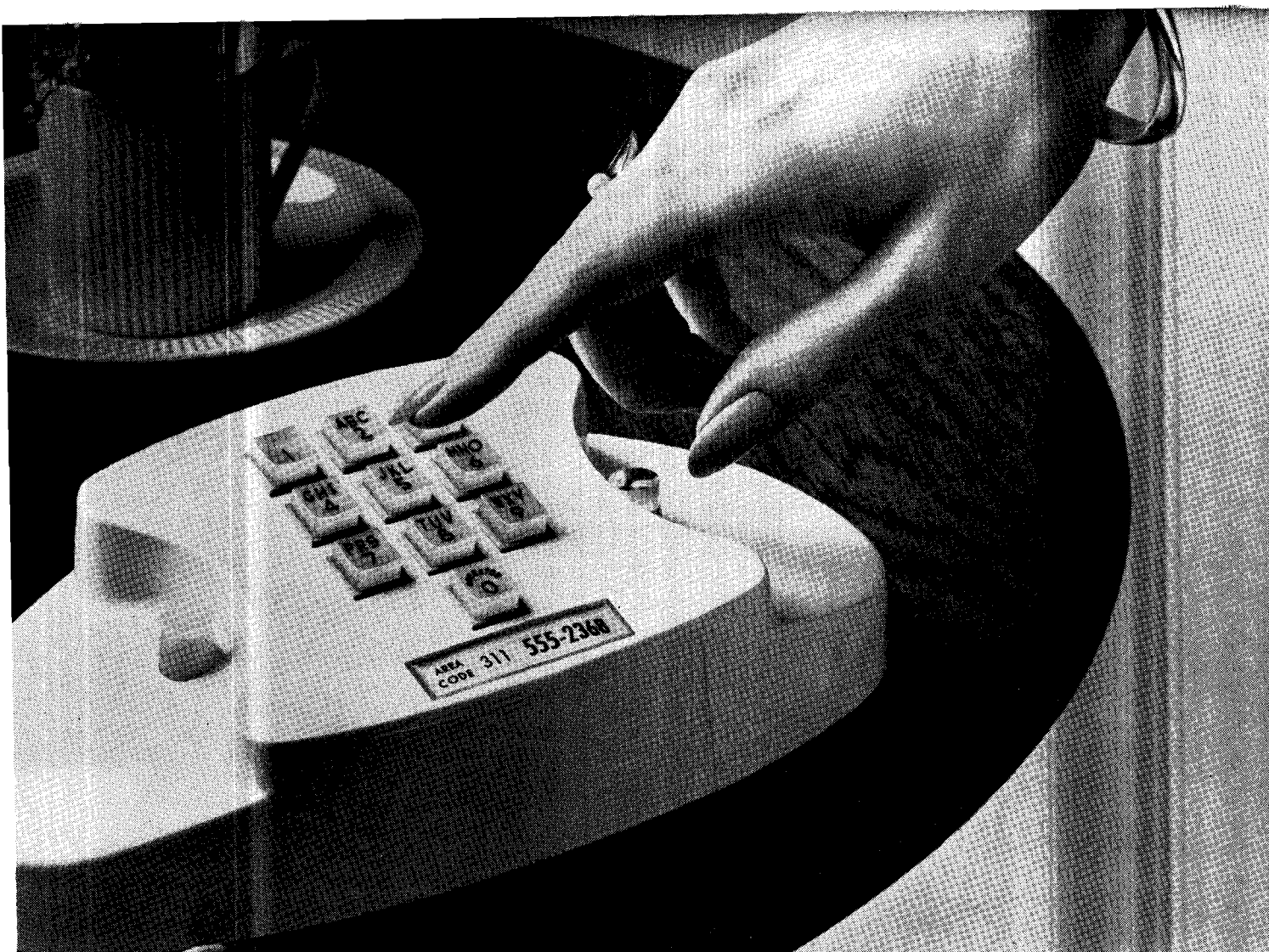
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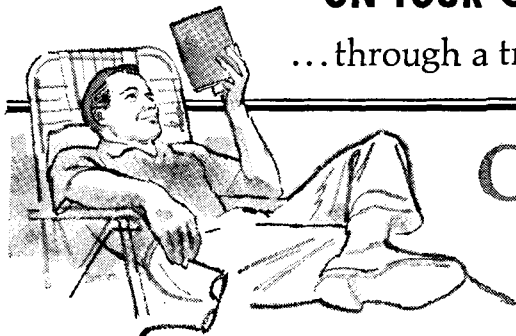
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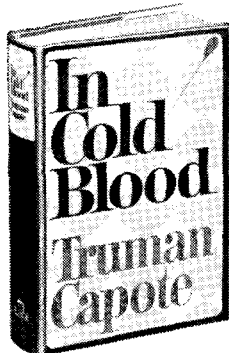
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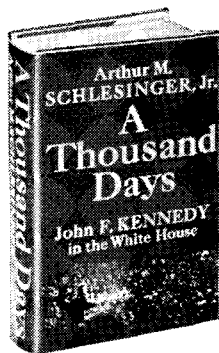


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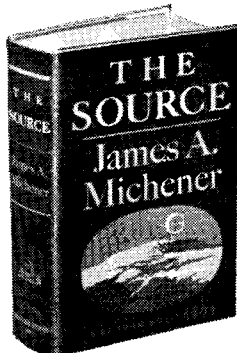
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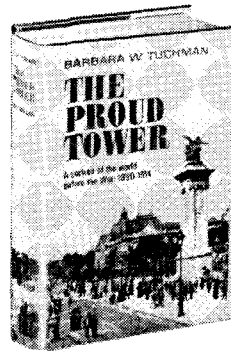
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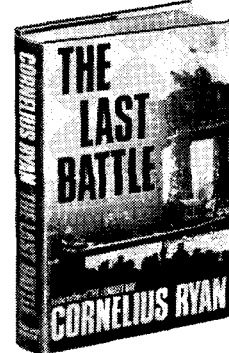
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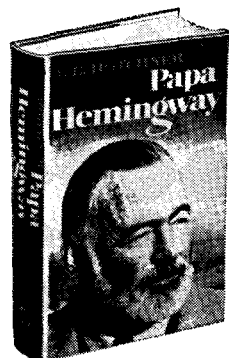
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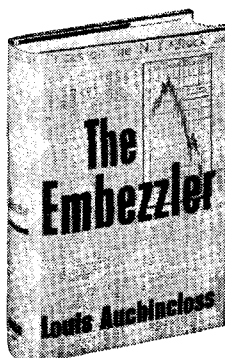
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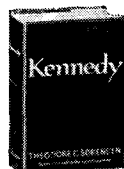
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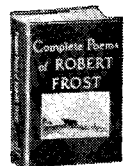
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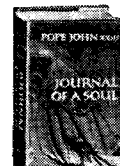
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High Energy for Space: A report from General Dynamics

How can you add calories and not gain weight?

The question, only rueful to waistline worriers, is vital to space flight. Calories are energy that has to be unlocked from fuel. The fuels that now lift relatively large payloads into earth orbit are not really efficient to take them all the way to the moon. Something with more "calories" to the ounce is needed.

The theoretical answer has been known for years—hydrogen.

Hydrogen contains more heat units to the pound than any carbon-derived power source. It burns explosively when mixed with oxygen. Under proper control, it would be ideal.

Enigmas of ultra-cold:

Hydrogen, existing naturally as a gas, is unnoticeable under everyday conditions. To be used as a practical space fuel, it must be carried in the vehicle as a liquid. In that form it is one of the coldest things in existence, 420° below zero Fahrenheit.

In this world of ultra-cold, most materials become as brittle as thin glass. Should the temperature rise only a few degrees, liquid hydrogen "boils" into a rapidly expanding gas that could burst through a sealed container.

Could liquid hydrogen be contained within a vehicle light enough for space flight? Could it be kept cold enough? Be controlled so precisely that its reaction with oxygen would give exactly the

amount of thrust needed?

Today, hydrogen has been tamed. When the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Surveyor lands on the moon, it will have been put on its way by Centaur, the first space vehicle fueled by high-energy liquid hydrogen.

Centaur was originally started by General Dynamics as a research project for the Department of Defense to test the feasibility of hydrogen as a fuel. Now operational for NASA, Centaur is the most powerful upper-stage space vehicle for its size and weight available. In nature the most efficient container in terms of weight to strength is considered the shell of an egg. Centaur, which needs only 1/35th of a pound of tank for each pound of propellant carried, is three times more efficient.

But before Centaur became operational, major problems had to be solved.

Early hurdles...

On the ground liquid hydrogen must be stored in large stainless steel tanks with double walls filled with insulation and evacuated to a high vacuum. Similar permanent insulation would mean a substantial weight penalty for a space vehicle.

With the best available insulation, relatively high external air temperatures on earth and the friction heat generated during booster flight cause some boil-off, creating the danger of constantly increasing gas pressure inside a tank.

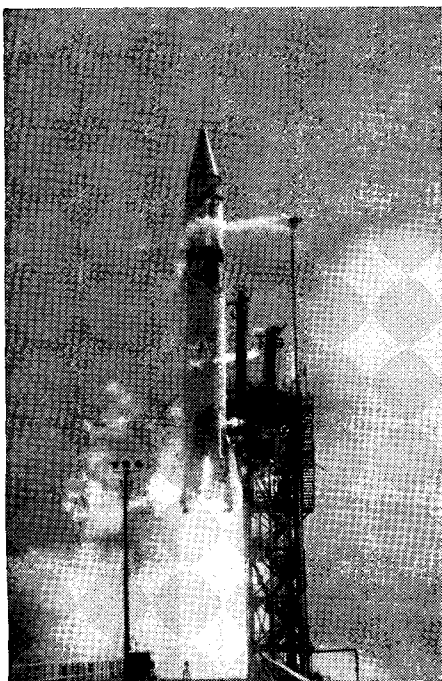
Liquid oxygen must be carried in the vehicle to react with the hydrogen. Lox is pretty cold itself at -297° F, but "hot" enough to make hydrogen boil.

Centaur's stainless steel tank, which is also the external skin of the vehicle, is only one-third the thickness of a dime. The extreme cold initially created microscopic cracks, visible only under magnification, in the stainless steel around some welds. Such cracks could cause structural weakness—and leaks, since hydrogen, the smallest of atoms, can seep through openings that will hold back everything else.

...and answers:

For external insulation Centaur is wrapped with 1,200 pounds of inch-thick glass fiber panels filled with plastic foam. Just before the upper stage separates from its booster, the panels, which have served their purpose, are forced away by explosive charges. Now Centaur is free to reach its required speed at a minimum insulation-weight penalty to the mission.

To control boil-off, venting systems bleed off hydrogen gas during propellant loading and until launch at 18 pounds per minute. Excessive pressure is prevented from developing inside the tank, yet the gas is sufficiently diffused that it can be fed into the atmosphere without danger of explosion. During booster flight, venting continues until the vehicle enters the frictionless cold



Atlas-Centaur launches a payload.

How Centaur works as a space vehicle

Space flight requires both muscle and speed. Whether the payload is a grapefruit-sized satellite or a manned capsule, it must be pushed to a speed of 25,300 feet per second to reach a 160-mile high orbit around the earth. To go to the moon, it must hit 36,000 f.p.s.

The muscle is supplied by a launch vehicle whose initial push, defined in pounds of thrust, must be sufficiently greater than the total weight of the vehicle, fuel and payload to overcome the pull of gravity.

The heavier the combination, the more thrust is needed to get it started against the pull of gravity and to keep it moving fast enough to reach its destination.

Just adding more propellant to a single stage vehicle would ultimately make the propellant containers so heavy that the vehicle could not reach the necessary velocity.

So for speed, a second stage is used.

This tandem combination can be compared to a sports car being pushed

by a truck. The truck goes as far and as fast as it can. When both vehicles reach the top speed of the truck, the fully fueled sports car starts, adding its own acceleration to carry its driver farther and faster.

Centaur's "truck" so far has been an Atlas, the same General Dynamics' launch vehicle that boosted the first American astronauts into orbit.

Fully fueled on the ground, Atlas, Centaur and a two-ton payload weigh a total 303,000 pounds. Atlas' 380,000 pounds of thrust, provided by a kerosene-derived fuel, push the combined vehicles to 91 miles and a speed of 12,700 f.p.s. before it drops off and Centaur's hydrogen fueled engines take over.

The high energy of the smaller Centaur now need push only the 36,500 pounds of itself and the payload against less gravitational effect and without the resistance of the atmosphere. After 440 seconds of firing, Centaur is traveling at 36,000 f.p.s., fast enough to send its payload along its orbit to the moon.

of space, when the bleed drops to a half-pound per minute.

One step in the elimination of micro-cracks was to thicken the original skin of Centaur a bare .004 inch to its current .014 inch. To reduce them further, all the vehicle's 162,000 spot-welds are X-ray inspected, and any imperfect welds are repaired before assembly continues.

Extra chores:

In addition to its fuel energy, the hydrogen even helps itself work.

The ultra-cold actually solves one insulation problem. Oxygen and hydrogen tanks are separated by less than one-third of an inch, but the liquid hydrogen freezes air between the tanks into a solid, creating a narrow vacuum that minimizes the passage of heat.

The thrust chamber—where the fuel is burned—develops temperatures of some 5,500° F. Such heat could quickly bring the cryogenic propellants to the explosion point.

On its way to be "burned," liquid hydrogen is first pumped through a cooling jacket surrounding the thrust chamber, separating the very hot from the very cold areas.

In absorbing the engine heat the liquid expands to a turbulent gas to be used for the energy reaction. But some is temporarily diverted to drive turbo-pumps that feed the propellants in required amounts to the engines. Without this technique, propellants would have to be force-fed to the engines under high gas pressure, requiring thicker tank walls and greater weight.

Slimming down more:

Centaur, for its size, is the most efficient single vehicle in operation today. Its fuel is the most efficient currently available for space use.

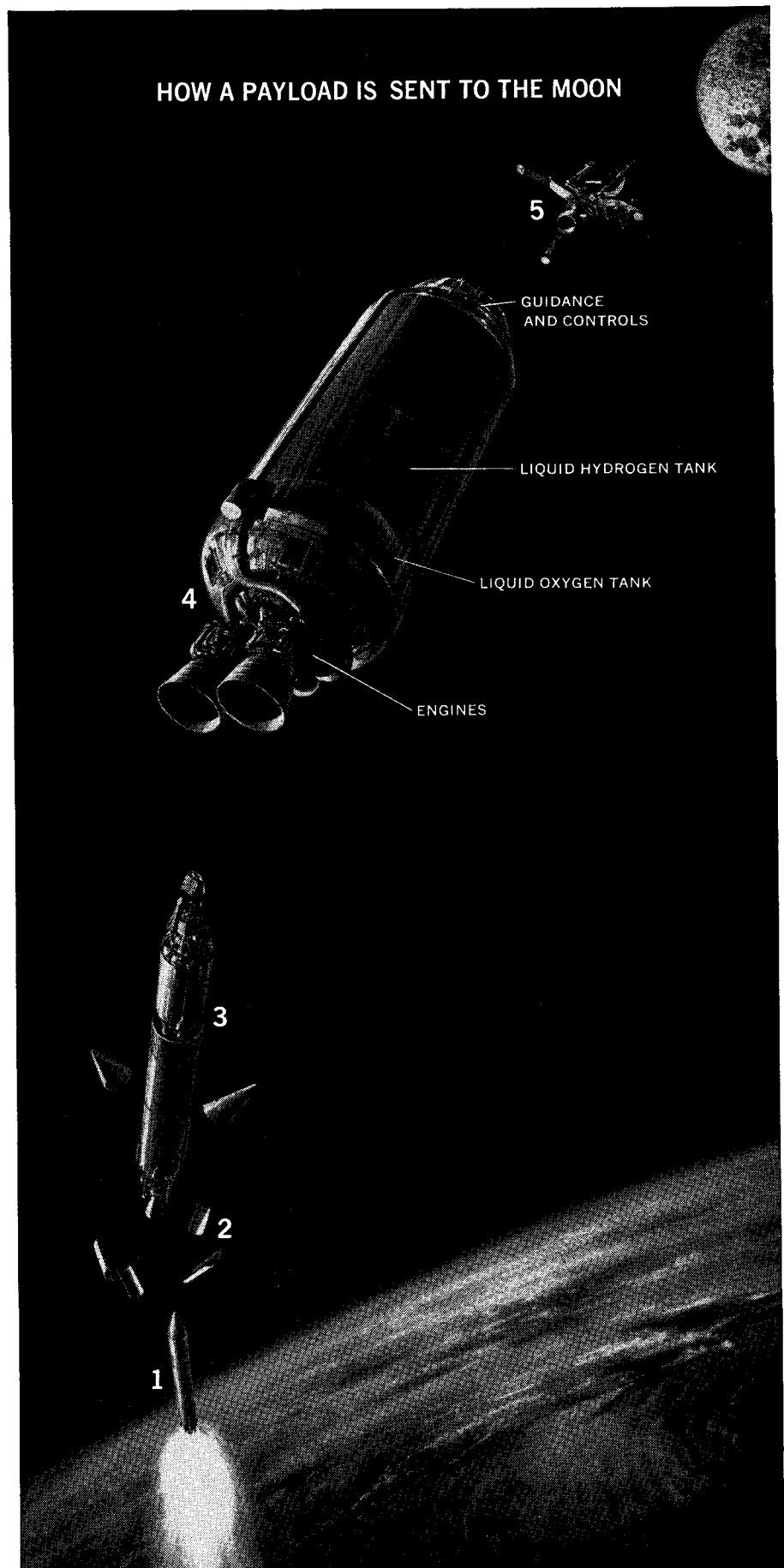
Yet further improvements are being worked on by General Dynamics: metals equally strong and possibly lighter; "super-insulations"; uprated engines, advanced control systems and fuel additives to increase performance.

As Centaur matures, it's going to take on even more calories—and probably lose more weight in the process.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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1—Atlas starts Centaur and its payload on their flight. 2—Shortly before Atlas and Centaur have separated, insulation panels and then nose fairings have been jettisoned. 3—Atlas separates and Centaur and payload start their phase of journey. 4—Centaur has completed firing and separated from payload. 5—Payload continues along its orbit to the moon.



WASHINGTON

THERE is at last full realization in Washington that there are two sides to almost every question relating to Vietnam. The Administration wishes that its critics would come to this same understanding of the complexities of the problem. It has taken some officials a long time and many humiliations to learn that there are no sure solutions, and that the nation is confronted today with a condition, not a theory.

It is easy to advocate withdrawal from Vietnam, or a neutralization of Vietnam, or a blockade of Haiphong, or an ultimatum to Hanoi and Peking. But all these actions would involve risks and uncertainties at a time when Washington must reconsider its own and its allies' interests. More than a score of nations are dependent to some degree upon the outcome. A year ago the President believed that bombing attacks on North Vietnam would force it to negotiate. Six months ago he believed that a peace offensive might persuade it. He was wrong in both instances. The enemy is tougher and more determined than he realized.

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has proposed that a summit conference of Asian nations be convened in Asia to work out a Vietnamese settlement, a suggestion which the Administration was prompt to welcome. But can Senator Mansfield suggest how to persuade Hanoi and Peking to participate in such a conference?

It is easy to say, as Arthur Calwell, leader of Australia's opposition Labor Party, said to Vice President Humphrey about Vietnam: "We think it is an unwinnable war and we think it might escalate. We want a negotiated peace." Calwell expressed the sentiments of many people, though not those of the Australian government, which fully supports the United States effort. But the

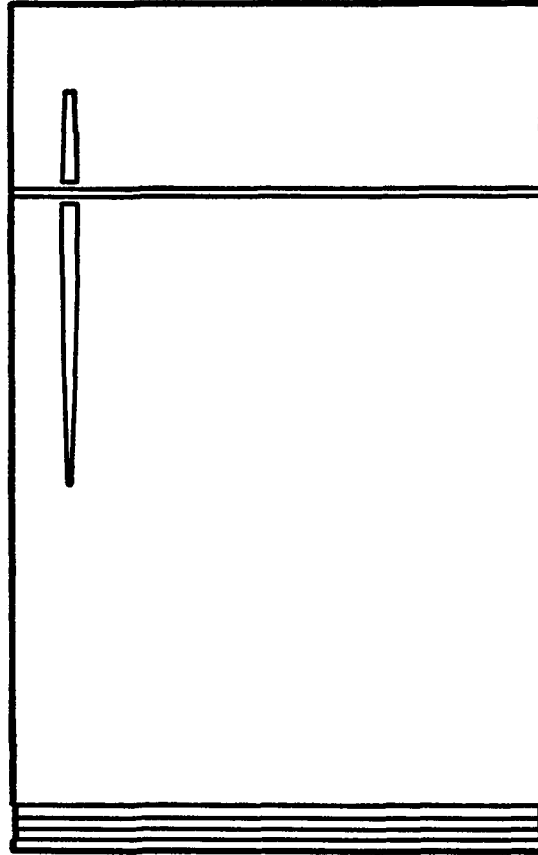
question is, how can a negotiation be started? Calwell did not answer that, and he did not propose a withdrawal of American and Australian troops from Vietnam. What would be the effect on Australia and on New Zealand, which also has fighting forces in Vietnam, of a decision to abandon the South Vietnamese? Both governments believe that their frontier is in Vietnam.

What would be the effect in Japan and in South Korea? Many experts are convinced that the South Korean government would fall almost at once if a decision were made to withdraw from Vietnam. Seoul has committed about 40,000 men, the largest force next to the United States's, to the aid of Vietnam. Some experts even believe that the pro-American government in Japan, which has given virtually no support to our stand in Vietnam, nevertheless would not be able to survive a victory of the Communist forces. In their view, a new government in Tokyo, probably dominated by the Socialists, would be inclined to turn its back on the West and to seek a settlement with Peking.

Our Asian allies

The United States has built powerful air bases in Thailand with the approval of the Thai government, which is absolutely convinced that its first line of defense is in Vietnam. In Burma, a neutralist government has attempted to maintain its independence in the face of considerable Chinese Communist pressure. It has been forced to make concessions, yet General Ne Win, who rules with an iron hand, is anti-Communist. He has accepted an invitation to visit President Johnson this fall, but if the situation in Vietnam deteriorates seriously, he may reconsider his decision to come to the United States. Most Washington experts on Asia applauded the President's decision to invite Ne Win as a means of keeping

6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?



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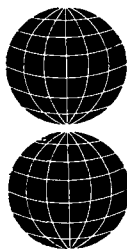
There are about 206 pounds of steel in a typical \$225 refrigerator. It costs about 8½ cents a pound.

A little arithmetic shows that the total cost of the steel in the refrigerator is about \$17.50.

Incidentally, that's only 44 cents more than it cost 7 years ago.



Report on Washington



communications open with an important Southeast Asian country. Ne Win someday may be able to play an intermediary role in Vietnam.

What America does in Vietnam also has a direct effect on our ally the Philippines, as well as on Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore. In both Manila and Seoul, plans to send more troops to Vietnam were held up when the Buddhists rioted against the Ky government.

From President Johnson's viewpoint, having committed a quarter million men to Vietnam and won the support of countries from Korea to New Zealand and from the Philippines to Thailand, Washington has no alternative to present policy, which involves gradual escalation of the fighting in the south and of bombing in the north. The policy has not proved to be notably successful, yet the Administration does not have a better one.

Washington is gambling that no Saigon government will invite the United States to leave, and it has witnessed so many coups and disturbances in Vietnam that it thinks it will survive a new one. Being convinced that the infiltration is directed from the north and that the fighting involves much more than a civil war, the Administration is unable to retreat.

When President Eisenhower first talked about the domino theory, there were many who did not believe him. Yet in the view of Washington officials, the theory is more valid today than it was in the mid-1950s. A formidable defense arrangement has been built around the American decision to defend South Vietnam from aggression. A collapse of that system would affect every nation in Southeast Asia, many that are washed by the Pacific, and others as well, notably India.

No false optimism

All of the President's military advisers were encouraged by the military progress being made earlier in the year. At the same time, civilian advisers acknowledged that progress in developing South Vietnam's political and economic institutions was distressingly slow. The grand promises made in Honolulu in February should have

been made years earlier. For as almost every visitor has noted, the military campaign cannot be entirely successful until much broader development is achieved on the economic, social, and political fronts.

Perhaps the realization of these facts is the beginning of wisdom. Washington at last recognizes that ultimate success depends as much on political and social achievements as on military victory. It is therefore more fully prepared now than at any other time to support developmental programs. And it is focusing new attention on the possibility of deeper diplomatic probes, without much hope of easy agreement. There is no false optimism in Washington any longer.

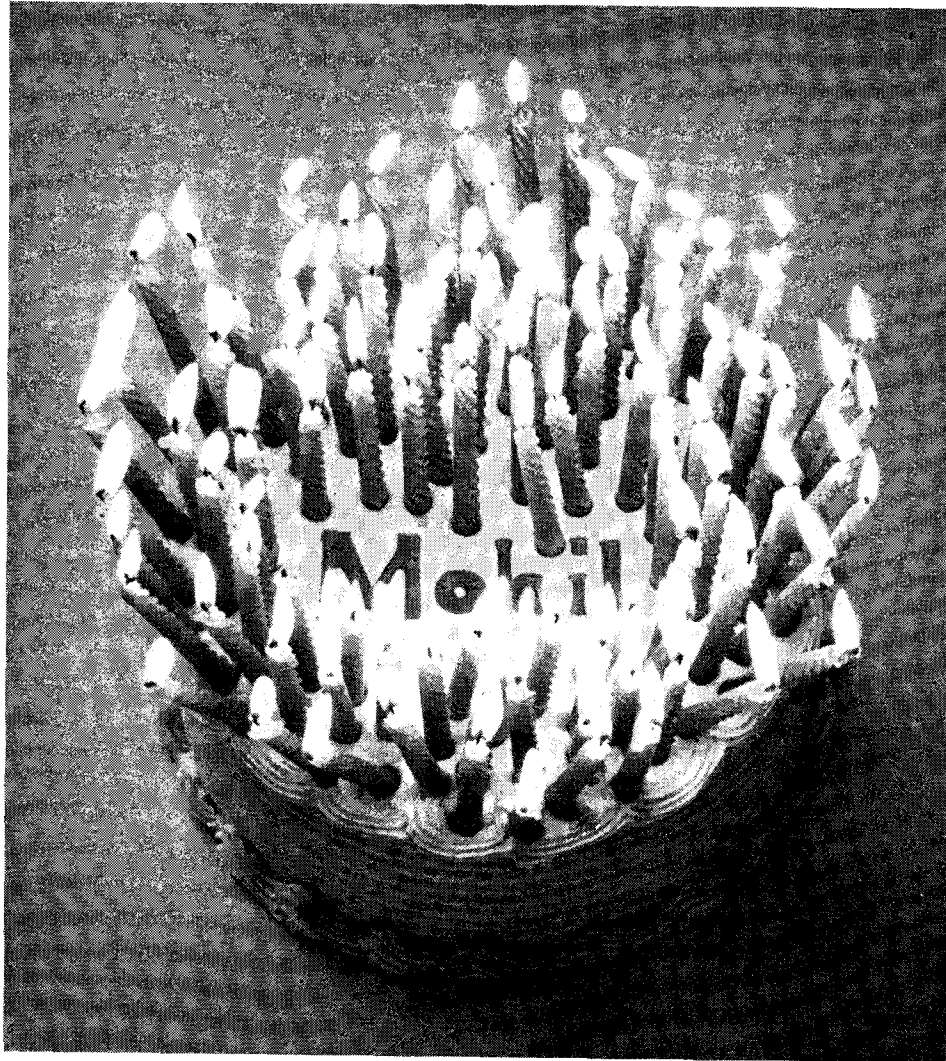
While critics have said that the Honolulu conference and its identification of Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky with President Johnson prompted the Buddhist outbreaks, Administration officials can only argue that it was not that simple. Moreover, they say that the conference, with its emphasis on development, was essential to the main purpose in Vietnam. While observers on the scene are cynical about the chances of success, having seen so many pacification programs fail, American officials involved are convinced that they are on the right track. They point to the constructive work being done in connection with schools, farms, hospitals, village development, irrigation, roads, and housing.

Tractors versus weapons

In testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Professor Donald S. Zagoria of Columbia University touched on the problem of development in discussing why Chinese Communist influence in the underdeveloped world "is now at an all-time low." China's failures "are essentially the result of its erroneous assessment of the forces at work in the Afro-Asian world," Professor Zagoria said. "Peking's product-mix of subversion, helpful revolutionary hints, and polemics on the evils of imperialism has inevitably found only a limited market where economic development and nation-building are the primary concerns." America's greatest hope in these areas lies in its commitment to development.

One day during his Asian tour in February, Vice President Humphrey was flying low over northeastern Thailand to see the road construction, river and irrigation projects, and other development work that had been started. Humphrey was on his way to Laos for a meeting with Prince Souvanna Phouma, Laotian Prime Minister. Several American AID officials from Thailand and Laos were pointing out to the Vice President the projects in connection with the Mekong River development program. The possibilities seemed

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Report on Washington

to be limitless in that area of one of the world's greatest rivers. "Why," Humphrey suddenly exploded, "does not everybody concern himself with development instead of destruction? You would think the Communists would have enough to do building their own societies without becoming involved in attacks on others."

In Vientiane, Souvanna Phouma, after conferring with Humphrey, explained what he wanted for his divided country, which had only ninety high school graduates last year and which desperately needs to expand rice production to make up for war losses. With many of the country's young men in the armed services, the Prime Minister said, "it is necessary to replace hands with machines." He said he would "much prefer tractors to weapons."

Progress in Korea

Secretary of State Dean Rusk is almost dogmatically convinced that politicians who prefer weapons to tractors cannot in the long run survive in this age where development is the primary need of the world's peoples. Rusk believes that other adventurers are doomed to the same fate as Nkrumah, Ben Bella, and Sukarno. The demand for development is a natural stimulant for the type of expansion the capital-producing countries can help encourage.

Although progress in some countries that have received aid has been slow, there has been enough improvement elsewhere to convince men like the Vice President, AID director David E. Bell, and many others that our efforts should be increased rather than reduced. In Korea, for example, almost devastated by war a decade and a half ago, the Vice President saw surprising results. Despite inflation and high unemployment, the gross national product has grown 8 percent annually for the last three years. Industrial production has increased more than 50 percent in five years. The number of elementary students has doubled in ten years, as has the number of university graduates. Some experts believe that South Korea will be agriculturally self-sufficient within five years.

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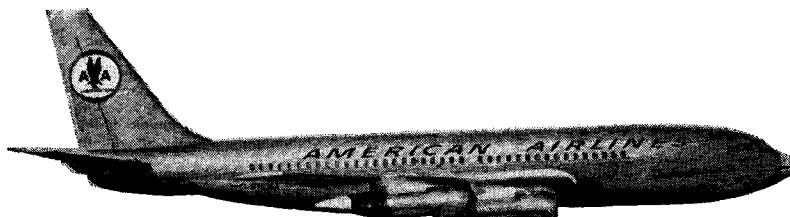
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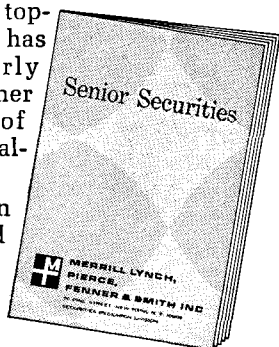
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Report on Washington

Even more impressive progress has been made in Taiwan, which no longer receives American economic aid. A study recently completed by Neil H. Jacoby, dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at the University of California at Los Angeles, examines the strengths and weaknesses of the American aid program in Taiwan. His conclusions are encouraging. He found that Taiwan was transformed from a condition of "deep economic dependence in 1951 to self-sufficiency in 1965."

The success there can be duplicated elsewhere given proper conditions and skillful direction, he said. Progress may even be possible in Vietnam. Some of the development programs there, small though they are, are heartening. Development is absolutely essential in Thailand if that potentially rich land is not to suffer the same kind of devastation being wrought in Vietnam today.

The war and taxes

In attempting to finance the Vietnam war, the President has been understandably reluctant to impose controls or taxes that would check the extraordinary advance of the economy. The record of growth of the last five years has been accomplished with less pressure on prices than in any other boom in the nation's history. High employment and high wages constitute an almost unbeatable platform.

Only a few years ago there was deep concern that the high rate of unemployment could never be substantially reduced and that automation would pose an increasing threat to jobs. Now we know that those fears were groundless. If demand is adequate, jobs will be created, and many social ills will be alleviated. Demand has been maintained at a high rate for five years, with a steady decline in unemployment. No political leader would want to put on the brakes too hard, and that is why the President has not asked for higher taxes. There are strong arguments for permitting the economy to operate at full speed.

But if it goes too fast, higher taxes will be necessary. Flexibility is re-

quired if the economy is to operate successfully. When taxes were reduced in 1964, the economy was stimulated, as the President's economic advisers said it would be. Now many of those who joined him in fighting for a tax cut believe that a modest tax increase is required to check inflation. There is nothing inconsistent in their stand.

President Kennedy argued that the Chief Executive should have power to raise or lower federal income taxes within a limited range as the needs of the economy dictated. He told Congress that the authority was needed to enable the government to act "more promptly, more flexibly and more forcefully to stabilize the economy." But Congress never seriously considered the Kennedy proposal. It jealously guards its power to impose taxes. Knowing that the proposal would not be acted upon, Johnson never renewed the Kennedy request. Yet nearly all economists agree that it would be helpful if the President were in a position to increase or to reduce tax rates to a limited degree. The time may come, perhaps when Congress is not in session, when a quick reduction in the tax rate would prevent a recession or a quick increase would prevent inflation.

De Gaulle to Moscow

Washington is watching with some amusement and with some apprehension President Charles de Gaulle's long-advertised visit to the Soviet Union this month. During the Communist Party Congress in Moscow earlier this year, the delegates twice applauded De Gaulle's name when it was mentioned by a Communist delegate from France. There will be applause again when De Gaulle arrives in the Soviet Union. But many experts in Washington are convinced that the applause may not be without some misgivings. The Kremlin is happy to see any attack on NATO; at the same time, it realizes that NATO is an instrument for keeping Germany in check.

If De Gaulle attempts a rapprochement with Russia at the expense of Germany, he will encourage those Germans who believe that they must fight for German reunification. Paris is no threat to the Soviet Union; Bonn could be.

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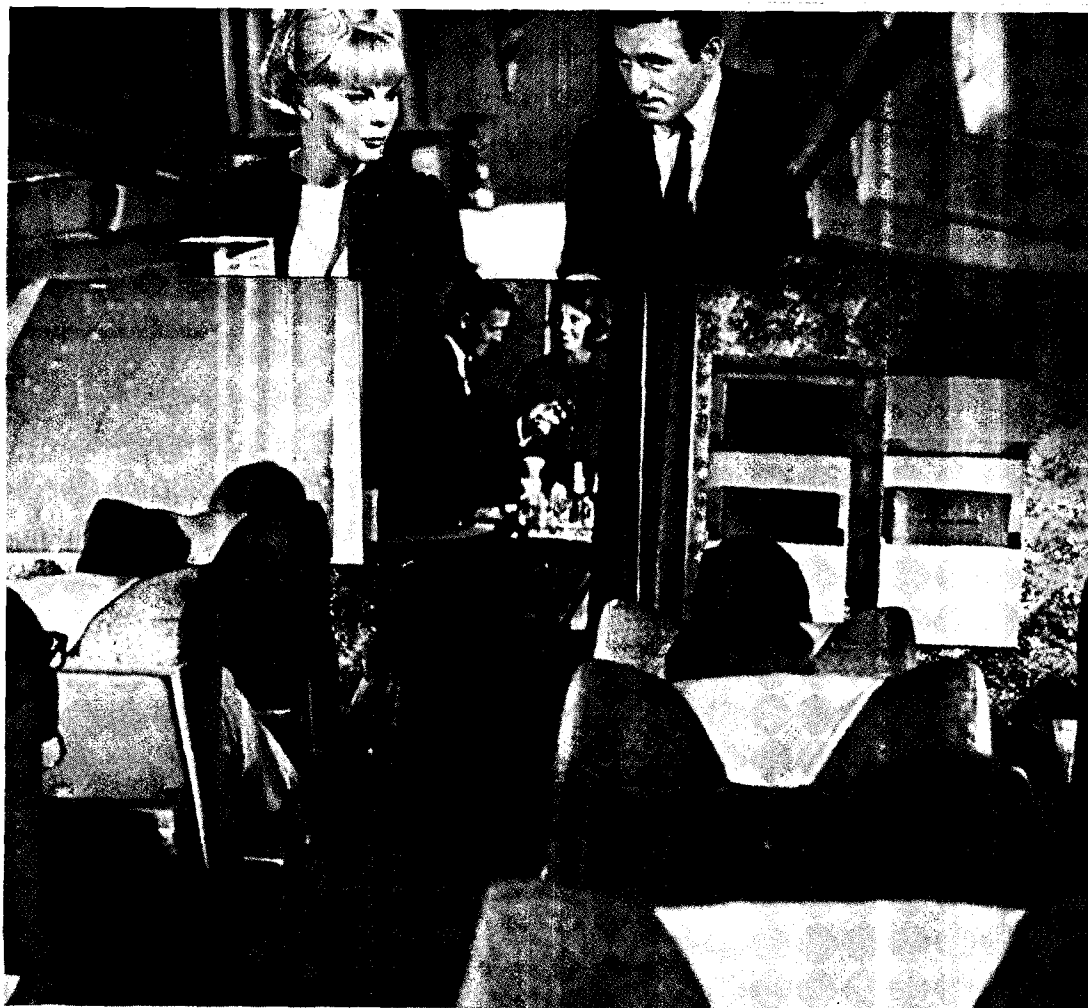
the restaurant business, better not buy one new. (The body's been welded into one solid piece of steel, the tires alone will last for 35,000 miles, and on top of everything else, there are four coats of protective paint.)

It'll take too long to get a new one into bad enough shape.



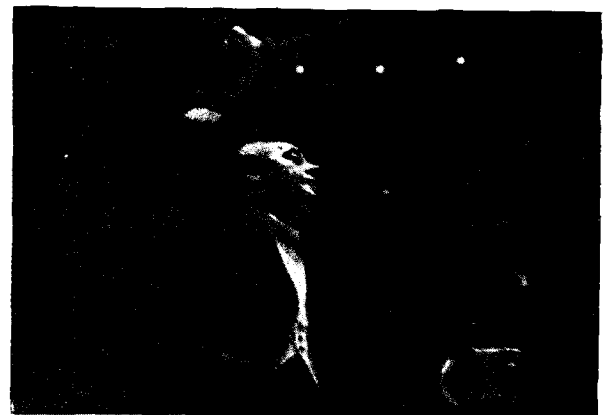
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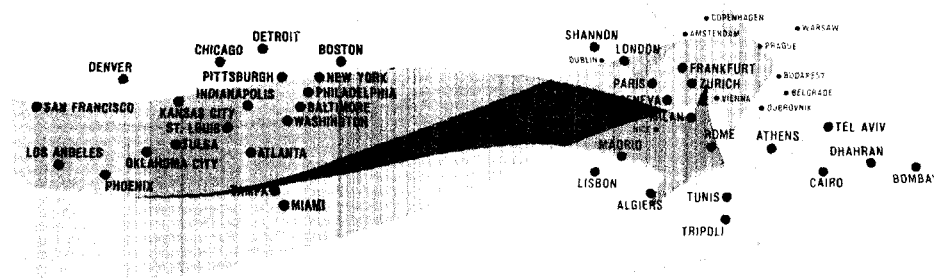
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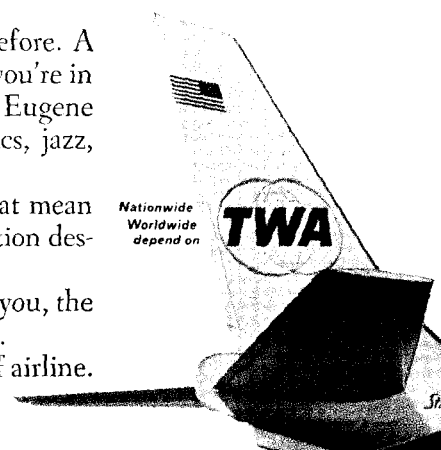
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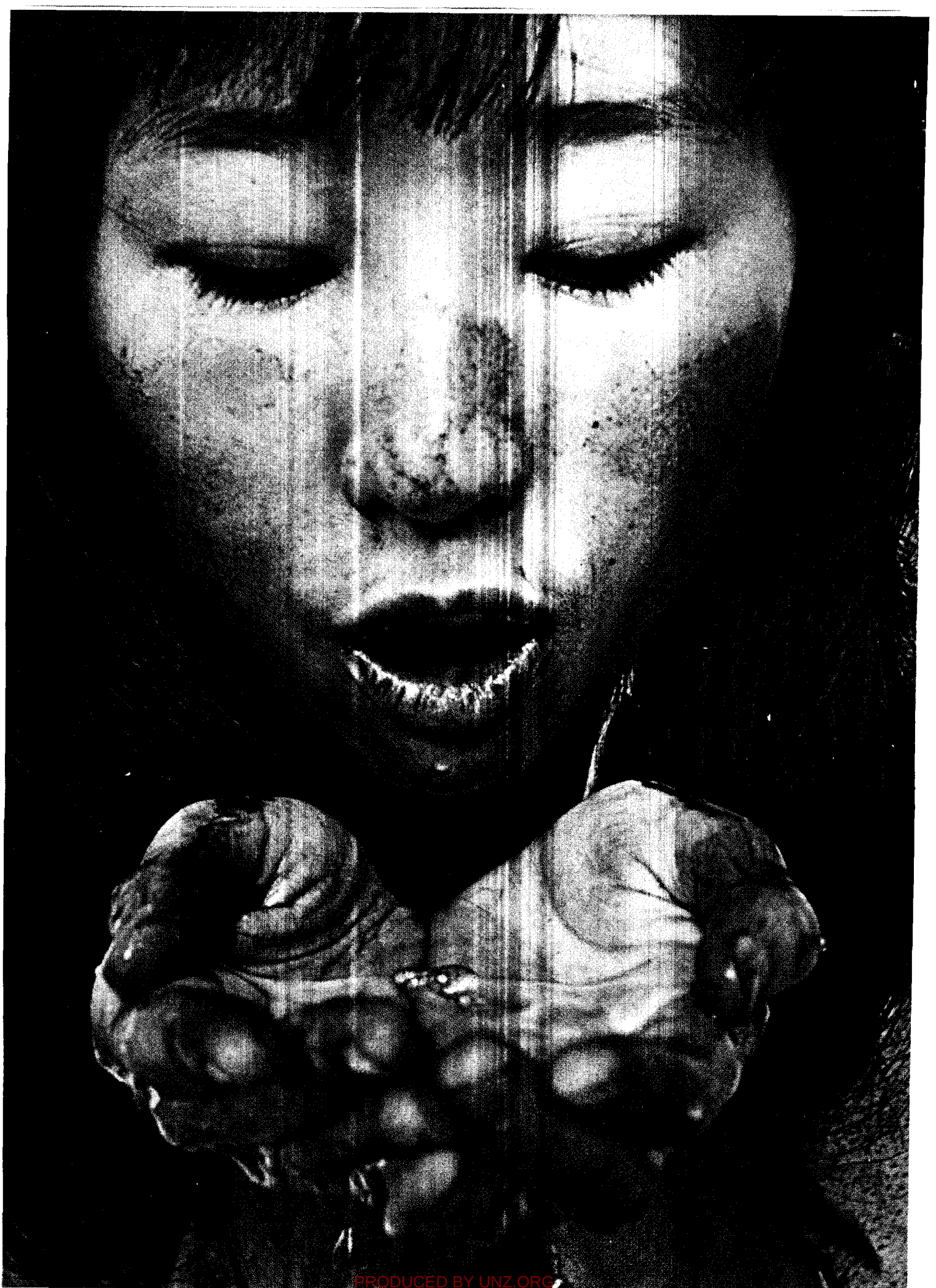
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Olin is even working on the development of large, portable chlorine systems for use in remote areas by small villages.

It's only a beginning, though. As the world population grows, pure water, like food, will become ever scarcer.

That's why in the jungles of Viet Nam, as throughout the world, the war against disease will go on long after man has made peace with man.

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The Atlantic Report **BERLIN**



In a purely superficial sense West Berlin is becoming more “normal,” more mundane every day. Cut off from its natural hinterland, blockaded and bullied by the Communist East Germans and the Russians, deprived of its status as capital city, Berlin was the last place in West Germany to recover from war’s destruction. Its scars healed slowly, but now, at last, the gaps in the brash facade of the Kurfürstendamm are being closed. The vast mounds of rubble in the city’s center are finally being tidied up. The palatial villas in Wannsee and the Gruenewald have sprouted from shells submerged for years in tangled undergrowth. Berlin has added a look of solid prosperity to the old snap, sparkle, and rambunctious humor which lasted through its years of trial. And behind the look is the reality of an amazing economic performance.

The Berliners have retained an intense eagerness to work. In West Berlin it is not uncommon to see builders at work at 6 A.M., knocking off for a mere twenty minutes for breakfast and a half hour for lunch, willingly putting in a ten-hour day. Enthusiasm permeates down from the city administration of Lord Mayor Willy Brandt, whose officials think nothing of staying at their desks until nine in the evening. In West Berlin the “German economic miracle” has not yet lost any impetus. Industrial production during the last three years there has risen 25 percent faster than in the rest of the Federal Republic as a whole.

Today Berlin’s fashion houses set the pace for West Germany; Berlin is the center of the nation’s food-processing, printing, and electrical industries. The complex of the Siemens electrical combine has become the biggest single concentration of industry in Germany.

Berlin boom

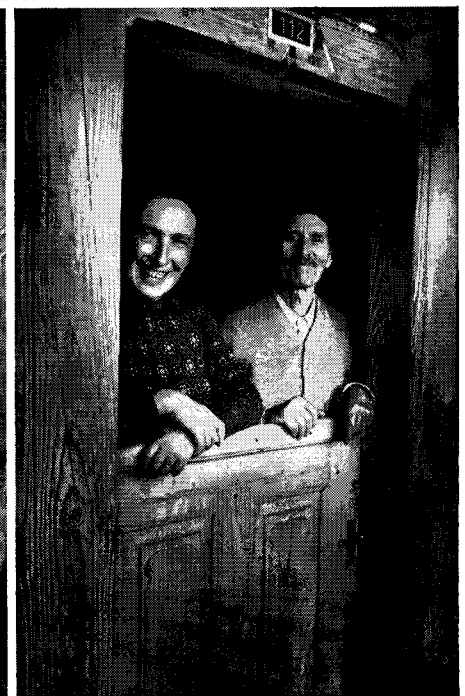
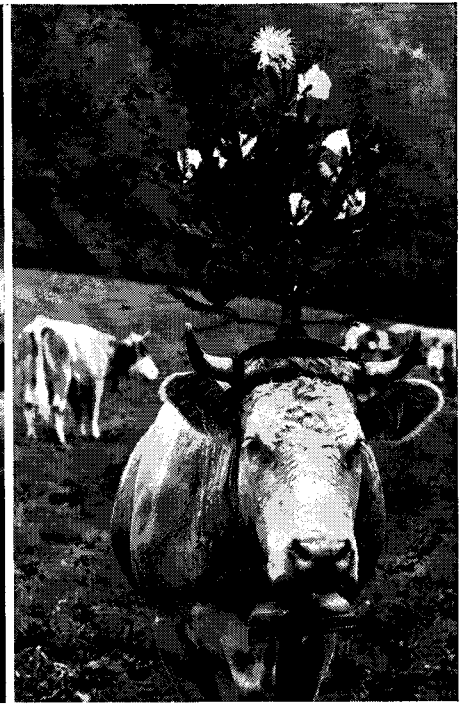
The force of the Berlin boom has overcome the city’s isolation. Fifteen years ago there were 300,000 unemployed Berliners out of a metropolitan population of 2 million. Today there is full employment, and Berlin recruits 18,000 workers a year from West Germany. In all, nearly 100,000

West Germans have come to Berlin to work. The city’s exports have quadrupled in a decade. Berlin has the best road network of any German city, with one unique feature — the city autobahn, with sixty miles of dual highway. In fifteen years 280,000 homes have been built, and one in three Berliners now lives in a post-war building. The city administrators have plans for the demolition of 56,000 slum dwellings.

The Reichstag has been raised from the ruins to which it was reduced in 1933 when Hitler took power. All of its offices are in use, and only the main assembly hall remains to be completed. Schloss Charlottenburg, once the home of the House of Brandenburg and Prussia, has been restored to something like its eighteenth-century splendor. In the Tiergarten Park a new national gallery and a new city library are going up. A “cultural center” is planned near the Potsdamer Platz, and there are blueprints for major additions to the universities.

This prestige building is planned with an eye to the reunification of Berlin, and therefore a Congress Hall and a Philharmonic Hall of Music have been built as near as possible to the Brandenburg Gate, which marks Berlin’s geographical center and which stands directly above the Wall. The old “diplomatic quarter” will be rebuilt in the Tiergarten to house the foreign embassies which every Berliner hopes will someday return. West and East Berlin architects actually meet clandestinely to discuss long-term plans for the city center. This may in time turn out to be the most productive collaboration of the years of Germany’s division.

There is a dark and stagnant aspect, however, of the West Berlin situation. The population has hardly grown in the last twenty years, and at 3,400,000 for the whole city, stands a million lower than its pre-war peak. The population has been growing older; one in five is over sixty-five years old, against one in nine in the Federal Republic. West Berlin is still dependent on financial aid from the Federal treasury, now close to



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Report on Berlin

2 billion marks out of a city budget of 5.4 billion marks. Even though it contains woods, lakes, and some agricultural country, Berlin inevitably exhales a feeling of claustrophobia, chiefly because of the Wall, which marks its fifth birthday in August.

The Wall, after five years

Unlike the abstractions in the political division of Germany, the Wall is an everyday factor in people's lives. It prevents them from moving freely about their city, from seeing friends and relatives whenever they wish, from aiding East Germans who want to seek refuge in the West. The Wall breeds frustration and bitter anger. At every anniversary of its construction, large crowds, made up mostly of young people, demonstrate at focal points along its western side. Virtually the entire West Berlin police force has to turn out to restrain concerted attacks on the Wall, for an assault would end with West Berliners being mercilessly mowed down by the machine guns of the East German People's Police.

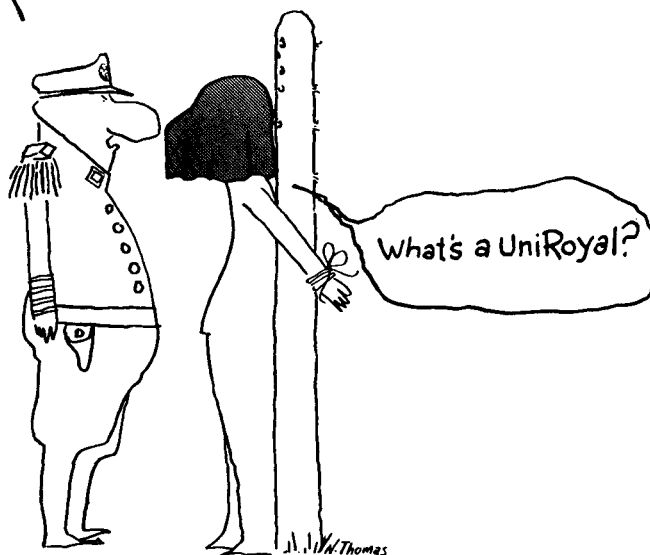
The Wall, stretching the whole distance from north to south down the middle of Berlin, has grown steadily more formidable. It now undergoes systematic modernization, and the East German authorities have even gone so far as to institute a competition, called *Moderne Grenze* ("modern frontiers"), for the best blueprints of a "new look" for the Wall. The competition closes this year, and the Wall is to be completely reorganized by 1970. So far about two miles of it, in chunks at key sectors, have been replanned.

Behind the Wall itself is a mesh-wire fence, about ten feet high. Then comes a strip of grass and behind it a trench six yards wide and six feet deep. In back of this obstacle, which is too wide for anyone but a trained athlete to leap over, is a second strip of grass, of a special kind; it stays flat for twenty-four hours after being walked on. Then comes a roadway for armored vehicles of the People's Police, lit by arc lamps; and beyond, a 100-yard-wide zone, studded with watchtowers, patrolled by guards and Alsatian dogs, and backed by two more fences, one electrified.



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Report on Berlin

The whole safety zone is at most points more than 250 yards wide, and in it the East Germans have installed visual aids and acoustic devices. All buildings have been razed to the ground. For propaganda purposes, the rusted barbed wire has been removed from the Wall at points where the East Germans bring their official guests. As one West Berliner put it: "They would really like to plant flowers at these places on their so-called Wall of Peace."

The West Germans have set up an office which keeps an exact record of all crimes committed near the Wall, as well as along the interzonal frontier which runs through the middle of Germany itself. Since August, 1961, the West Germans have counted 5000 crimes, half of them involving the criminal use of firearms. The names of nearly 2000 East German offenders have been listed, and the West German law courts have instituted 750 prosecutions of persons "*in absentia*."

At least sixty people have been killed at the Wall, some of them being "persons unknown" shot down too far inside it to be identified. East German guards who have proved to be crack marksmen are generally rewarded with 500 marks, a gold watch, and ten days special leave. The fortified Wall has reduced escapes to a trickle — last year about 1300 East Berliners in all reached the West, but usually across the long interzonal frontier; only a few dozen got across the Wall. At least another 3000 East Germans tried to escape but failed.

Chinks in the Wall

What can be done about the Wall? Herr Brandt believes in a policy of *kleine Schritte* — small steps toward a normalization of the situation. Something, indeed, has been achieved. East Germany has been induced to allow old-age pensioners to visit close relatives in the West, and since the end of 1964 about 300,000 have done so.

Conversely, since the end of 1964 there has been a series of "pass agreements," under which a million West

Berliners have passed through to the Communist side at crossing points in the Wall during Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas. Some West Berliners, too, can get through on "urgent family business." Passes are given only to close relatives, up to first cousins. Last Easter more than half a million West Berliners applied for these passes.

Save in the regulation of these two forms of movement, official East-West contact in Berlin remains minimal. West Berlin is the scene of periodic talks on East-West trade, always carried out on the Western side by an Office for Interzonal Trade, which maintains the fiction that it is only semi-official. There are talks between railway authorities, for the East Germans retain control of the city railway throughout the whole of Berlin. There is some contact at cultural and sporting levels. Early this year negotiations of a peculiar kind took place in Berlin, when West Germany bought the release of an estimated 2600 East German political prisoners for, allegedly, 100 million marks.

Do arrangements of this sort imply widening chinks in the Wall? Or are they merely part of the pattern of spasmodic contact which has been going on for years? The question is difficult. On the Western side, opinion may be shifting away from rigidity. In April one West German political party, the Free Democrats, called for closer contact with the East Germans at legal, diplomatic, and economic levels, but the Free Democrats' eyes have always been directed eastward. More significant is the Social Democratic Party's proposal for serious discussion, on television and radio, between members of the East German and the West German legislatures.

Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's Christian Democrats, the dominant government party, have been chary of climbing on any bandwagon for the relaxation of tension in Central Europe, yet on March 26 they, too, produced a shadowy peace plan. It repudiated Hitler's 1938 Munich Agreement and called for a renunciation of nuclear ambitions by all non-nuclear members of the Warsaw Pact and NATO. This plan contained at least one useful concession to an Eastern European neighbor,

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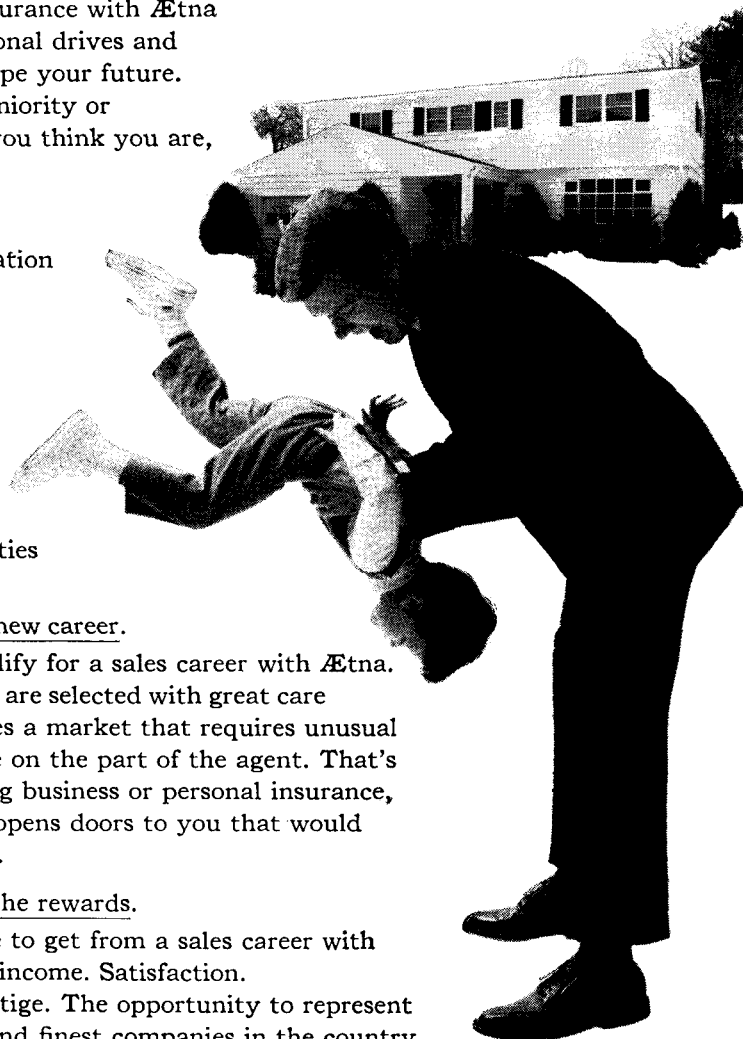
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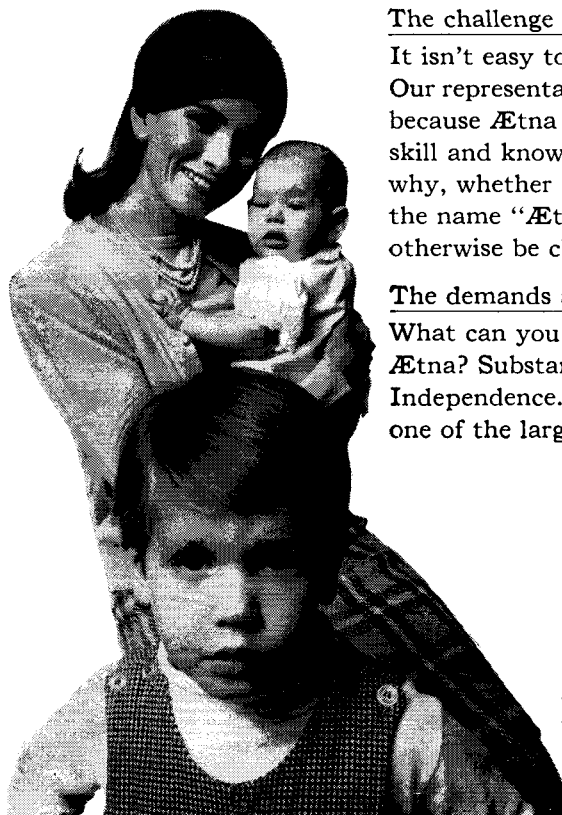
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Report on Berlin

Czechoslovakia, which has feared a re-echoing of German demands for a return of the Sudeten Germans to the fatherland.

Ulbricht loosens the reins

There have been signs of change in the political climate of East Germany also. An older generation of dyed-in-the-wool Communists is fading out. Their places in the hierarchy are increasingly being taken by younger men of the managerial type, or by technocrats whose main interest is in building up the East German economy, and who are less moved than their elders by the passions of Marxist-Leninist ideology. The young "managers" are becoming the driving force in industry; the technocrats are infiltrating the ministries of the East German government.

And it would appear that Walter Ulbricht, the real ruler of East Germany, has reluctantly decided to give this younger generation its head. Ulbricht is now in his seventies and in poor health. As the dedicated servant of the Kremlin, he is irreplaceable. In the last year he has been entrusting greater power to his two ablest lieutenants, fifty-three-year-old Socialist Unity Party chief-tan Erich Honecker, and fifty-one-year-old administrator of the bureaucracy Willi Stoph. When Ulbricht goes, these two will no doubt try to maintain East Germany as the Soviet Union's most subservient satellite. But they will not serve the Kremlin with Ulbricht's unique blend of ruthlessness, political finesse, and total authority.

The younger generation has already introduced more flexible methods into industry, which, as in other Eastern European states, is going through a period of adjustment, entailing the discovery of enterprise, profit, and decentralization. Individual firms are being encouraged to give bonuses and other incentives to their workers. And it must be acknowledged that something like a minor "economic miracle" has been achieved by East German industry, which is lifting output by more than 6 percent a year and making particular progress in the fields of chemicals and heavy

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UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

Report on Berlin

machinery. By comparison, East German agriculture lags far behind. The policy of nationalization of the land is universally unpopular.

Outspoken criticism

There is restiveness in East German intellectual circles. At least one powerful new critic of the regime is Robert Havemann, once a professor at the Humboldt University, and a socialist opponent of the Nazis who became a Communist after the war. Havemann has called for a basic policy reassessment by the Socialist Unity Party, involving recognition of bourgeois achievements and a synthesis between Marxist-Leninist philosophy and humanitarian socialism. He believes that a progressive socialist concept could become the driving force in a unified Germany.

Havemann's ideas are not new. Similar ones were put forward ten years ago by the writer Wolfgang Harich, who was sent to prison as a dangerous apostate. It is a measure of the changing political climate of East Germany that Havemann has been allowed to voice his views for the past two years without being arrested. Nonetheless, two years ago he was stripped of his university professorship, and last Christmas Eve he was deprived of his post as head of the Academy of Science's photochemistry group.

Finally, on April 1 he was ejected from the Academy. But he has gone on saying what he thinks, and he has attracted some open support — from the poet Wolf Biermann, from the writers Stefan Heym, Peter Hacks, and Werner Brauenig, and from film directors Maetzig and Wischniewski.

Communist pressures relax

As a concession to growing restiveness, the East German regime in January sent a delegation from its newly formed Council for All-German Affairs to Bonn with a six-point plan for mutual recognition of both German states, disarmament, and normalization of East-West German relations. Bonn rebuffed this plan, yet in March, East Germany made another proposal: talks between the East German Socialist Unity Party (SED) and the West German Social Demo-

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Report on Berlin

crats (SPD). The SPD did not turn this proposal down out of hand, but countered with the suggestion that all political parties in both halves of Germany should participate. The SPD called, too, for freedom of movement and of discussion throughout Germany. The ball was lobbed back to the East German court.

From these events West Berlin has drawn some fresh confidence. East German Communist pressure has been lessened somewhat. Communications are not being interfered with, and about the only offensive gestures from the East are the sonic booms of Soviet aircraft ostentatiously breaking the sound barrier over West Berlin (on April 6 a Soviet jet crashed into a West Berlin lake while executing this saucy maneuver). World developments such as the Sino-Soviet conflict and the war in Vietnam have probably helped to shift Soviet eyes from Berlin. But two larger factors are closer to home: the obvious interest of the Communist Eastern European states in relaxing tension throughout Central Europe, and their own growing independence of the Soviet Union. One way or another, West Berlin is not being squeezed because the Soviet Union finds it neither opportune nor worthwhile.

One result may be that West Germany will re-examine its traditional reunification policies. These have become petrified and have consisted basically in rearmament within the Western alliance, a boycott of East Germany and other Eastern European states, and the presumption that a strong West could eventually launch a diplomatic initiative that would somehow lead to German reunification. Despite these policies, today there is undeniable interest in Germany in improving relations with Communist neighbors, especially Poland and Czechoslovakia, and there is some readiness to accept existing frontiers and to begin to deal with East Germany. The emergence of the new class of manager-technocrats in East Germany means that the regime can survive the departure of Ulbricht, rendering less plausible than in the past the Bonn Federal Republic's claim of sole responsibility for the whole German people.

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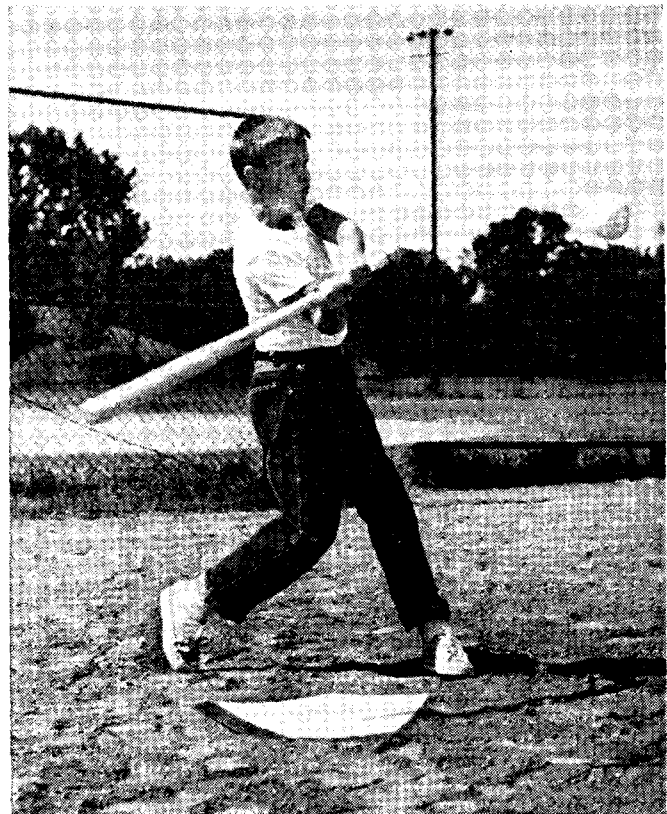
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IT WAS both the dullest and most important British election since Stanley Baldwin lulled the voters into returning the Conservatives to power in 1935 in the face of the rising Nazi menace. Nevertheless, even a dull election brings out once again that old-fashioned personal quality of British politics. The overriding element in a British campaign is direct contact between the candidates and the voters, and happily, no amount of television, public opinion polling, political dullness, or any of the preoccupations and paraphernalia of modern society have dampened down this particular British enthusiasm.

At the top, the party leaders get national television time, but it is locally that the battle is fought—hand to hand and face to face in the 630 House of Commons constituencies. More doorbells are pushed, hands shaken, and shoe leather worn through in the intense three weeks of a British campaign than in an entire year of American electioneering. A British candidate for Parliament is expected to work his voice and his legs to a frazzle to get elected, and if he isn't ready to knock himself out running to schoolhouse meetings, factory gates, tea parties, community halls, and bingo nights, and in door-to-door canvassing of housewives, there are plenty of eager political hopefuls waiting to take his place.

An ambassador from one of the smaller European countries remarked with mock incredulity when the campaign was at its height: "You know, I do believe that the British are the only people in Europe who take democracy seriously." He went on to point out that almost nowhere else in Europe do people even think they are voting for a government. They simply turn out and cast their ballots every four or five years. After the votes are counted, the politicians do the real work of picking a government.

Very bad aims

The British may not have been particularly clear in regard to what they were voting *about* in this last general election, but at least they had no doubt in regard to whom they were voting *for*.

All the same, it was an election campaign in which national issues were dealt with in meaningless generalized terms and clichés, and as a result, it was the ridiculous rather than the significant which often stood out.

The campaign produced, for example, a new item for some future *Treasury of English Letters*, written by a schoolboy who threw a stink bomb at Prime Minister Wilson, striking him in the eye. With remarkable aplomb, Wilson waved an arm and cried, "That lad ought to be on the England cricket team." In good British fashion, a Conservative doctor who lived near the hall and was watching the rally on television rushed around to treat the Prime Minister's eye. Nothing happened to the boy, except that he was carpeted by his headmaster at school the next day and sat down to pen this letter to Mr. Wilson:

"Dear Sir: I am sorry to say that I am the boy who threw one of the stink-bombs at your meeting in Slough. I hope your eye has now completely healed and it will not stop you from making any election speeches. I am very sorry that this happened and that it has in any way inconvenienced you. I would like you to know that it was not a deliberate attempt to hit you, but carried out with no fixed objective in mind. I was carried away by the excitement of the meeting when a friend of mine gave me a stink-bomb. I threw it toward the front. It was not a good aim at all, but a very bad one. I hope you will accept my sincere condolences and apologies."

Similarly, toward the end of the campaign, the Conservatives, searching for some gimmick or barb that might jab the electorate, prepared an "analysis" of Wilson's campaign speech handouts, enabling the Conservative leader, Ted Heath, to announce solemnly at a press conference, "Mr. Wilson has uttered 14,000 words, excluding interruptions. Only 511 are about the future and the Labor Party's policy. The rest deal with thirteen years of Tory achievement and consist largely of abuse. That represents the ratio of 29 words of abuse to one of constructive policy."



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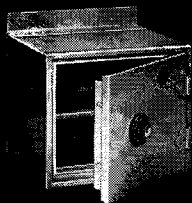
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Report on London

Then some journalistic purist checked the arithmetic and found that it worked out to only 27 to 1 — whereupon a Tory spokesman issued a clarification: "Unfortunately Mr. Heath condensed the figures too much. It is 29-to-1 if you add Mr. Wilson's broadcasts to his platform speeches." Good hard-hitting, knockabout British politics.

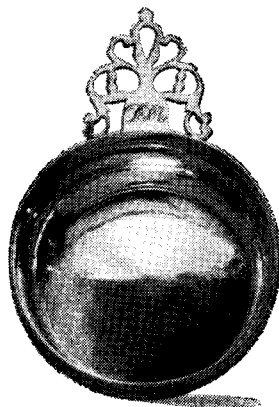
Hide the issues

In the end, Harold Wilson's Labor Party victory — a majority of 98 seats in the new House of Commons and a clear run of power for the next five years — bore strong political parallel not only to the pre-war Baldwin campaign but also to Harold Macmillan's Conservative landslide in 1959. In all three elections the common denominator was the avoidance of big national issues at a time of relative or apparent normality. A Prime Minister in power was out to improve his party's position with the certainty of victory in advance, and he was determined not to take any chances with issues.

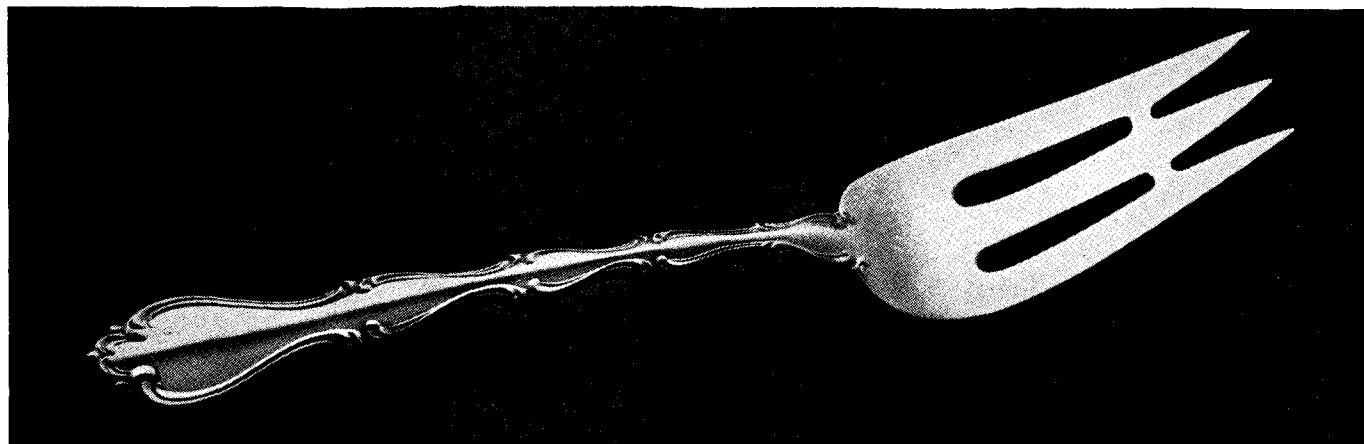
In 1935 Baldwin deliberately buried the urgent necessity of rearming to meet the challenge of Nazi Germany and the threat of war. Barely a year later, when a public sense of the perilously weakened condition of British defenses began to spread, Baldwin rose in the House of Commons to admit (in what he called "appalling frankness") that he had avoided the rearmament issue because it would have cost him the election. He died a sad and bewildered old man, murmuring over and over to his friends as the bombs were falling on London, "Why do they hate me so?"

Macmillan, on the crest of a wave of inflationary prosperity in 1959, coasted home to almost exactly the same size of election victory as Wilson's with the slogan "You never had it so good." He took no notice of the practical and statistical evidence of Britain's declining economic health and trade position in the world and ignored completely the political challenge of entry into Europe's Common Market.

The success of Harold Wilson this year — pipe at the ready like Stan-



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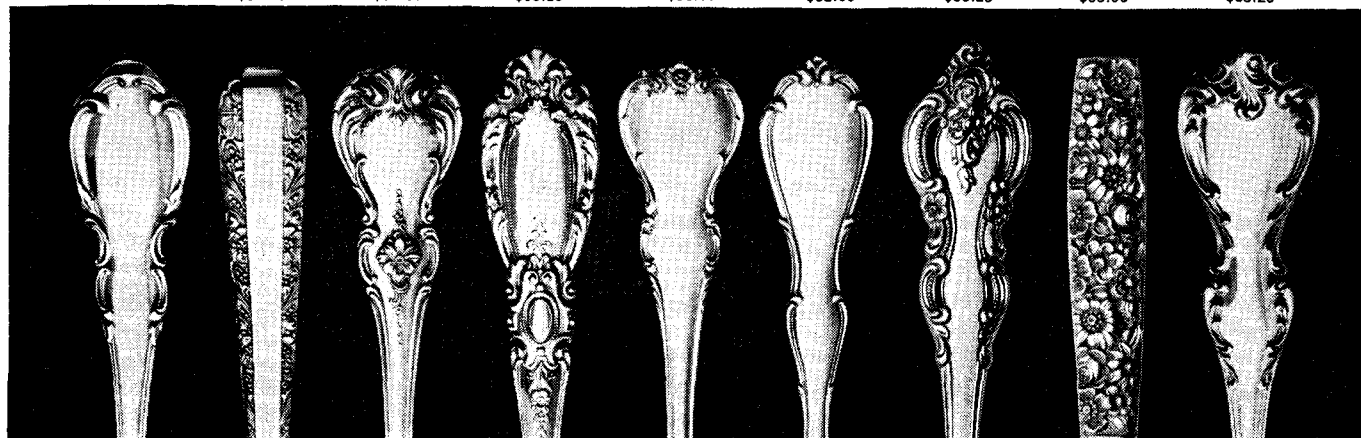
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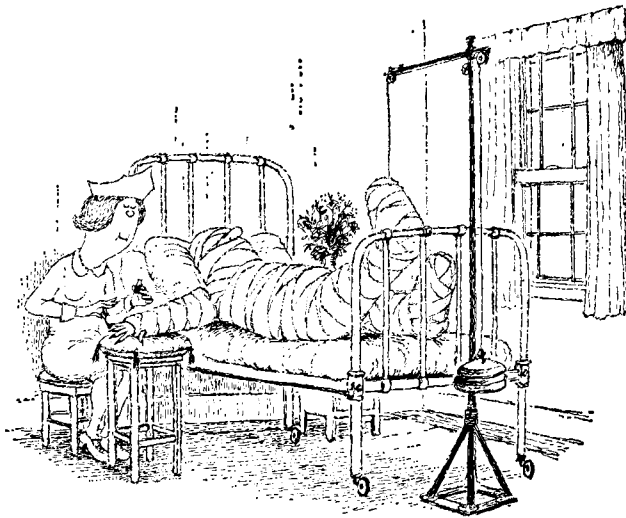
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ley Baldwin, and hair brushed and silvery like Harold Macmillan — has not been too different. His was a campaign full of promises about doing what is right and necessary, taking tough measures, not being afraid to make decisions, meeting challenges, and getting on with the job. But when the voters went to the polls, they didn't have the slightest idea how Wilson intends to win the battle to save the pound, check inflation, bring the economy into balance, restore Britain's growth rate, or reactivate a British policy of initiatives in dealing with Europe. Wilson did not treat with these issues for the simple political reason that he did not need to in order to win, and he knew it. The advantages of power were enormous.

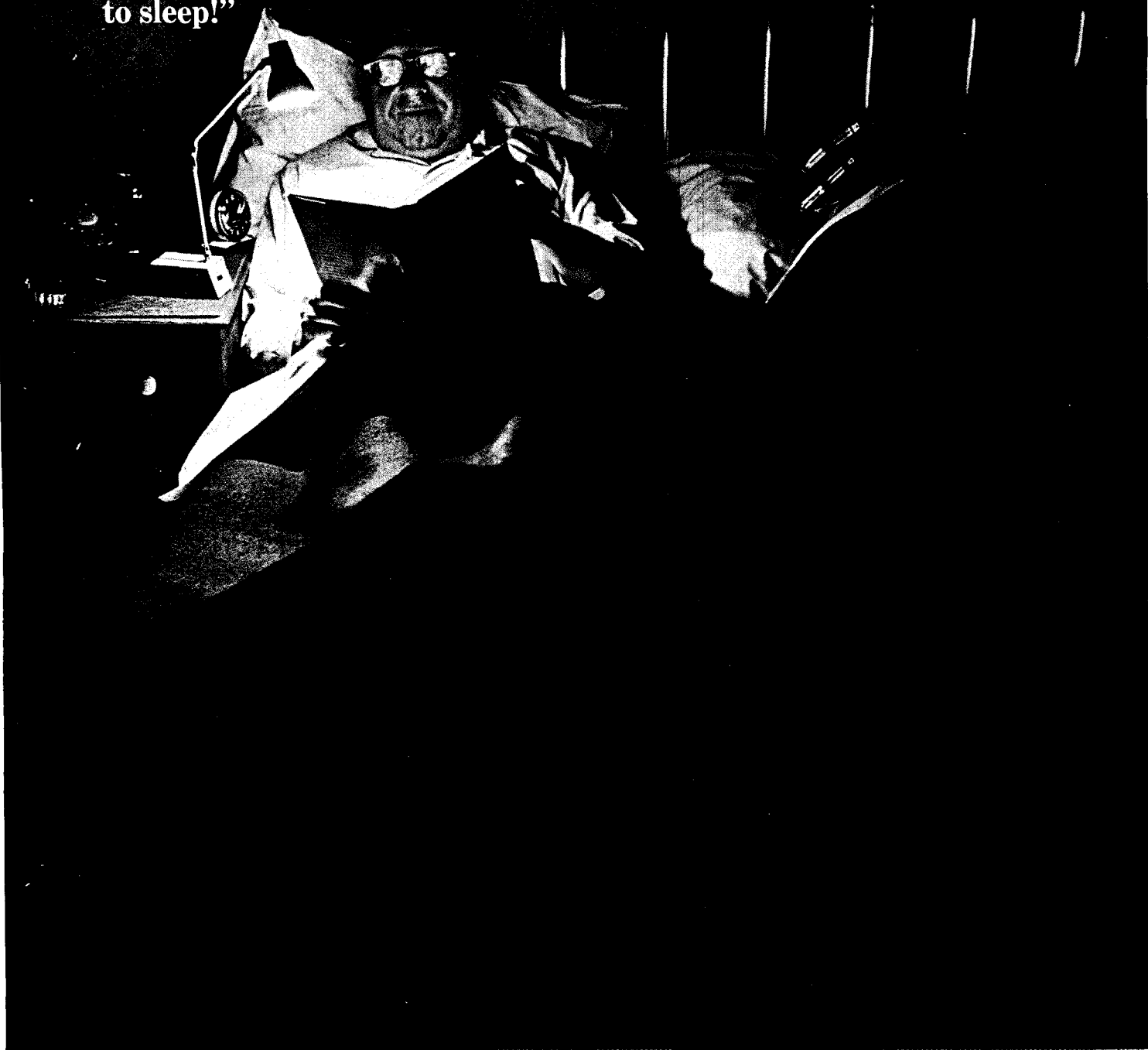
Heath, on the other hand, is the first British Conservative since Bonar Law during World War I to take over the party leadership while the party was in opposition. Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, Sir Alec Douglas-Home all became leaders in power. Heath prodded a batch of election policy papers out of the Conservatives which in other circumstances would have been forward-looking, liberal, and impressive.

But with the Tories out of power, the public paid scarcely any attention at all to what Heath was promising to do if he got in. He tried out a number of lines — on the strength of pound sterling, the praiseworthy aspects of General de Gaulle, Britain, and the Common Market; he added a strong dash of anti-Americanism, spoke of restrictive trade union practices, Britain's indebtedness, and even tossed out at the end that old political chestnut "Vote for my opponents and pay later." But none of them clicked, and nothing worked.

Pre-empt the center

However dull, it was a highly important election, even a historic decision by the British voters. In the first place, Wilson's victory marks the end of fifty years of Conservative Party dominance of British affairs. Although the Labor Party won a much more sweeping victory in 1945 than in 1966, it was by no

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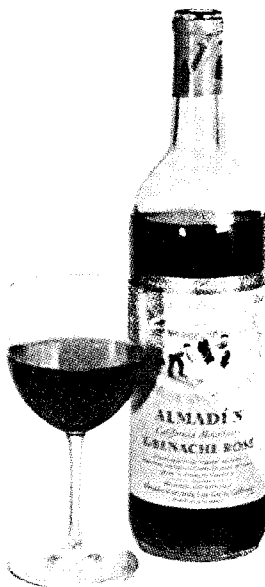
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Report on London

means a "permanent victory," and it certainly did not shatter the Tories, who still had Churchill in reserve to lead them back to power.

Now for the first time in British history, the Labor Party has *improved* its hold on the government after a period in office, instead of slipping backward. Wilson has done this by pre-empting the political center. Today there is far more of a political balance between Britain's two major parties than ever before, and as one British commentator put it after the results were in: "The longer Mr. Wilson can keep the Conservatives out of office, the more completely he will rob them of their essential election-winning mystique, the idea that they are the natural governing party."

More to the point, Britain has elected a government for a five-year period which promises to be the most important five years in British as well as European politics since the war. Wilson is in power until 1971; Lyndon Johnson, if he runs again and wins, until 1972; and Charles de Gaulle, if he lives and does not retire from office, until 1972. The decisions of these three men will fundamentally reshape the twenty-year-old political, economic, and military arrangements which have obtained in Europe since the Truman-Stalin lineup of the cold war.

In the international field, the first challenge of this era of realignment is already on Wilson's doorstep — the future of NATO. Along with NATO comes the question of Britain's relation to the Common Market, a fundamental issue which Heath tried to force in the campaign and which Wilson successfully dodged. At this point in the Wilson government's postelection thinking, NATO is the more urgent challenge, and also offers the advantage of a framework in which Britain can reactivate its European leadership. The removal of NATO headquarters and installations from France to London would put Britain back into European diplomacy after nearly a decade on the sidelines.

Once these ties have been reorganized and strengthened in Lon-

don, the ground will be prepared and the stage set for a new, more formidable British move into the Common Market. Wilson has signaled clear recognition of his "European problem" by naming a special minister to take charge of day-to-day NATO affairs and political relations with the Common Market, while his number two in the Cabinet, George Brown, has been charged with formulation of economic policy toward Europe.

Nobody in London is prepared to put labels on policy, but this "grand design" is taking shape. According to it, Britain, the mother hen of a NATO kicked out of France, giving comfort, reassurance, and new stability to the Alliance, can sail serenely at last into the Common Market and bring Norway, Denmark, and Ireland along with it in two or three years time, with "safe-conduct" guarantees for European Free Trade Association countries which do not wish to join, such as Sweden, Austria, Portugal, and Switzerland.

And then be tough

There is, however, one basic underlying requirement of any Wilson "grand design" for Britain, and that is the restoration of true economic strength. It might be possible to negotiate entry into the Common Market with inflation still going on and the pound fluctuating in the international financial breezes, but it would be a very weak negotiating position, and one which Wilson and his ministers rule out. Economic policy was never more fundamental to effective political policy, and it is on the economic front that Wilson will ultimately be judged.

He scored with the electorate in March because his defensive actions to save the pound in his seventeen months in office had been successful, even though the problem as a whole is far from solved. Just before the campaign ended, Wilson was able to produce official Treasury figures to show that he had met his target of cutting the British balance-of-payments deficit in half during 1965. The January and February trade figures looked even better.

Still, the statistics turned down slightly in March, and a £900 million credit from the International Monetary Fund hangs over sterling

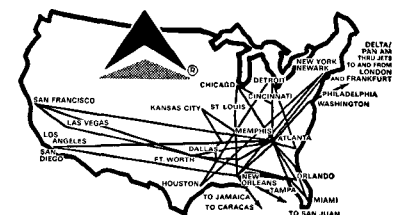
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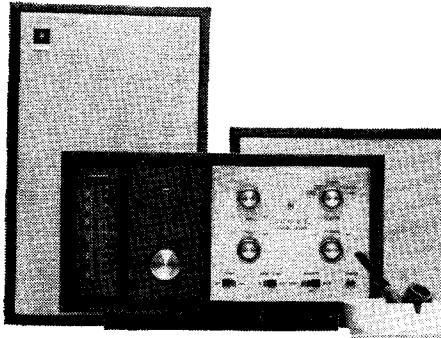
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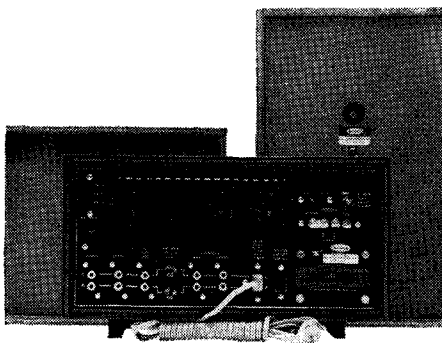
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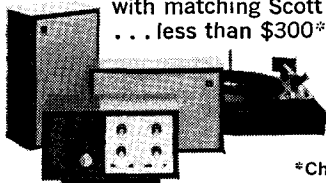


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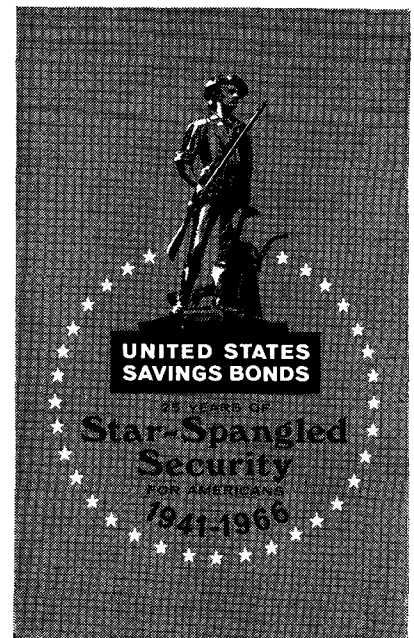
Report on London

reserves, so the country is far from out of the woods. And meanwhile, all the classic elements of inflation and "overheating" are present in the British economy: wages which shot up by 8 percent in 1965 and are still on the rise; overemployment; lagging growth rate and stagnant productivity; rising prices; too much money, too few goods. Since he took office, Wilson has managed to exude a genuine sense of motion and of a government at work. "Labor Gets Things Done" was the key campaign slogan, and whatever the validity of the Tory charge that it has been motion, not action, the slogan was politically effective against the record of the last years of Tory rule.

At the age of fifty, Harold Wilson is far and away the most dominant figure in British politics today. There have been mutterings that with a Labor majority of 98 his left-wingers who oppose British support of the American position in Vietnam will cause trouble. But nobody who has watched Wilson operate is seriously worried about this theory. Since Aneurin Bevan's death and Wilson's own transformation into a man of the "radical center," the Labor left is without a single figure of stature.

Will he be tough? He is certainly a cold and calculating political operator with few friends and no real intimates to whom he must be obligated. But there is also a curious streak of personal "softness" in Wilson. Possibly because he knows that he is cold and hard, he is painfully reluctant to be as ruthless with people personally as he is in his political decisions. His new Cabinet is virtually unchanged from the pre-election lineup, although it is perfectly obvious to both Labor and Conservative politicians that he is passing up a chance to make much-needed replacements in key posts.

Harold Wilson above all is concerned with his success as a Prime Minister, and since that is firmly tied to the strength of sterling and the position of Britain, nobody who works with him doubts his ability and readiness to "get on with the job," whatever that will mean.

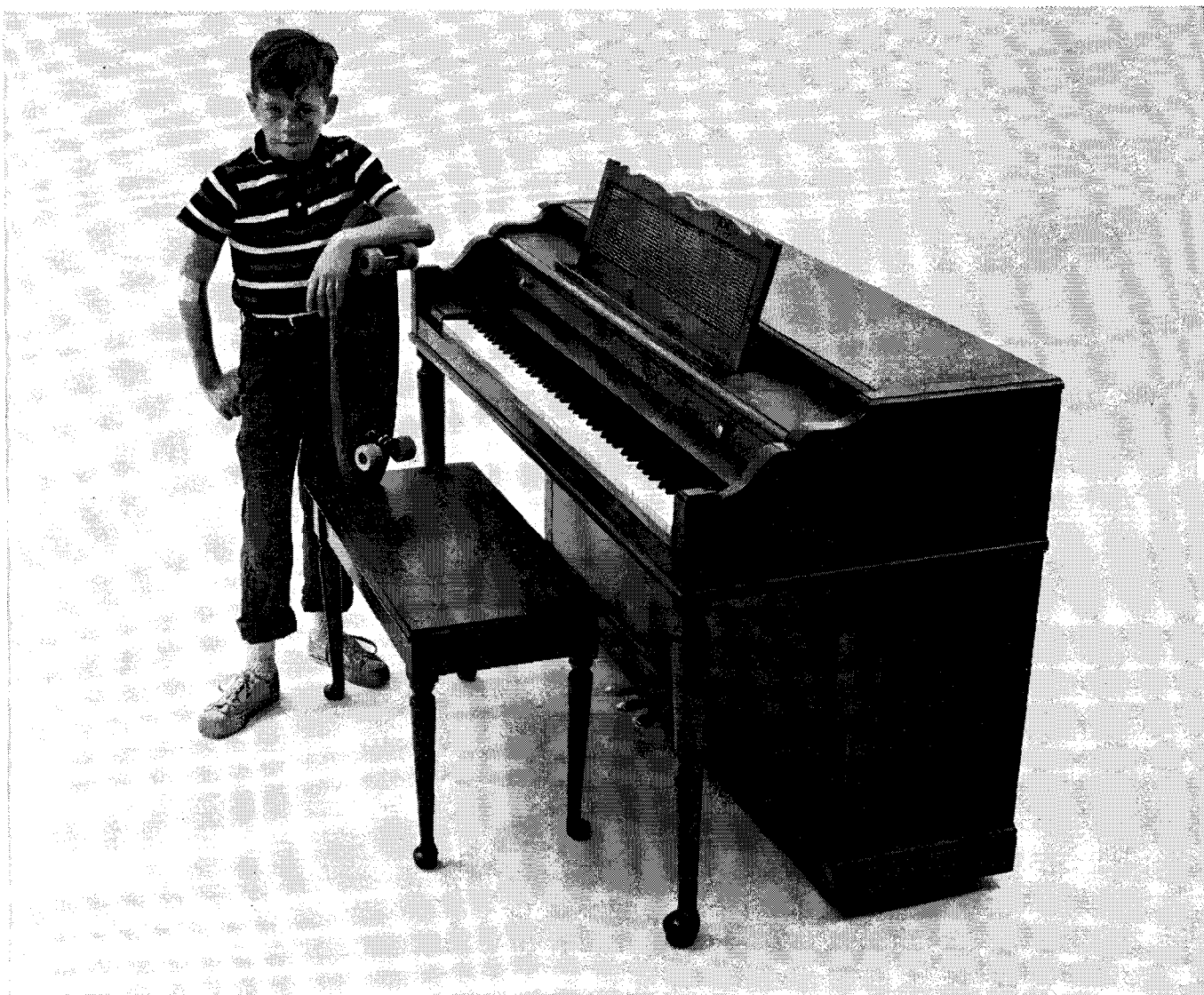


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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



In defense of the GOP

SIR:

David Levine's Nixon-Dirksen elephant cartoon (April *Atlantic*) may well be the funniest, most tragic of the year, but why do such a thing to "Mr. Republican," Everett Dirksen, the most noble Roman of them all?

PEARL B. STEPHENSON
Westfield, It.

SIR:

I was absolutely appalled at the cover on the April *Atlantic*. The political views of writers, cartoonists, and caricaturists are their affair; but it seems to me that good taste should enter into the decision of what should grace the cover of a magazine as eminent as the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Nixon and Senator Dirksen have rendered long and distinguished service to their country. It is unbecoming that the *Atlantic* minimize their contributions to the two-party system (whatever that is) in this way. It makes me sick at heart to think of the kiosks in London and Paris and other cities around the world which were filled with that issue of your magazine for all to see and for none to understand. You have helped to lessen the image of this country abroad a little more, if that is possible.

MARY P. MCNEILL
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

SIR:

As a longtime reader and admirer of the *Atlantic*, I must record my disappointment over the April cover.

It is a distinct shock to find a picture that arouses feelings of disgust

on a magazine that has always stood for the highest standards of taste.

ELIZABETH R. HARPER
New York City

SIR:

As a union member for more than 24 years (Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen) and an active supporter of the worker's right of free choice, I take considerable exception to the comment by David S. Broder ("The Struggle for Power," April *Atlantic*) that the right-to-work issue is "more than a little phony."

Does Mr. Broder consider individual freedom "more than a little phony"? The trouble with people like Mr. Broder is that they have a tendency to ignore the little man. Their arguments are always in terms of "certain labor and business executives." To set the record straight, right to work does not interfere in any way with legitimate union activity, and it does not restrict the right of employees to organize and bargain collectively with their employers. Right to work relates to only one issue: compulsory unionism.

For Mr. Broder's edification, the right to work with or without joining a labor union is not a phony issue. It is neither "conservative" nor "liberal." It is a fundamental human right that should be enjoyed by all Americans.

S. D. CADWALLADER
President, National Right to Work Committee
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

I think David S. Broder is confused.

In his article he calls certain members of the Republican Party the Responsibles.

They are the very ones who did not support the duly-nominated candidate of the party in the last presidential election. I would designate them the Irresponsibles.

MARJORIE R. FLAHERTY
Riverside, Calif.

Assessing Mr. Brooke

SIR:

Edward Brooke's article, "Where I Stand" (March *Atlantic*), sounded very good until I found that it was just the same old Republican song and dance.

The party has not *initiated* any welfare projects since the days of Theodore Roosevelt; but after the Democrats have begun a project that seems to be doing some good, the Republicans are right there with their criticisms, saying how much better *they* could do it if *they* were in power.

MRS. L. L. LEIBROCK
Olin, Iowa

SIR:

I read Edward Brooke's article with interest. Mr. Brooke is, in my opinion, one of the few young, competent men in today's Republican Party, a party sorely lacking in these qualities.

For too many years the Republican Party has been too willing to criticize without offering plausible, responsible alternatives — a practice which largely renders the criticism impotent. Brooke, however, lucidly outlines a portion of the problems facing us at home, and

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then suggests means of alleviating them.

ROBERT L. PAYNE
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR:

Mr. Brooke states that we "have an opportunity to protect individualism by encouraging individual effort on the part of tens of millions of Americans." We do indeed, but there is little incentive to work when welfare payments often exceed the amount that can be earned by an unskilled person.

Let's provide training schools and require all able welfare recipients to attend — allowing them, of course, the option of existing public school facilities. Reciprocal child-care arrangements could be made for the benefit of mothers. Inexpensive day nurseries are sorely needed, and these could be combined with Project Head Start. A working mother who had completed her training could certainly afford a fee, and perhaps the \$1000 per child now being spent by the taxpayers would diminish.

The training centers should be administered by local educational authorities aware of local business requirements. The cost would certainly be less than the \$9000 a year currently spent on a Job Corps trainee.

Increased handouts will not provide incentive, nor will a high minimum wage, unless the laborer is skilled enough to be worthy of his hire. Taxpayers' resentment would decrease if welfare recipients were making an honest effort to remove themselves from the public rolls.

CONSTANCE DOW
Bellevue, Wash.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

It is significant, and rather surprising, that in his article, "What Makes Opera Run" (March *Atlantic*), Erich Leinsdorf, for many years conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, calls the opera a "hybrid theatrical form," much of which is "tinsel and circus."

If opera is a hybrid form of art, may we not ask whether it is really a legitimate form? If a person with literary, dramatic, and musical appreciation saw an opera for the first time, knowing nothing about it, what could he call it? There is not much of literary value. It is not a drama, because the singers cannot interrupt their music with anything that we know as acting. The villain whispers his plots for the back seats of the family circle. There is some beautiful music, which is the only good reason for the performance. Why not call it a concert and present it as such?

WILBUR L. CASWELL
Patterson, Calif.

SIR:

I have just completed reading "New Yorkers Without a Voice" by Arthur R. Simon (April *Atlantic*). I feel that he has missed the real villain in his story.

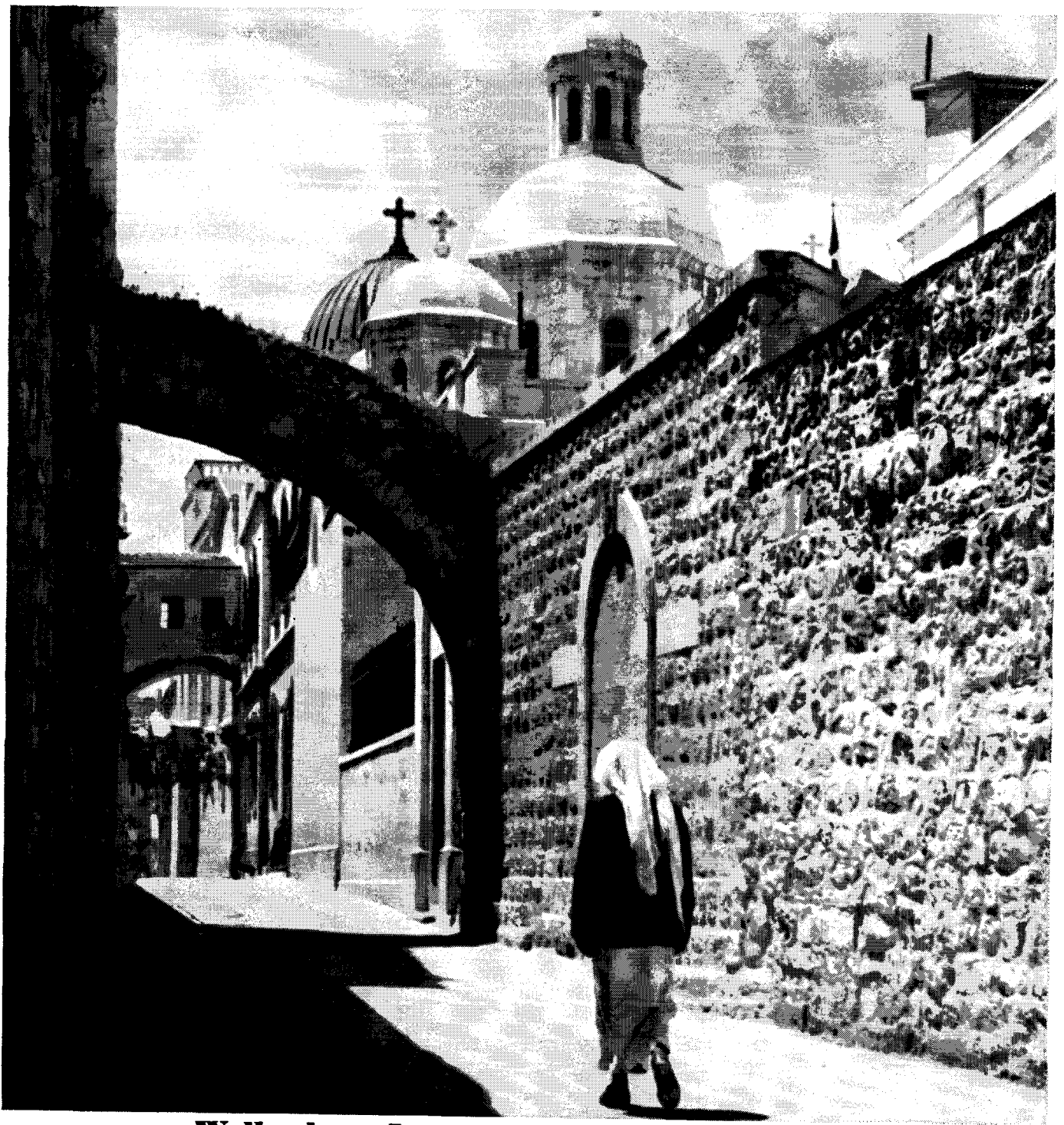
The reason the poor cannot obtain adequate housing in New York City is the high cost of construction, building, and maintenance. New York City is dominated by very powerful building-trades unions, and the cost of alterations, repairs, and other work required to make many of these so-called slum buildings habitable is phenomenal — beyond the reach of most of the landlords in that community, who, contrary to Mr. Simon's opinion, do not make large and exorbitant profits on their buildings and, in many cases, would be only too happy to dispose of those buildings if they could just get a refund of the money they have put into them.

I represent landlords in that community, and I have found that 99 percent of them are decent men who want to do the right thing, but they cannot strike a balance between the high costs imposed on them by the labor unions and the low rents imposed on them by New York City's rent-control law.

The article fails to point to the new and imaginative solutions to these problems that have been inaugurated by Mayor Lindsay, plans

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

for instant rehabilitation whereby an apartment is refurbished within a period of seventy-two hours by the use of prefabricated materials dropped through openings cut in the roof of the building.

The article also mentions that many tenants could not afford middle-income rents. This, of course, should not doom to slum existence those who *are* able to pay such rents. The sensible solution is the one embodied in President Johnson's housing bill, subsidizing those who cannot meet middle-income standards.

PHILIP I. BEANE
New York City

SIR:

The article "New Yorkers Without a Voice" stirs me to write in support of Mr. Simon's views. His analysis of an urban renewal project in New York City so coincides with my perception of urban renewal on the West Coast that I believe it is time for a radical rethinking of the marriage between the federal government and local government in the area of housing.

Several years ago I was a housing intern with the Housing and Home Finance Agency in San Francisco. I was attached to urban renewal and sent through a training program in the various divisions such as real estate, relocation, and planning. As I began to gain an understanding of the operation of the program, I became appalled at the twisting of the original intent of the legislation to provide better housing in American cities. As it turned out, the feeling was mutual, and my connection with the agency was soon terminated.

I write this letter with the feeling of helplessness which I think is shared with Mr. Simon — helplessness in the face of a governmental organization which was created to serve the interests of those living in poor housing and which has, instead, operated to dig the hole in which they live even deeper.

ALICE WESTBROOK
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

I don't think that Conor Cruise O'Brien ("Africa's Answer to Schweitzer," March *Atlantic*) had any evidence to support his claim that Schweitzer was a paternalist.

"The ramshackle little hospital at Lambaréné" may well have been

a barrier to medical progress, but what is Mr. O'Brien's concept of medical progress? The European-American hospital symbolizes in many ways the technological, industrial society in which we live. In a word, the hospital is inhospitable. It is cold, rational, and efficient. The sick person is not so much a human being as a malfunctioning organism.

The African tradition (invoked in such vague terms by Mr. O'Brien) has never idolized rationality and efficiency in their European forms. Rather, the emphasis is on factors (such as kinship) which many Western liberals and left-wingers, and many African intellectuals, consider simple and naïve. Whereas Schweitzer attempted to reconcile the technological gifts of the West with the traditions of Africa, African intellectuals are often ashamed of the African tradition. The "culture" they speak of too often consists of things and objects that can be preserved independently of the traditions in which they grew. The African intellectual only wants to make the African into a European.

Schweitzer understood that rapid industrialization would exact a heavy price in terms of sensuous perception and imaginative experience, both of which are more pronounced in the African tradition than they are in the European. The African is not European — Schweitzer saw that. It could also be argued that he thought the existence of a neocolonial relationship between Africa and Europe would ensure a particularly brutal way of industrializing. Where he wanted time to aid the transition, there is now too little time. Where he wanted to preserve what he thought valuable within the African tradition, the African intellectual often speaks and acts as though that tradition, minus a few pots and jars, were a liability.

Rapid industrialization can only be accomplished at great cost to human values. Perhaps this cost will have to be paid. Industrialization also demands a high price in terms of imagination and sensitivity. This too may have to be paid. But to dub a man a paternalist in liberal circles is rather the same as dubbing a man Communist in conservative circles: a lot of people then assume that there is no need to understand the "bad boy." Categorization becomes a substitute for thought.

Schweitzer may well be unpopular in some African circles, but this does not prove him wrong. The excellent, well-equipped modern hospitals suggest the complete victory of the European way. Nothing, it would seem, is to be learned from the African tradition.

ERIK OLSEN
Durham, N. C.

SIR:

O. L. Brannaman's apprehension (February *Atlantic* Repartee) that the food America is sending to India is being used to feed its idle cattle, monkeys, and so forth is totally unfounded.

Cattle here are fed with only grass, hay, cotton seeds, bran, and oil cakes. No food grains that America sends for human consumption are diverted for cattle food.

PACKIAMONY W. NELSON
Scott Christian College
Madras, India

SIR:

With reference to the Report on Cambodia (July, 1965, *Atlantic*), permit me to note that your journalist, whom we know very well indeed, has been expelled from our country for having broken our laws. Thus, we cannot in the least be surprised at his wanting to take his revenge on us.

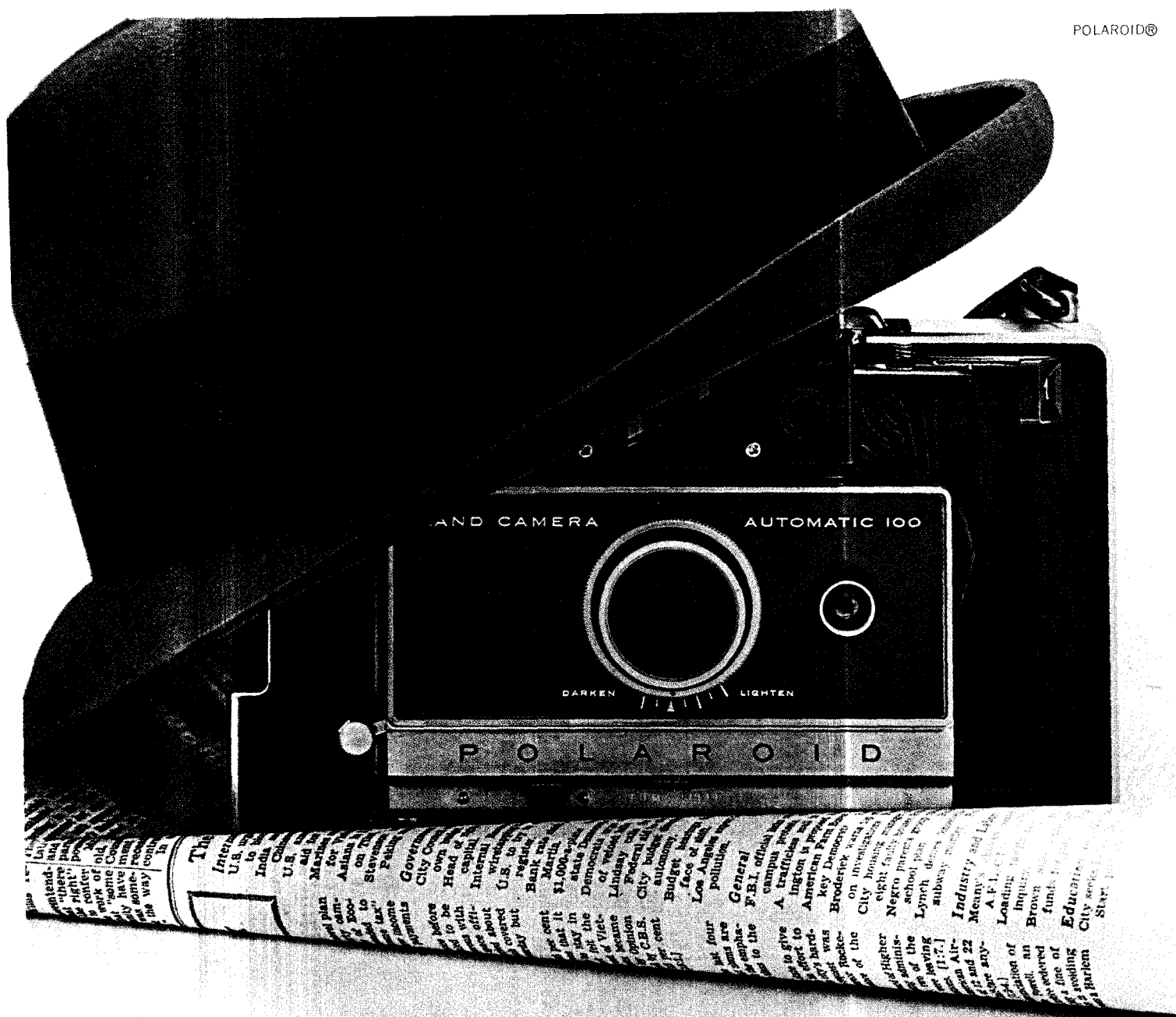
By permitting such individuals of ill repute to use your magazine for their slander, you give us further proof of the degree of abasement to which some of the American newspapers are subject. Obviously, objectivity and truth in writing appear to be the least of your preoccupations. Once more, I realize, any means which enables you to convince your readers that an Asian country which refuses American colonialism is to be scorned is good.

Let me also tell you, a magazine such as the *Atlantic* bears a heavy responsibility for the fact of the United States becoming, throughout the world, a symbol of oppression, racism, and injustice.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK
UPAYUVAREACH
Phnompenh, Cambodia

The ATLANTIC'S correspondent lived in Cambodia for many years, was not expelled but left of his own accord. We have complete confidence in the accuracy of his report.

— THE EDITORS



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ful close-ups, too, maybe even win a prize or something, because you can use the close-up and portrait attachments with this camera.

Tell her *sure*, the economy model will give you color prints in 60 seconds. But *this* camera has a triplet lens. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black and white. A superimposed-

image, coupled rangefinder. That should get her. Especially if you say it very fast.

Tell her it's like mink vs. muskrat. Let her stroke the beautiful brushed chrome, the supple leather strap.

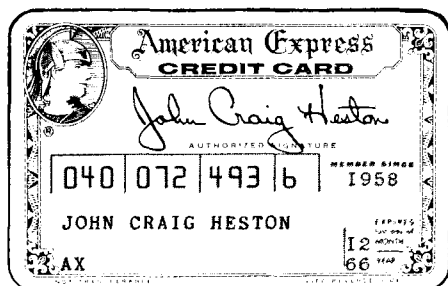
If she still hasn't softened, start taking pictures.

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AMERICAN EXPRESS



MAKING STRIKES OBSOLETE

BY A. H. RASKIN

Automation may soon make strikes obsolete, but in the meantime, our society must develop safeguards against the crippling consequences of labor walkouts, such as the recent strikes of transit workers, printers, steelworkers, and longshoremen. A. H. Raskin, for several years labor editor of the New York TIMES, examines the breakdown of traditional labor-management mediation techniques and suggests some creative alternatives.

SUDDENLY they all are gone — the pioneers who gave fresh direction to the American labor movement in the first feverish thrust of the New Deal. In the marble palaces they erected as monuments to labor's newfound eminence sits a new breed of union civil servants. It is a corps of organization men, bland, faithful, uninspired, drifting into an era of limitless technological change with compass points set in the Great Depression. In a society confident of everything except what reason it has for being, no element is more serene, more complacent, more satisfied of the eternal rectitude of its ancestral policies and practices.

The retirement of David Dubinsky as president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union has removed from active leadership the last survivor of the insurrectionary band that met in the President Hotel in November, 1935, to create the original Committee for Industrial Organization. John L. Lewis, still majestic at eighty-six, watches lesser men struggle with the problems of degeneration that enshroud the wraith of his once indomitable United Mine Workers. Fourteen years dead is Philip Murray, the gentle Lewis lieutenant, who conquered the fortresses of the open shop in steel, then moved into the top spot in the CIO after his old chief had forfeited it in a vengeful bet against a Roosevelt third term. Gone, too, is Sidney Hill-

man, that unique blend of pragmatist, theoretician, and Talmudic scholar, whose legacy was an enduring mechanism for labor political action and a niche in history as the focus of FDR's admonition to "clear it with Sidney."

Now the twilight is descending on the "youngsters" in the second generation of New Deal union-builders, the men who led the picket crusades and the sit-down strikes in auto and rubber and textiles when the slogan was "President Roosevelt wants you to join the union" and millions rallied to the union cause. Only Walter P. Reuther, Joseph Curran, and Harry Bridges are left. Michael J. Quill, whose ideal soapbox was the television screen, played his last scene in the flamboyance of a transit strike that paralyzed New York. James B. Carey, labor's perpetual schoolboy, engaging, energetic, and impossible, sputtered out in the humiliation of an election scandal.

They were a varied lot, these trailblazers, and most of them stayed too long. They were often vain, and even the most tractable among them was capable of incredible ruthlessness. But they had drive and a sense of purpose — so much so that they tended to identify the union with themselves. They were convinced that no one could do their job as well as they. And that is the tragedy of today's labor movement. Most of the pioneers fought as

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assiduously to stifle new leadership as they ever had against the bosses and their goons in the days when unions were on the march.

The accent has always been on one-party rule, with sycophants and yes-men more welcome than those with independent ideas, especially ideas that challenged the leadership. While corporations were combing the universities for bright young men and spending millions of dollars to foster originality in executive training programs, unions were contenting themselves with sporadic weekend institutes for business agents and shop stewards.

The scope of union activities keeps broadening. The head of a giant union must have some measure of charisma, but he needs even more an infinite range of specialized skills in personnel administration, the management of vast pension and welfare funds, industrial engineering, foreign trade, politics, community relations, law, and corporate structure. To all these have now been added the complexities presented by automation and the adjustments it entails for unions and workers. Yet the predominant union view remains that the most dependable leadership comes from the shop, with no need for formalized training. Reuther's United Automobile Workers stands almost alone in maintaining what amounts to a college for "graduate instruction" in unionism for all its organizers and secondary leaders. Its purpose is to stimulate them to bolder thinking about the total role of unions in industry and nation.

In general, however, labor seems thoroughly content with its old patterns; far from looking for fresh ideas, it abhors them. David J. McDonald lost his post as president of the million-member United Steelworkers of America last year chiefly because he had the temerity to update the creaky rituals of collective bargaining in steel. His fate will make other union presidents even more timorous about ever abandoning frozen practices.

McDonald took his cue from Arthur J. Goldberg, who served as the steel union's general counsel before his hop, skip, and jump into the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and the United Nations. The 116-day steel strike of 1959, the sixth industry-wide shutdown since World War II, persuaded Goldberg that the old bargaining system had outlived its usefulness. He became the architect of a new approach based on year-round discussion of automation and other joint problems in an atmosphere free of strike deadlines. McDonald and the steel companies gave somewhat hesitant acquiescence, and a Human Relations Committee made up of four top representatives of the industry and the union was born.

It worked so well that most analysts began pointing to steel as a model of civilized industrial relations — an industry in which the tactics of siege and squeeze had been set aside in favor of no-crisis bar-

gaining that protected the community as well as the parties. But the virtues of voluntary disarmament also proved its Achilles' heel. The committee worked in secrecy to allow its members freedom to exchange views without making eternal public obeisance to institutional shibboleths.

THE RUGGED OUSTS THE URBANE

The new technique produced agreements substantially more moderate than the rank and file had grown accustomed to in the years when every wage increase provided the springboard for an even bigger price increase. A side effect was to relegate to a role of total ineffectuality the 165-member Wage Policy Committee, which theoretically represented the membership in all contract talks with the steel companies. The reality of this change was not great since the steel union had taken over from its foster parent, the United Mine Workers, a tradition of centralized leadership so complete that the Wage Policy Committee was never anything but a rubber stamp.

Nevertheless, the failure to go through the Kabuki routine of stylized consultation, coupled with the conspiratorial flavor of the top-level discussions and the relatively modest settlements, made the Human Relations Committee a sitting duck in the union's quadrennial elections a year ago. A group of anti-McDonald district directors engineered a palace revolution designed to "give the union back to the membership." They made the new bargaining setup and the increased authority it vested in the union's technical staff their prime target, and the members responded by throwing out McDonald and installing in his place the union's secretary-treasurer, I. W. Abel, a homespun man of the people, as rugged as his predecessor was urbane.

The new union administration promptly abolished the Human Relations Committee, although a subsidiary network of joint committees will be kept going to study such problems as apprenticeship, job classification, and medical care on a continuing basis. The first effect of the return to collective bludgeoning as a means of negotiating industry-wide wage agreements was that last year's contract talks wound up in the White House, the usual end of the road in precommittee days.

The degree to which the insurgent slate built its victorious campaign on the argument that the technicians had too much power sent a shudder through the professional staff of every major union in a period when there already was an insistent drift of intellectuals out of union posts. There is, of course, nothing new about the general disenchantment of intellectuals with a movement they once regarded as champion of the downtrodden and battler for individual liberty. But labor has retained inside its

own house a dwindling company of brilliant staff people who continue to hope it will fulfill its proclaimed role as "the conscience of America."

Each year sees a few of the brightest stars in this collection disappear. They go into government, foundations, university faculties, and in an extremely limited number of cases, into industry. With them goes a little more of the chance that labor ever will pull out of its downhill slide and begin evolving imaginative new answers for its kaleidoscopic problems. The chief loss since the steel union election has been the decision of the most creative of all its technicians, Marvin J. Miller, to leave the union. He will take over a newly established post as executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association, and his salary of \$50,000 a year will be more than triple the \$16,000 he got from the union. Few believe that the man who did most on the union side to assure the effectiveness of the Human Relations Committee could have been tempted away if he had felt the union's door was still open to experimentation and social inventiveness. In fairness to Abel, he did nothing to push Miller out; the question is whether anything could have made him stay after the know-nothing tone of the union campaign.

STANDSTILL IN NEW YORK

From the standpoint of the total community, however, the essential question is not who leads unions or whether unions can end their organizational torpor, but whether collective bargaining is an adequate instrument for protecting the public interest, not just the interests of labor and management.

The constant turmoil in railroads, shipping, newspapers, and other key industries, where stoppages often inflict greater punishment on the public than on the warring parties, provides one disturbing answer. But perhaps the most worrisome answer of all emerges from an evaluation of the strike that halted New York's subways and buses for the first twelve days of this year. It has particular significance, both because of its cruel consequences for millions of people in the largest of American cities and because of the menacing implications it holds for all cities now that the organization of teachers and other municipal employees ranks almost alone as an area of intense union concentration.

New York City, with its traditionally close ties between labor and politics, was probably the earliest and most fervent enunciator of the doctrine that the road to greater efficiency and harmony in the civil service lay in unionization and the establishment of comprehensive machinery for settling disputes without recourse to illegal strikes. Nowhere did these precepts find fuller implementation than in the municipally owned transit system.

The Transport Workers Union, under the rollicking leadership of Mike Quill, could be counted on to provide funds, votes, and campaign TV spots for the Democratic mayoralty candidates. And the Transit Authority, with the mayor's blessing, could be counted on to give the union a degree of security beyond any that existed in private industry. In 1957, when skilled craftsmen were rebelling against the leveling effect of across-the-board wage increases, the Authority came to Quill's rescue by ordering a winner-take-all election.

The motormen quit work in protest, and the TWU called on the city to use every resource of law and municipal power to smash their strike and break their splinter organization. Spies were planted in the motormen's meetings; their headquarters were "bugged"; the end result was a solidification of the TWU as exclusive bargaining agent. Yet with all the city's help in wiping out organized opposition, only 10,000 of the 30,000 transit employees cast their votes for the Quill union.

Thus awarded monopoly rights, the TWU proceeded to institutionalize a bargaining charade that came to be known as "the script." Every two years Quill would come in with stratospheric demands, which he would refuse to cut significantly until the strike deadline was a few hours away. Usually Mayor Robert F. Wagner would designate a panel of distinguished mediators to assist in assuring peace; just as regularly they were relegated to the role of stage furniture.

In the last act Quill would let the mayor know his rock-bottom price, the lump sum he considered necessary to "sell" the contract to his rank and file. Getting his figure from the mayor was the easy part. Then the real negotiations would start — between the union head and the spokesmen for the various segments within the TWU membership. The city was happy enough with the arrangement; the settlement each time was only a little more costly than the mayor or the Transit Authority had anticipated; and in between contracts, the union was cooperative in squeezing out unneeded jobs.

The end of the line came with the election of John V. Lindsay to succeed Wagner as mayor. His term was to begin on New Year's Day, five hours before the Quill contract ran out. Lindsay asked for a thirty-day extension of the old contract so that he could assume responsibility for negotiating the new one after he took office. The union informed him that its tradition of "no contract, no work" forbade such a move, even though it had just authorized a month-long extension for its members on New York's private bus lines so that their strike date would coincide with the city-wide shutdown.

Lindsay proposed arbitration or fact-finding as an alternative to a strike; again the union's answer was no. More puzzling, the mayor encountered

intense resistance from his own three-man mediation board to all suggestions that it make settlement recommendations without the TWU's explicit advance consent. Professor Nathan P. Feinsinger of the University of Wisconsin Law School threatened repeatedly to pack his bags if the mayor insisted on making him a fact-finder. Equally stout objections were registered by his colleagues — Sylvester Garrett, permanent arbitrator for United States Steel, and Theodore W. Kheel, impartial chairman of the transit system, whose involvement in the panel was so important to Quill that it almost became a strike issue all by itself.

Unquestionably, the absence of any estimate by neutral experts of what a fair settlement should contain was significant in bringing about the strike, in prolonging it, and in forcing up the cost to the city of the eventual settlement. When the TWU cut off the transportation lifeline, it still had on the negotiating table as its only formal position a demand for a package pay increase twenty times as large as the largest it had ever got before. This ludicrous demand would have provided an average *increase* of \$7800 a year for each subway worker, more than doubling his annual earnings. Recommendations by the Lindsay mediation team would have provided the community with the kind of yardstick that was needed to convert hand-wringing and aimless expressions of outrage into a push for ending the tie-up on clear-cut and equitable terms. At last, with municipal suffering acute after a week and a half without subways, Lindsay overrode the reluctance of both union and mediators and demanded that his board make proposals for settling all the issues still unresolved. The trains were running again a few hours after it submitted its suggestions.

DODGING THE LAW

The legal aspects of the controversy were a horror story that began unfolding almost a year before the strike and kept spinning for weeks after the return to work. The Condon-Wadlin Act, which New York adopted in 1947 to abolish strikes by public employees, prescribes penalties so drastic that few administrators dare enforce them, even though the law allows no discretion. It makes strikers subject to mandatory dismissal, with a three-year ban on pay increases if they are rehired afterward.

An experimental modification of the law to make it less draconian was passed in 1963; when that expired last year, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and the Democratic-controlled legislature fell out over what to put in its place. The governor vetoed a bill that would have made fact-finding recommendations a regular part of the settlement procedure. The windup was that even the experimental modification went down the drain, and the unrealisti-

cally harsh penalties of the original law were put back in force. Lindsay thus came to office with a state antistrike law that was all punishment and no peace. Quill, bereft of all his old City Hall cronies, found himself enmeshed in internal union problems that could only be solved by getting a much bigger chunk of municipal money than ever before.

The ideal out was arbitration or fact-finding, but Quill had no appetite for either. He was convinced that even the most sympathetic tribunal would give him less than he could extort through a strike. And he knew that Lindsay, heir to a half-billion-dollar city budget deficit, was in no mood to outbid Wagner at his most generous. That made a strike the only answer, law or no law.

Then came the oddest wrinkle of all. Quill decided an aura of martyrdom would help fatten the purse. He began tearing up court injunctions and subpoenas like confetti whenever he got within range of a TV camera, which was practically all the time. He told his friends at the Transit Authority that they had to put him in jail if they wanted the strike to end. When the AFL-CIO Central Labor Council organized a campaign to get Quill and his fellow strike leaders released from jail, the council heads were bluntly advised to "stop meddling."

It was all very sad, and the saddest part was that it worked very much the way the union hoped it would. The TWU did not get everything it wanted. It fell just enough short to keep from making a mockery of the mayor's vow never to "capitulate before the lawless demands of a single power group." But it got enough to encourage other civil service unions in New York and elsewhere to believe that muscle is the way to get swollen settlements from the community.

That disruptive precept received further encouragement when Governor Rockefeller and the legislature granted the transit strikers retroactive absolution for their violation of the Condon-Wadlin Act. This bizarre maneuver was designed to guard against the probability of another subway shutdown after a State Supreme Court justice had ruled that the 15 percent wage increase the settlement calls for over the next two years could not be put into pay envelopes because of the law. To top it all, a contempt action under which the union was to have been fined \$322,000 for each of the strike's twelve days was canceled as part of a general amnesty accompanying the back-to-work decision.

MORE STRIKES AHEAD

In the general economy the advent of a period of gathering labor shortages after seven years of manpower surplus is likely to cause an upsurge of strikes. So is labor's coolness toward enforcement of the White House wage-price guideposts. To the

extent that employers try to hold wages inside the 3.2 percent productivity fence, unions may call strikes for more, or find their members taking wild-cat action on their own.

Troublesome as such strikes will prove in the months immediately ahead, the more fundamental long-range problem lies in the type of walkout that bedeviled General Motors and Ford when they negotiated their last national agreements two years ago. Thousands of local plant issues overwhelmed the bargainers and eclipsed in membership interest the impressive gains the UAW made on wages, pensions, and other major items. These local issues, ranging from rules governing smoking to holes in the paving on the employee parking lot, represent a back-to-the-womb development in mass unionism. They reflect the irritations and frustrations that caused workers to turn to unions in the thirties, and they stem from the worker's sense of obliteration in a society of union and corporate bigness.

The range of strike problems and the differing solutions that will be necessary to cope with them indicate the desirability of more priority for the search for answers. President Johnson gave assurance in his State of the Union message that he would recommend new measures to deal with emergency strikes. Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Lindsay are at work on plans for more dependable safeguards against civil service walkouts. Walter Reuther has put forward some ideas of his own for guaranteeing equity to public employees without muscle-flexing. But from most of labor's new leaders, just as was, traditionally, the answer from the old, comes the response: "Leave it all to collective bargaining. The less government does, the better." That response is not good enough — for unions, employers, or the country.

The first need is for less ritual and more inventiveness in the bargaining process itself. The idea of crisis-free negotiations on a continuing basis is not ripe for discard simply because of the abortive end of its initial application in steel. The important task is to piece out the elements of strength and weakness in the experience of the steel industry's Human Relations Committee so that future invocations of the same technique will not be vulnerable to demagogic attack.

THE KAISER PROFIT-SHARING PLAN

The best proof that this is no impossible undertaking exists in the record of a parallel experiment in the same industry, the long-range sharing committee that operates at the Kaiser Steel Corporation plant in Fontana, California. The committee also grew out of the long and costly 1959 strike, but it differed in two important respects from the Human Relations Committee. Instead of confining its

membership to top leaders of the steel industry and the union, the Kaiser committee added to these three distinguished neutrals — Professor George W. Taylor of the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, Professor John T. Dunlop of Harvard, and David L. Cole, former director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service.

The second significant difference was that the Kaiser panel addressed itself to the development of a pioneering plan for giving the union members a tangible cash stake in greater industrial efficiency. The starting point was a guarantee that no worker would lose his job because of automation, but this was supplemented by an assurance that one third of all the savings resulting from increased productivity would be divided among the work force.

The plan, now in its fourth year, has had some rough spots, especially in periods when the cash bonuses have run low. But both the company and the union have demonstrated ingenuity in adapting the ground rules to changed conditions, and the three public members have served as an invaluable catalyst. Still another help has been a continuing educational drive to let the rank and file know everything there is to know about the plan. Most observers feel that this foundation of membership knowledge and support was even more influential than the financial dividends in protecting the Kaiser plan against the kind of assault that wrecked the Human Relations Committee. Its popularity was demonstrated when 1000 Kaiser fabricating employees clamored for a similar plan — and got it — at a time when the cash return under the original program in basic steel was disappointing workers by dropping to its lowest level. It has since turned upward again.

YEAR-ROUND TALKS

In its monumental report, "Technology and the American Economy," last February, President Johnson's tripartite automation commission called for wider use of the year-round discussion technique to take the countdown element out of collective bargaining. "Basic issues such as adjustment to technological change cannot be resolved by a small team of negotiators working themselves into a state of physical and mental exhaustion for a few months every two or three years," the commission warned. "These issues must be dealt with patiently, carefully and, above all, continuously until satisfactory solutions emerge."

The substance of bargaining also needs review in most industries so that every negotiation does not degenerate into another sterile "battle for the buck" without concern for the larger interests of either workers or society.

Among the most depressing indications of the inertia now general on both sides of the bargaining table is the survival of hourly wages as the basic measure of income for blue-collar workers. Obviously, mechanics have the same need for the dignity and stability of a weekly salary as white-collar employees, engineers, and technicians. A broad variety of income stabilizers has been introduced over the years to mitigate this form of discrimination.

Yet the only large-scale factory enterprise that pays its workers a regular weekly wage is IBM, which has no unions at all. If organized labor is to move ahead again, it will have to reorient its bargaining priorities to get away from the roller-coaster effect of the hourly wage. The progress the New Economists in Washington have made toward ironing out the worst bumps of the business cycle provides strong evidence that many industries could put all their workers on salary without major financial hazard. As technological innovation erases the line between mechanic and technician, the use of collar color to determine the pay system becomes as senseless as it is demeaning.

NO STRIKES AGAINST THE PUBLIC

How much governmental intervention will be required to protect the public interest will depend, of course, on how effectively labor and management discharge their own bargaining responsibilities in fields where strikes or uneconomic contracts inflict their primary damage on the community.

The most apparent deficiencies, as the New York subway tie-up demonstrated, affect relations in the civil service. The number of public employees now exceeds 10 million, and it is expected to rise by 5 million in the next decade, with virtually all the growth in state, county, and municipal agencies. Plainly, what is essential to make the no-strike policy something more than a legal fiction for this vast army of civil servants is a negotiating structure that has some counterpart of arbitration as its terminal point. The subway strike ended when Mayor Lindsay's panel got around to making its peace recommendations; it need never have started if the law had required such recommendations before the old contract ran out.

However, one important caveat goes with the idea of mandatory procedures for an impartial determination of fairness in disputes involving public employees. The citizens must be prepared to pay the price of economic justice for their state and municipal employees and not expect them to subsidize the agencies for which they work by taking less. No city has anything like enough money to do all the things that need doing these

days in education, urban renewal, health, and a thousand other fields. But no ban on civil service strikes is going to work for long if fact-finders go below the point of fairness to fit the public purse or if the community reneges on the contract improvements the fact-finders declare just.

In private industry the yardstick for government action must be the extent to which any cutoff in service imperils the national interest. When all the people have to suffer through the willfulness or ineptitude of economic power blocs, it is an affirmation, not a denial, of democracy to provide effective government machinery for breaking deadlocks.

The weakness of the national emergency provisions now in the Taft-Hartley Act is that they delay strikes for eighty days but provide no instrument for putting peace proposals before the economic warriors. The least that is needed, by way of change, is a fact-finding procedure that would assure a third-party judgment on all the issues in dispute. The experience in atomic energy and missile-sites construction disputes, where such settlement machinery has worked well for several years, encourages hope that most controversies would be amicably adjusted on the basis of the fact-finders' recommendations. Compulsory arbitration or government seizure would have to be the instrument of last resort where this hope proved vain.

No formula or law is going to bring an end to all labor-management conflict. Australia has had a system of labor courts dating back to the formation of the Commonwealth in 1901. It still has strikes; but in general, the system has proved beneficial, and it has certainly not put the Australian economy into a totalitarian straitjacket — the bugaboo which foes of compulsory arbitration invariably conjure up.

In some industries the issue of federal intervention has been rendered academic. Automation has already made these industries so strike-proof that all the unionized employees could quit work without any resulting interruption of service. Electric utilities, telephone, and oil refining are cases in point. The list will grow as push buttons replace men in a broader spectrum of industry. The challenge to the nation is to demonstrate that it has enough social imagination to develop equitable and democratic instruments for guarding against strike emergencies without waiting for technology to make all strikes obsolete. That machinery will be equally needed as a safeguard for industrial democracy when labor's economic weapons have lost their potency. Union statesmanship today will be the surest guarantee of union survival in the technocratic tomorrow of industrial disarmament.

THE WHITE NORTHERNER

Pride and Prejudice

by ROBERT COLES, M.D. *"You'd think Negroes were the only people in America that have a tough time," a resentful thirty-year-old Northern mother complained to Dr. Coles, a psychiatrist in the Harvard University Health Services, in the course of his research into the day-to-day realities of race relations. He found little ground for the smugness Northerners frequently display when they talk of integration and the South. To accompany this broad look at workings of prejudice in the big cities of the North, the ATLANTIC presents on page 58 a profile of a white Northern politician in action.*

FOR decades a steady trek of Negroes from the South has increasingly confronted the North and the Far West with race as a local, volatile problem. But it is only recently that the North has had to face its white problem, in contrast with that of a Negro one. The historical and political pressures working to liberate the Negro have not been confined to the South. Negroes everywhere in America are awakened. No longer do they stay quietly in their bulging neighborhoods, out of everyone's way but their own. Aroused Negroes in the South have had a clear direction to travel; there were — and even with new laws still are — voting polls to enter, restaurants to frequent, schools to claim as theirs too. Negroes in the North have the complaints of the poor. Even to lodge those complaints, and certainly to make sure that those complaints lead to changes, requires not a struggle for political rights supposedly every American's by birth, but a direct assault on our complicated, ambiguous, not always equitable social and economic system.

Yet Negroes are not the only ones struggling for money and position in America. In the South they alone have been excluded from a wide variety of places and privileges, though there — and elsewhere, too — there are millions whose white skin

gives them precious little more than the Negro has. In the North such people have not even had what is any Southern white man's consolation. "I'm poor," a fiercely segregationist farmer in Alabama once told me, "but I'm proud of my race, and I'd as soon die as see it contaminated." I can still see his home, a cabin really, "two rooms and a pathway." His farm is small, and so is his income. His children are getting neither the quality of food nor the education this country can well afford for everyone. His wife is a tired but determined woman. Once, a few years ago, they left their farm for the city; but there, too, they saw hardship, and a kind of impersonal living they could not bear. "So we're back here. At least we can grow some food; and the niggers aren't creeping in on us." As long as Negroes were niggers, and niggers tightly kept in their place, the farmer was at least that much a man of property. Millions of blacks were his.

I spent a number of years in the South, trying to comprehend the feelings and attitudes of hard-pressed yeomen like that man, as well as those of Negroes no longer willing to sacrifice their lives and livelihood to the emotional security of such white people. More recently I have returned

North, now to learn how Negro and white children manage under the desegregation, by busing, of so-called *de facto* segregated schools. Beyond that, however, I am trying to gain some sense of how their parents, and others like them, feel, not only about particular problems, like the value of the neighborhood school or of busing, but the more general matter of their racial feelings, their attitudes toward whites or Negroes, as the case may be.

In the case of the Negro families I have come to know, there is, frankly, little new to be heard and seen. All over the country, Negroes are waging a similar struggle, and though the Southern sector of the battle is harder, the Northern one is no easy game either. What Negroes in both sections share is their long-subdued rage, their finally acknowledged, freely proclaimed frustration. They are on the march, everywhere on the march. This is their historical moment, and it is a binding one for large numbers of them in every region. "Every time we make a gain, anywhere, I feel it," a twelve-year-old boy from Boston told me recently. Two years ago I heard words like that almost daily from Negro children in Georgia and Louisiana. Even Negroes who still feel terribly cornered, or beyond that, dazed by years of hunger, uselessness, and joblessness, manage to say what I heard from one old man in a Northern ghetto, "It's all over for me, and a lot of others; but one thing makes me glad, every time I think of it: it'll never be as bad again for us. It just can't be. That's what civil rights means to me."

For whites the civil rights movement has supplied no such reassurance, confidence, or new comradeship. Quite the contrary, in both North and South there has been characteristic but quite differently expressed confusion. The white Southerner has found himself less and less that; more and more he is a Southerner, with all the special problems every region has, who happens to be white. "The nigras, we have to get them to cooperate with us, like everybody else, if we're going to get more industry here and keep the city booming." Once a convinced segregationist, in two years he had yielded one way of thinking for another, and seemed not the slightest troubled or hurt for the exchange. In point of fact he was only confused by his own resiliency, by an occasional twinge of memory: "How can you say 'never' one year, then 'yes' the next? It wasn't just that we obeyed the law. I guess it was really because we finally got it through our heads that it was in our own best interests to do it."

IN THE North and the West the issues have not been so clear-cut. It is not a matter of swinging into

line with the rest of the nation so that its laws are obeyed, its customs followed. The rest of the nation is the North and the West, and from Harlem to Watts, uneasy, suspicious millions present themselves, newly aroused and aware, to the rest of us. What they demand cannot be satisfied by compliant voting registrars or the fresh hospitality of restaurant owners. Very poor, and long scorned, they are asking for money and power. In so doing they stand alongside others, who have their own reasons to feel shaky, apprehensive, and needy.

Recently in Boston some Negro children were bused into neighborhood schools serving white children, not by the city, but upon the initiative of individual Negro parents. Indignation spread through the area. The people became aroused, and in unusually large numbers registered their sentiments at the polls. There is uneasy talk about a so-called "white backlash vote," waiting in the wings to single out and dismiss summarily anyone trying to give special favor to Negroes, most particularly by encouraging them to live and go to school in white neighborhoods.

Here are the words of a thirty-year-old woman, the mother of six. She is Irish. Her husband works in the repair shop of a utility company. They live in a mixed Irish and Italian neighborhood in Boston where homes vary, some modestly comfortable and well kept, others in obvious decline. Her young children now have several Negro children in classes with them, and though the two young boys and the little girl do not seem to mind, their mother is quite upset.

Why do they do it? I don't understand them at all. They have their own people, just as we do, but suddenly they're not happy together. They want to go here and there, and send their children everywhere. All you hear these days is news about them. You'd think Negroes were the only people in America that have a tough time. What about the rest of us? Who comes here asking us how we get by, or how we feel about what *we* had to go through?

My father couldn't find a job either, not a steady one, anyway. I remember my mother telling us how he walked and walked, practically begging for work. She said he would almost offer to work for nothing rather than sit around home doing nothing. The day he applied for relief was the saddest day of his life. It broke him. He hated himself ever after. He was always against taking charity, and to have to ask for it was too much for him. When the war came he got steady work again, but my mother said he never was the same. He was always nervous, worried about losing his job, like in the thirties. He became very tight with his money; he even hoarded pennies in a bank. . . . He was plain scared for the rest of his life. To be truthful, I think he died happy. It was like a relief for him. He was very religious. He went to Mass every morning. He died with a smile on his face, and our mother,

she said he had been waiting for that day for a long time. He used to say to her that whether it was heaven or hell the good Lord chose for him, it would be better than the worry and the trying to make ends meet of this world.

That's the trouble, though, with Negroes. They're a superstitious lot. They have no real faith, except all that shouting they do, and they only know how to ask, not go out and earn. I know they had it bad here, but so did we all, my father and everyone else practically, except for the rich. And it's the rich, out there in the suburbs, who keep on telling us what we should do. They preach at us to take them here and let them live there, and act this way to them, and that, and so on until you get sick hearing it all. Suddenly they're so kind, the suburban crowd. They stepped all over us, and kept us out of everything, the Yankees and the college people over there at Harvard did. Now they're so good. They're all excited and worried about people, but only the Negroes get their sympathy, only them. Talking about prejudice, that's what we face, prejudice against *us*. I think we should start suing in all the courts, and marching down those streets, like the Negroes. Maybe if we had done that a long time ago, we wouldn't still be so up against it now.

In nearly every interview, I hear in one way or another certain common themes: we all have it rough, the Negro being only one of many in that regard; what the Negro calls the civil rights movement in the North is in fact an attempt to crowd out others, from schools, jobs, and opportunities of one sort or another; no one is entitled to anything "special," not when others have to sit by and get little or nothing; somehow the Negro is rather devious and clever, as well as half-witted and immoral, because he has managed to exact both sympathy and consistent help from people — the well born, the well educated — who have ignored the misery of other people for decades.

In the South the Negro can be lived with by the white man, at very close quarters, too. Even the poorest white man can keep company with Negroes, share jokes and general talk with them. The white child can play with Negroes; while growing up he can eat from their hands; as an adult he works with them every day. The Negro's general position helps the white man feel on sure ground, above the uncertain social and economic waters that threaten most of us at one time or another with feelings of worthlessness or insecurity. In the particular situations of daily life, however, a given Negro can be depended upon, even though, as a race, they can be excluded or looked down upon.

In the North, for many white people the Negro, perhaps pitied in the past, is now a constant topic of news and conversation. He comes upon a scene where his presence is new. He comes upon a region with its own history of religious prejudices and racial antagonisms, at times cloaked

perhaps, but no less grim and brutal than those the South has lived with so defiantly. While he has aroused the concern, even the devotion, of many, to others his arrival and the widespread solicitous response to his arrival only confirm a number of existing fears and suspicions. Life is indeed harshly competitive; another group is coming, and at a time when jobs may be scarce. Moreover, those who favor the Negro and want so earnestly to aid him are the very people who care not at all about the poor (and white) people who have been living in the cities and towns of the North for generations, or at the least before the Negro came to stake out his claim.

A young lawyer — an aspiring politician — in an extremely poor section of Boston spoke as follows:

This is a slum . . . but it's a white slum, so no one cares about it. There's no glamour in white slums, only Negro ones. The suburban housewives and the Ivy League students, they've gone poor-crazy, but only for the colored poor. They've been pushing us around all these years before the Negroes started coming up from the South, and now they have someone to do it for them. They do a good job, too, the Negroes do. They act as if they own the world, just like their friends out there in the suburbs. It's contagious, you see. The ministers and the students come on Saturdays to tutor the Negro kids and take them to the park. They drive right by this neighborhood without blinking an eye. We have overcrowded schools. We have rotten buildings that should have been torn down years ago. We have lousy parks that aren't half the size they should be. A lot of the people here have jobs that barely give them enough to get by; and the others, I'll tell you, are on relief or unemployment checks or veterans' checks, or something. We have our delinquents and our drop-outs — the works. Who cares, though? Who has ever cared about this neighborhood? If we have some alcoholics here, or people in the rackets, that shows how no good we are. If the Negroes pull a switchblade on you and rob and steal you to the poorhouse, that means they've been persecuted, and we have to overlook everything they do and treat them as if they were God's gift to America. It's a two-faced business, if you ask me, and it's becoming worse now that they talk about juggling our kids around so that they're "integrated." That's when you'll get the explosion here, when they try to move our kids across the city, or bring all those little darkies here. We've got enough, enough of our own troubles.

His voice was strong, sometimes strident. At first I didn't know whether he meant everything he said, or whether he confused me with an audience in one of his campaigns. After a few months he relaxed some with me, and though he never really changed his views, he did become more philosophical:

I don't hate Negroes. A lot of people in this district do, but it's a recent thing, and I agree that the real

trouble isn't the Negroes, though they sure manage to irritate people. I think a lot of this trouble between Negroes and whites will last until the whole setup in the cities changes. Probably it's true the race issue has made it better in the long run for the poor white man as well as the Negro. You can't sit here and see others demanding jobs without . . . wondering why you don't have one either, or if you do, why it pays so little, or gives you nothing if you're fired or retire.

I don't think we'll get through it without trouble, though. My people really are sensitive to this thing now, and unless the whole country changes, and we get as good a break as every Negro seems to think he's entitled to, then there will be resentment, and you'll have what they call the "backlash."

I admit a politician is in a bind over this. He can try to lead his people, try to make them realize what's really going on; or he can ride with the tide, and make sure he wins every time; or he can really work the race thing up into something, so that he makes it worse, but wins bigger and bigger each time. I think most politicians are in the business of winning elections, so they're not going to do the first. But most of them aren't rabble-rousers, either. They just want to get elected; so it's the second choice they take, just like everyone else does, usually. They try to steer a middle ground, not too much one way or the other.

Through talks with people like him I think I have a fairly good sense of how cheated and nervous many white people in Northern cities feel; cheated out of the most ordinary comforts and opportunities, and nervous about losing what they do have in the one war, the poverty program, which is being waged on their home territory.

IN MANY ways the poor and lower-middle-class white people in our Northern cities are going through a kind of experience precisely opposite to that of Negroes. At this time in history Negroes are being affirmed, while these white people feel increasingly deserted and alone. The Negro's excuse for his present condition is everywhere made known: it was not his fault, but ours. We carried him here by force and kept him in bondage for three centuries. He was not simply poor, but singled out for a very particular form of exploitation. The brutality and exclusion that he experienced have now become our national problem, because the price once exacted for the Negro's compliance lives on in the illiteracy and fearfulness we encouraged in him for so long.

In the Northern cities a white man who is poor has no such past history to justify his condition. He is poor, or uneasily not-poor, but no more than that. Even our expanding middle class has its definite limitations. Those limitations are now shifting in character, but by no means disappearing. While it is true that educational opportunity

and the money to secure it are much more available than ever before, we are also facing severe technological problems, as machines replace not only men but other machines. It no longer is fatuous to predict an astonishing productivity harnessed to a relative handful of workers.

Meanwhile, we stubbornly cling to an ethic that prefers to reward only those who can find work, while consigning all the rest to charity, and not a little contempt. Through no fault of their own, not improvidence, not ignorance, not apathy, many people simply cannot obtain the regular work they want and need. Others may have reasonably secure jobs, but they are jobs that hardly pay enough to guarantee much security against an inflationary economy. "Who can keep up with it?" a mother who was barely able to make ends meet said to me in an aside during a talk we were having on racial tensions in Boston.

The Negroes say they have nothing. Well, we have more, that's true. My husband works, and it's a steady job. We're Irish, so in this city there's no trouble there, I'll have to admit. But it's as hard as can be just living and staying even with everything. My husband has to work extra just to pay the bills. We don't have any money put away. The kids always want something. All the television does is tell you to buy, buy, buy. A few years ago my husband didn't have a job, and we didn't know where our next penny was coming from. Now he has the job all right, but it's even harder in a way. Any raise he gets means nothing compared to what happens to the cost of everything. You have to be an owner of something or a professional man to have an easy mind today.

On another occasion I found her directly envious of Negroes. They were on the bottom, and at least had somewhere to go. She didn't think there was much room "up there" for her family. Moreover, the Negro gets an enormous amount of sympathy and attention, and from people and institutions she feels possessive about. As a matter of fact, in one of the bluntest conversations I have had, she said to me:

They may be poorer than a lot of white people, but not by very much. Anyway, what they don't get in money they more than gain in popularity these days. The papers have suddenly decided that the Negro is teacher's pet. Whatever he does good is wonderful, and we should clap. But if he does anything bad, it's our fault. I can't read the papers anymore when they talk about the race thing. I'm sick of their editorials. All of a sudden they start giving us a lecture every day on how bad we are. They never used to care about anything, the Negro or anything else. Now they're so worried. And the same goes with the Church. I'm as devout a Catholic as you'll find around. My brother is a priest, and I do more than go to Church once a week. But I just can't take what some of our priests are saying these days. They're talking as if we did

something wrong for being white. I don't understand it at all. Priests never used to talk about the Negro when I was a child. Now they talk to my kids about them all the time. I thought the Church is supposed to stand for religion, and eternal things. They shouldn't get themselves into every little fight that comes along. The same goes with the schools. I went to school here in Boston, and nobody was talking about Negroes and busing us around. The Negroes were there in Roxbury and we were here.

Everybody can't live with you, can they? Everybody likes his own. But now even the school people tell us we have to have our kids with this kind and that kind of person, or else they will be hurt, or something. Now how am I supposed to believe everything all these people say? They weren't talking that way a few years ago. The governor wasn't either. Nor the mayor. They're all just like cattle stampeding to sound like one another. The same with those people out in the suburbs. Suddenly they're interested in the Negro. They worked and worked to get away from him, of course, and get away from us, too. That's why they moved so far, instead of staying here, where they *can* do something, if they mean so well. But no. They moved and now they're all ready to come back — but only to drive a few Negro kids out for a Sunday picnic. Who has to live with all this, and pay for it in taxes and everything? Whose kids are pushed around? And who gets called "prejudiced" and all the other sneery words? I've had enough of it. It's hypocrisy, right down the line. And we're the ones who get it; the final buck gets passed to us.

Can we really solve the racial problem in this country without coming to terms with the worries and fears of this woman? There is an unnerving thread of truth that runs through her remarks. She and her husband do indeed have cause to worry about jobs and money, even as Negroes do. It is quite true that our newspapers, our churches, our political leaders have changed recently. Because they have learned new social concerns does not mean that the people who for years followed their leadership can fall in line

easily, particularly when there are no concrete, persuasive reasons for them to do so. Moreover, the rivalrous and envious observations made by the people I have quoted ring sadly and ironically true: there is a certain snobbish and faddish "interest" in Negroes from people who would not think of concerning themselves with those many white families who share with Negroes slums, poor schools, uncertain employment — the parade of crippling events that make up what "we" so easily call "poverty" or "cultural disadvantages."

Many of the poor white people I know in both the South and the North envy not merely the attention the Negro is now getting, or even the help he so badly needs. While most of them are not aware of it — I have met a few who are exquisitely aware of it — they also envy the Negro his success at finding a viable protest movement. *They* need one too; though likely as not they don't know they do, or don't know how to achieve it. They are stymied at the complexity of our social and economic system; it is easier to hate than to think up a way to make more and better-paying jobs available, or make a minimum income for every family the law, and ethical principle, of the land.

If such people are frustrated, then so are we — the comfortable, well-educated, and secure. This nation has yet to settle upon a policy that would aim to distribute fairly our astonishing wealth, including all its surpluses and potential productive capacities. Do we need wars and military spending to keep our economy going, or can it be harnessed to provide the schools, houses, hospitals, and just plain food and clothing that millions of us need and don't have? Until such problems are solved, the bitterness and resentment we see between whites and Negroes will continue, and perhaps increase — a reminder of man's devious ability to conceal his real struggles, and thus remain at their mercy.

THE WHITE NORTHERNER'S CHOICE



Mrs. Hicks of Boston

While its Negro minority is small, as big Northern cities go, Boston is at an impasse in the struggle to provide education of equal quality for all its children. One of the formidable figures in the struggle is the woman described here by PEGGY LAMSON, a playwright, novelist, and free-lance journalist. Mrs. Lamson interviewed many Bostonians and spent several hours with Mrs. Hicks in preparing this portrait of a white Northerner in action.

THE re-election of a city school committeeman, however successful, rarely has meaning for the national scene. But when Louise Day Hicks was elected to the Boston School Committee for the third time last November in a deluge of votes, her massive victory attracted attention throughout the North. "A little bit of democracy died in Boston yesterday," remarked a defeated Negro candidate. Columnist Joseph Alsop called it "a sinister election."

Mrs. Hicks had done what few successful candidates in the big Northern cities dared to do; she had sharply drawn the battle lines on one of the most important issues of the day, the problem of de facto segregation in the schools. She stood strongly against any "artificial" means of ending racial imbalance in public schools. She stood against busing and against redistricting. She stood for "the neighborhood school" — that is, for keeping things the admittedly inadequate way they are. And a 65 percent majority of Boston's voters stood with her. The voters knew what they were voting for. What their ballots said about prejudice and backlash in all likelihood spoke for a substantial bloc of white Northerners in most of the big cities.

While her hometown newspapers called her

feat "a victory for prejudice and bigotry" and "a mandate for the status quo," Mrs. Hicks called it "a vote of confidence by people who believe in the good quality of our education." As a woman of forty-eight with acute political savvy, Mrs. Hicks doubtless knows that her success has more meaning than that.

When she first ran for office in 1961, Louise Day Hicks says she thought of herself as a liberal and a reformer. Her father, the abiding hero of her life, had been a prominent figure in Boston, a municipal judge, a pioneer in the Youth Service Organization, a staunch Democrat for whom a boulevard near Mrs. Hicks's home is named.

Her life has been male-dominated. Her mother died when she was in her teens, leaving Louise the only girl, with three brothers and a handsome, dynamic father, who doted on her as she did on him. When she married John Hicks, she did not greatly change her way of life. For though her bridegroom had rented an apartment for them in Weymouth, Judge Day had, during their honeymoon, fixed up quarters for the young couple in his South Boston house; Louise opted to "stay home," and South Boston is where she has stayed since.

Mrs. Hicks refers rather ambiguously to her

husband as a "design engineer"; she is consistently noncommunicative about her sons, Bill, nineteen, who lives at home, and John, the older, who is married and has two small daughters. The Hickses like to fish, to hunt, and to relax on their forty-foot power cruiser. A yacht club just across the boulevard, where their boat is moored, is also the focus of their private social life. "Jay thinks I'm the greatest," Louise Hicks says of her husband, "but he hates to go to official gatherings with me." On the infrequent evenings they spend alone at home, the Hickses mostly watch television and go to bed early since both are 6:00 A.M. risers.

Life has always been crowded for Louise Day Hicks; she has never been content to stay home and be just a wife and mother. Until her father's death in 1950 she worked as his law clerk, although she had no formal legal education. Then she went back to school, and earned both a law degree and a B.S. in education from Boston University.

South Boston is an Irish Catholic enclave, and a breeding ground for local politicians. As her father's daughter and a product of her environment, Louise Day Hicks gravitated naturally into public life. She jokes that her father had once said of her, "Wherever Louise is, confusion is," and she decided that the school committee was the place where she would cause the least trouble.

The school committee was a place where a reform candidate could do a lot of good, and it was badly in need of new blood. The Citizens for Boston Schools, a progressive, reform organization, was beating the bushes for likely candidates, but when they interviewed Louise Day Hicks as a possible recipient of their endorsement, they were not greatly impressed with her potential as a vote-getter. She was inexperienced; she was a loner, not associated (then or now) with any political machine; and her image was not entirely in her favor.

"God knows I've never won an election on my looks," Mrs. Hicks says ruefully, and indeed, her round, outsized baby-doll face, her high-pitched, singsong voice and elocution-school manner, and her orchid-corsage style of dress could hardly be called political assets. Still, the public liked her, and she won easily in 1961, although by a modest plurality that did not presage things to come. In her first years on the committee she did not create any particular stir, though if she had cared to, there was much over which she might have become agitated. Boston's once famous school system was in an abysmal condition; the former high level of its public education had deteriorated into mediocrity or worse. College entrance records and elementary-school reading levels were well below national averages. Gifted new teachers were not being attracted into a system which had lost prestige and which was being staffed administratively

by hidebound, unprogressive insiders. The physical plant was in a shocking state of disrepair and obsolescence.

AN UNPARALLELED opportunity for dynamic change was offered to the new school committee member, but instead of the challenge, Mrs. Hicks chose the status quo; instead of implementing reforms to correct the school system's faults, she chose to defend its few remaining virtues. Relying on the professionals, she backed proliferation of jobs and pay raises, which made her popular in the school environment but did little to lift the administrative tone of the committee. Publicly she continued to affirm the usual clichés — "our fine schools, our dedicated teachers, our devoted custodial staff" — in support of the school administration.

Nonetheless, in 1963 two things happened to start Louise Hicks on a path that would lead to glory in some eyes, ignominy in others. First, she became chairman of the Boston School Committee, and second, the problem, long swept under the rug, of Negro treatment in public schools flared up in all the great Northern cities. The term *de facto* segregation entered the lexicon.

It is doubtful if in the insular, homogeneous, ethnic atmosphere of South Boston the chairman of the school committee had ever had much reason or need to consider Negroes collectively as a problem or to concern herself very seriously with their situation. To most Irish Catholics of her milieu, the existence of a Negro ghetto had been taken for granted, and justified (if indeed a need for justification had even arisen in their minds) on the grounds that the Irish Catholics had themselves been ghettoized when they flocked to Boston in the 1850s after the potato famine in Ireland. They had been the lowest of the low, oppressed by Yankees, looked down upon by other minority groups who had been here longer (including, in some cases, the Negroes); they had clung together with the solidarity of necessity, moving from shanty Irish to lace-curtain nobility until, though still a minority, they were the top dogs who ran the city. And if the Irish had done it, why couldn't the Negroes?

It is probable that until 1963 Mrs. Hicks to a large extent shared this attitude. But in the spring of 1963 she gave evidence of a growing concern about the plight of the Negroes, at least in regard to their schooling. For advice and guidance she turned to Paul Parks, a Negro engineer who was then vice president of the Citizens for Boston Schools. In May, Parks took Mrs. Hicks to a meeting at Freedom House in Roxbury, the heart of the Negro district, a meeting which had been arranged by the Citizens to allow the Negro parents to air their grievances, both about the archaic

physical condition of the schools in their district and about the uneven quality of instruction their children were receiving. Mrs. Hicks says she was "deeply disturbed" at what she learned, and felt that the parents should be given an immediate opportunity to put their complaints before the entire school committee.

Impressed by her reaction, the president of the Citizens for Boston Schools at once sounded out Mrs. Hicks about becoming their endorsed candidate in the forthcoming November elections. Mrs. Hicks expressed interest, and if the wheels set in motion that evening had gone forward, the Citizens would have had a majority on the school committee and the picture might have been a very different one. For Boston has a comparatively low (just under 10 percent) Negro population. Its ghetto is geographically and numerically small, and unlike St. Louis' Benniker district, for example, or Los Angeles' Watts, it is not locked in. There is anger and hurt in Roxbury, but because the Negroes who live there can both look out and get out of their ghetto, there is perhaps less cause for despair. Given these relatively favorable circumstances and a progressive, reform-minded school committee, Boston might well have led the North in public school integration.

UNFORTUNATELY, circumstances shifted. The Freedom House meeting had been arranged by Paul Parks in his capacity of vice president of the Citizens for Boston Schools. But Parks was also on the education committee of the NAACP, and so what had started out as an airing of specific local grievances now shaped into a civil rights fight as the NAACP became the official spokesman for the Negro community. Nationally the NAACP was just beginning to turn its attention to the problem of segregation in Northern schools. The term *de facto* segregation, now so familiar, was still new; its exact meaning, though obvious on the surface, was not sharply defined. As an attorney, Mrs. Hicks had thought of the term *de facto* only in its strictly legal connotation. In the school context she interpreted the phrase not as a noun but as a transitive verb which implied deliberate discriminatory action by the school committee. A meeting between the school committee and the NAACP was set up for June 11, and by that time the two factions were already far more deeply committed to a collision course than any of the participants realized.

The facts were indisputable. Despite Boston's long-standing open-enrollment policy, which permits any pupil in the city to go to any school where there is an open desk, over half of the Negro students

were in schools — mostly elementary and junior high — which had a nonwhite population of between 81 percent and 99 percent. Yet the majority of the school committee, led by Mrs. Hicks, was unwilling to *call* this situation *de facto* segregation because they maintained that the NAACP by its militant threatening tone — "equating Boston to Mississippi" — was giving the term sinister overtones which implied that the school administration was knowingly, even purposely, offering inferior education to Negro children. And so an impasse of far-reaching consequences was at hand.

The NAACP announced that a one-day boycott of public schools would take place in a week unless their demands were met. In an atmosphere fraught with explosive possibilities, the school committee and NAACP representatives met again in an eight-hour session to try to remove the single stumbling block to an entente. When the school committee admitted to "racially imbalanced, predominately Negro schools," the NAACP contended that those phrases obviously meant *de facto* segregation and why wouldn't the committee say so in those exact words. Mrs. Hicks maintains that because the national NAACP was masterminding the strategy of its Boston office, there was no clear leadership, and the final answer was always "out of somebody's hands." In point of fact, it was the chairman of the school committee who came closest to achieving a solution. On the morning after the fruitless executive session, she offered a statement of her own which today, in the light of her present reputation as a racist and a bigot, seems hard to credit to Louise Day Hicks. What she said in its entirety was:

Because of social conditions beyond our control, sections of our city have become predominantly Negro areas. These ghettos have caused large numbers of Negro children to be in fact separated from other racial and ethnic groups. Ghetto living presents problems to the Negro family and to the Negro child which necessitate a total community effort to overcome and eradicate.

Ghetto living, in itself, makes unique problems for the Negro youngster. We recognize this as a fact and we dedicate ourselves to the sympathetic, cooperative solution of these problems.

In this city, so proud of its "Cradle of Liberty" spirit and the home city of the President of the United States, it is only fitting and proper that we take the lead in recognizing the social revolution taking place across this nation for Negro equality. The dignity of all mankind demands that all of us work together with understanding, and it is to this end that we dedicate our sincere effort.

The NAACP was ready to accept this statement and to call off the boycott, but they insisted on certain word changes. According to Mrs. Hicks, they made the changes and gave the revised state-

ment to a Boston newspaper without consulting her. When the paper called her at midnight to read her the story from their early edition, Mrs. Hicks was furious and withdrew the statement. And at that point negotiations broke off once and for all. The Stay Out for Freedom boycott took place as scheduled, fortunately without incident. Various other sit-in demonstrations followed.

Whether rightly or wrongly the die was now cast for Louise Day Hicks, who found herself in a position in which no politician should ever be, with her back to the wall and with no room to exert the politician's indispensable tool — accommodation. From here on, her every action was to be firmly labeled as anti-Negro. With an election coming up in November, politicians shook their heads and told Louise Day Hicks she had committed political suicide by "going against the stream." Mrs. Hicks herself was not sure how the electorate would react. She did not realize then what she says with certainty now: "Every time the Negroes demonstrated, they campaigned for me."

HER victory in November, 1963, was a stunning one. She topped the ticket, drawing more votes than Boston's Mayor Collins. The outcome of her mandate was that Mrs. Hicks was pushed back to her instinctive Irish Catholic let-them-earn-their-place-as-we-did posture. Basking in the popularity she now enjoyed with, as she puts it, "the common people," she became their servant rather than their leader, gearing her thinking to theirs. It was not, apparently, a very difficult wrench for her; she and the people seemed to want the same thing — to be protected from encroachment, to keep the Negroes from driving them to the suburbs.

At her special table in her favorite downtown Boston restaurant, sipping a Coca-Cola, which is the strongest thing she usually drinks, Louise Day Hicks talked about the electorate which has put her into office. "A large part of my vote probably does come from bigoted people," she admitted, "but after all, I can hardly go around telling them, 'Don't vote for me if you're bigoted.' The important thing is that I know *I'm* not bigoted. To me that word means all the dreadful Southern segregationist Jim Crow business that's always shocked and revolted me."

"Yes," she admits, "I do think there's a white backlash, and I honestly think at times it's justifiable. I think there's been too much appeasement of Negroes. We have all these laws to protect their rights, but what about the white workingman — like the fellow who's moonlighting two jobs at once to make ends meet? Doesn't he need someone to worry about his rights too?"

"It isn't that Louise is anti-Negro," a friend said recently. "She's just terribly pro-white."

Mrs. Hicks is well aware, however, that the Negroes have serious grievances. She believes they need help, but she has failed to understand the kind of help they need. She has chosen to assign to them the role of a disadvantaged, "culturally deprived," homogeneous ethnic group, and to assume toward them a sort of missionary *noblesse oblige* attitude. At best, this can only result in separate but equal — or as she prefers to put it, "separate but better than equal" — treatment.

The "better than" means compensatory education, a concept which Mrs. Hicks strongly favors, not the least of her enthusiasm for it being based on the fact that it draws its funds from the federal government and therefore doesn't come out of the school committee budget. In Boston all the money granted for compensatory education is being spent in twelve Negro schools in a program called Operation Counterpoise; its aims, to raise aspirational levels, to develop latent abilities and self-pride, are laudable, but will amount to little more than pious hopes unless they are translated into clear operational terms, and so far they have not been.

One gets the impression that in an area where there are no easy answers Mrs. Hicks has far too many. She likes to articulate her views in uncomplicated positive terms. "I'm in favor of neighborhood schools," she keeps intoning publicly. "I believe that little children should go to school near their homes. It's as simple as that."

She also claims that she is for integration "if it can come naturally." Busing of schoolchildren to reduce racial imbalance is an "artificial solution" to which she is unalterably opposed. For one thing, she believes it is potentially harmful to Negro children. She says, "When you put them on a bus and take them out to a white school aren't you telling them, 'You're not good enough to live here. You're different. So we put you on the bus and take you back where you came from?'" Her other objections to busing — undemocratic, unworkable unless you cross-bus white children into Negro neighborhoods — are shared by many thoughtful liberals and are familiar to school administrators in all Northern cities. In fact, in almost no major city — except New York, which has done a token amount of busing — has this method of reducing racial imbalance been adopted. But Louise Day Hicks's opponents are troubled by the fact that they believe she really does not *want* comingling of whites and Negroes, and that she is strengthened in her unequivocal stand against busing or redistricting by the knowledge that the majority of her constituents don't want it either.

In 1965, another election year, she was challenged by two bitter controversies in which she crossed

swords not only with the Negro community but with the white Establishment as well.

The first was her clash with a blue-ribbon panel of civic leaders and educators who had been appointed by State Commissioner of Education Owen Kiernan to study racial imbalance in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In April of 1965 the Kiernan report was published. It stated in no uncertain terms that racial imbalance existed in forty-five Boston schools and recommended, among other remedies, some cross-busing of students in grades three through six. Louise Day Hicks lost no time in calling a press conference, at which she blandly dismissed the findings of college presidents, newspaper editors, prominent industrialists, Boston Brahmins, and Cardinal Cushing as "pompous pronouncements of the uninformed."

With a certain relish, Mrs. Hicks adds a footnote on Cardinal Cushing, whom she has known for years. One evening when she was driving home with the Cardinal from a meeting, he told her that he had been under considerable pressure at the time of the numerous demonstrations against the school committee to join the marchers. Mrs. Hicks reports saying to him, "Your Eminence, if you had done that, I hope you would have marched right upstairs to my office on the third floor so that I could have handed you my resignation in person." The Cardinal expressed surprise that a woman of her courage would even consider resigning from the school committee under fire. "No, Your Eminence," Mrs. Hicks told him, "I didn't mean from the school committee. I mean my resignation from the Catholic Church."

Louise Day Hicks notwithstanding, the Kiernan report was transformed into an omnibus bill and voted into law in August, making Massachusetts the only state in the Union to have legislation on its books against racial imbalance.

Mrs. Hicks also came out second-best in her battle against a determined and resourceful group of Negro mothers in Roxbury, who in the face of her refusal to bus their children out of three crowded schools in their district decided to find a way to transport their children themselves to other schools which had open desks. With few resources or private cars, the mothers somehow scraped together enough money to hire buses and to take 290 children out of the Roxbury area on the opening day of school. Thus Operation Exodus came into being and won immediate public sympathy at Mrs. Hicks's expense. This enterprising grass-roots group now transports 490 Negro children to fourteen white schools, proving that one-way busing can work and work harmoniously. That Operation Exodus must be supported by widespread

private contributions instead of by city funds is to many people a continuing public shame for which Mrs. Hicks is largely responsible.

Despite these two noisy hassles, when the votes were counted last November 2, Louise Day Hicks appeared to be nothing short of invincible.

Since then there has been persistent talk that she is planning to run for mayor in 1967. When asked to comment on this possibility, Mrs. Hicks smiled and said, "Well, if that Mrs. Gandhi can be a prime minister, I don't see why a woman can't be a mayor." She is certainly considering the mayoralty, she admits, and she thinks she'd have a pretty good chance of being elected. What about the men? Would they vote for her? "I'm very big with the longshoremen," she says with a laugh.

Power, if not greatness, has been thrust upon this shrewd, tough-minded, stubborn, and often likable woman. It is a strange irony that if, at the watershed period of her career, she had come to terms with the NAACP and then gone to re-election as a reform candidate of the Citizens for Boston Schools, Louise Day Hicks would probably not have had the power she now holds.

But though the might-have-been is tantalizing and illuminating, the end reality is that Mrs. Hicks stands today as a bulwark against the Negro equality toward which she was prepared, as she said in her 1964 statement, to dedicate her sincere effort.

She's for neighborhood schools, but neighborhood schools as they exist today can only mean a continuation of predominately Negro schools unless new schools which cut across district lines are built. She is against the state's racial-imbalance law, "a hasty, ill-conceived law," she calls it, and has recently introduced legislation (so far without success) to have it repealed. Meanwhile, as a result of the school committee's failure to comply with the law by proposing a workable plan to reduce imbalance, four million dollars of state funds are currently being withheld from Boston's school system. To save these funds Mrs. Hicks has said she may have to agree to busing Negroes to the suburbs, but that she will do it only to get around the state law. Against it or around it, but in no case, it seems, will she work *for* the law or for the spirit which led to its adoption. In her failure to act for racial equality she is far from alone, however. She has the majority of Boston's electorate behind her. Whether her many supporters will stay with her if she tries for City Hall is another question. Many astute local politicians maintain that Bostonians would not carry backlash to that extreme, that Louise Day Hicks has gone about as far as she can go. Mrs. Hicks does not necessarily agree.

The Dust of Yuri Serafimovich

An Atlantic "First"
by James Fetter



Born in Riga, Latvia, James Fetter has been the boy conductor of a touring family orchestra, a caretaker of a sheep ranch, a service station attendant, and a letter carrier. He teaches English at Foothill College in California, and is at work on a novel.

ALEXANDER ALEXANDROVICH KOLODNY, one of San Francisco's oldest and least prosperous dealers in used foreign books, weighed the old man's dog-eared volumes unenthusiastically, lifting them out of the rain-soaked carton with his left hand and giving them the one-eyed treatment. *Dreck!* Rain was always bad; it mildewed the covers and caused the pages to stick together, and now it had been raining without interruption for three days, and no letup in sight. Typical San Francisco winter. He felt the covers with the tips of his bony fingers, like a safecracker, and smelled the inside pages. "Mold," he said, adjusting his glasses. He didn't want the books, he could see that at once; there was no demand for them, who wants nineteenth-century treatises on animals and bugs; they would simply take up extra space.

"No mold," the old man objected. His beard was like steel wool rusting in a kitchen sink. "A little damp, maybe, but no mold." He pressed his bandaged thumb against a volume in Russian on the wildfowl of the Ukraine. 1897. "I wouldn't be parting with this if I didn't have to eat."

Kolodny said nothing. The books were useless, but the old man was tired and obviously in need of some cash. That bandage needed changing.

"The Russian," etching by Arthur W. Heintzelman. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

The old man lit a cigarette, and immediately his beard began steaming like a pile of wet leaves. He pulled out a study of the commercial fishing industry in the Black Sea. "Georgi Melezhny spent seven years gathering the data."

They continued the halfhearted haggling, and as they talked, Kolodny kept his eyes on the old man and felt himself weakening. It was his cardinal fault, and he knew it — his wife had always pointed it out to him, and she was right. But on the other hand — an old countryman down on his luck. And that enormous, ancient coat, soaked from the rain.

"No one wants books on fish."

"There is much to be learned from a fish."

The water kettle in the back room began whistling. Kolodny glared at the rain as it streaked across the plate glass window. "The kettle," he said, padding between the shelves like a monk in his cloister. "Come in here."

The old man followed him to the back room.

Kolodny flipped the switch on the hot plate. "Look here, I'll be truthful with you. The books are worthless, an albatross around my neck. I'm in no position — but I'm cooking some hot soup and tea."

"The soup I don't need. My books."

"Soup first." They faced each other like antagonists, then the old man gave in. "You play chess," he said, tapping the board with his cane. A typical widower's room — a bed and a table with the hot plate. An old Morris chair, frayed, as though cats had scratched on it over the years. A couple of wooden chairs, the legs reinforced with wire. A cupboard. Nothing more. "You're from the south," Kolodny observed, carefully wrapping a hot pad around the handle of the spoon.

"Odessa."

"I never liked it. I was robbed in Odessa. Thirty-six years ago."

"Everyone to his taste."

THE old man sucked up the soup noisily, wielding the spoon with his left hand as though he were digging a hole in a flowerpot. In his eagerness to sell he had forgotten hunger; now it came. A noodle stuck to his whiskers.

As they shared the simple meal, soup and bread and tall glasses of very weak tea, the two countrymen talked. The old fellow's name was Yuri Vassilyvich Serafimovich, and he had come to the end of his savings, which he had been accumulating in small lumps over the years here and there as a seaman, a prospector, a veterinarian, a gardener in a Mexican convent. He had seen the world in his day, roaming about, examining the ways of wild creatures and men. Always there had been animals in his life. Animals were important; they explained many facts of existence. He talked about the pets he had owned. "Parakeets," he sighed. "More than one. And, dear God — monkeys and drakes, and a trained rat, a rat who slept on the pillow with me. And how many cats I don't remember. Calico and long-haired. And when I worked in the convent, I had an armadillo, *Dasybus novemcinctus*, and a deer which was shot by a hungry policeman. And birds, birds who talked. Give me more tea. I'll tell you something. There are places I went where a man does not usually venture. Do you know about the island of cats? In the Irish Sea is a great reef, off the Isle of Man, where only cats live. Cats. I row out in a skiff. I row for a long time, and then there is the reef, like a sea serpent lying on its side. Over the years the cats have grown large and ferocious. I sit in the skiff, near the edge of the reef. In the bottom of the skiff is a leak. All day I bail water and study the cats. Then the sun sets, and the moon comes, and the cats creep down to the strand and fish with their claws. I watch the cats fish."

They drank their tea in silence.

Serafimovich leaned back and studied his wet

moccasins. "Look at those clubs. With those two clubs I tramped through Sonora at the time of the worst peasant revolts, when whole villages looked like butchering shambles. In Yucatán I was captured by drug-chewing insurgents who left me head-down in a pit with my dead mule. And when I was very young, hardly out of my teens, I crept into the Potala in Lhasa disguised as a stonemason. It's the truth. I froze my toes."

Such a durable, fragile old man, Kolodny thought. Older than his seventy-four years. His coat smelled of tobacco and rain. And such a coat — a regular tent with a broken ridgepole about to collapse in a heap.

"Then how do you live?"

Serafimovich lit a fresh cigarette. "I live. But my money is gone."

"No income? No pension?"

No income, no pension. Serafimovich's explanation seemed curiously impersonal. A man who by habit scrutinizes himself with detachment. Always he had been on the move, forward, forward — the American Southwest, Siberia, New Zealand — and he had never stopped long enough to take out citizenship papers. According to his enigmatic reckoning, he was still, according to the letter of the law, a subject of Czar Nicholas II.

Kolodny was amused.

No, no. He was still under the Imperial Flag. And without American citizenship he was ineligible for the elderly indigents' pension. He found himself, in short, at the age of seventy-four in a very tight corner and no way out. His only solace these days was the zoo. Several times a week he visited the animals. Brought them *knäckebröd* and grapes. But now, with his back against the wall, he was selling the last of his beloved technical manuals. Flora and fauna. And when they went, there would be no more. The rent was due. Overdue.

To Kolodny the solution seemed so obvious that he felt puzzled. Why hadn't the old man thought of it himself? "You must take steps. File for papers. It's the only way." Kolodny himself had been a naturalized citizen for over thirty years. "A simple operation: a brief interview, a few questions about the government, very painless."

Serafimovich hitched up his eyebrows. "I am too old to learn, Alexander Alexandrovich. There are interrogations and inquisitions." The eyebrows came down. "I will die under the Imperial Flag." In his younger days his status as a citizen of the world had appealed to him. He had always equated chauvinistic allegiances with cant — the last refuge of a scoundrel. "In my youth I espoused nihilism. Now I am too old. I cannot retain simple facts."

"But you remember your *Dasybus novemcinctus*."

"The *Dasybus* is different." He closed his eyes. "It is not the same thing."

"Your rent is due when?"

"Overdue."

"And the landlord?"

"Oriental Machiavelli. I don't blame him. Everyone has to eat. He is threatening to change locks on the door."

"You are wasting your time at the zoo when you should be studying."

"Perhaps."

"You have seen enough animals in your life."

"All my animals are in cages and pens nowadays. It can't be helped."

Kolodny picked up the soup bowls and brushed off the breadboard. Instead of a sink, there was only the basin in the closet. The toilet stood yellow and exposed in one corner of the small ante-room. "How much do you know about the laws of the land?"

"I know what I know, but my memory is dim."

"I have books." He scraped the bread crumbs into the toilet. "Who is Everett Dirksen?"

Serafimovich plucked a noodle from his beard and gazed at it with curiosity. "Dirksen is unimportant."

"Look here, Yuri Vassilyvich." Kolodny seated himself on his bed, leaned forward, and began rubbing his calves. The dampness always affected the muscles and joints, and often he kept his knees wrapped in flannel. "You are older than me, and we spring from the same soil. I'm not rich, you can see that, but I have a canvas cot and a sleeping bag packed away in the closet. When my son was a boy we went into the mountains together. Before you get your citizenship you must have instruction, and you need a small corner to sleep in. Bring your belongings. Let this room be your home. I will teach you how to pass the examination. And when you get your pension, you will purchase a penthouse on Telegraph Hill."

"And live like a Turk. Give me a match, all my matches are damp." He lit his cigarette. "I am too old. I told you. Do you know that they have a new ratel at the zoo?"

Kolodny felt turned down: this made him unhappy. He watched Serafimovich as he packed his books back into the carton. "Think it over."

"*Mellivora capensis*," Serafimovich grunted, pushing the door open with his shoulder. "Very much like a badger," and he was gone.

THE following day he was back, the whiskers steaming, the carton of books even soggy than before. "Machiavelli changed the lock," he belched, the cigarette still in his mouth. "Get the cot from the closet, I am bringing my things. The books are my rent, but the Smirkin seal study I keep."

He tapped the Smirkin with the handle of his cane, as if to protect it from confiscation, flicked his tobacco ashes onto the warped plywood counter, and fast-stepped out like a mechanical dwarf. Kolodny blinked at him as he padded across the street in his flapping moccasins. An electric bus was humming toward him, horn honking. Serafimovich sidestepped the bus like a bullfighter who has learned holy indifference. A mechanical dwarf: he should have had a large key revolving between his shoulder blades.

He returned with a suitcase lashed together with twine — the handle was missing — and went back again for a laundry-type bundle wrapped in butcher paper and Scotch tape, and a five-gallon rectangular tin, dented and bent. He began unpacking the suitcase at once. Instead of clothing, it contained documents and drawings — sketches of curious rodents and birds, topographical atlases of Africa and the Arctic marked with arrows and x's, and long yellow sheets of mathematical computations. "Good news," he announced as he dug into a pocket for thumbtacks and proceeded to tack his pictures and maps to the wall. "They are planning to dig a new pit for the apes at the zoo. Heaven knows it's high time."

Kolodny said nothing. Africa on the wall was not part of the bargain. But then he softened. "You will be my mouser," he said, unfolding the cot. The cot brought back bittersweet memories: his young son feeding fig bars to coons, asking questions about Cassiopeia. "The rats chew on the books. You'll be cheaper to keep than a cat. Can you cook?"

"I like rats," Serafimovich said, looking at his bandaged thumb, which was beginning to ache from the tacks. "On the seas I knew plenty of rats. I have a way with animals."

So alone, Kolodny thought. Most men live for their sons; this one talks about rats. Like a man in a laboratory. Like a clock ticking all by itself.

They played chess that night and talked about their youth. The old Russia, the land kept intact only in books. To Kolodny it was an album-world artificially tinted by his failing memory. He had left so long ago that he was unsure of his reminiscences; they were too familiar, too much like staged scenes with predictable dialogue and props. But to Serafimovich the old land was still fresh, the impressions were as varied and minute and distinct as the morning he had boarded the merchantman in Odessa. And Kolodny took note of the fact that the old man continued not only to speak but to think in his native tongue. There were roots which had never been yanked out, and this would have to be changed: the roots led to the Imperial Flag, just as his manuals kept him confined in an obsolete scientific world.

But the chess, at any rate, was a comfort, and Serafimovich was a crafty, a deceptively cunning opponent: it was clear that he knew, as he pored over the board, flicking ashes on the pawns, what he was about. Chess gave Kolodny a temporary reprieve from his personal griefs and regrets. Since the death of his wife seven years ago the business had gone steadily down; he was impractical by nature, too soft to conclude the hard bargains required in the trade. Roger, his one son and early delight, had established himself in the insurance game, and by inheriting his mother's shrewd aggressiveness, had prospered. Although they lived in the same city, and Roger was apparently committed to the life of a bachelor, Kolodny never saw him. *Echt Amerikanisch* — even his name he had altered to Coleman — but also disturbingly effeminate in some of his ways. Well. And the chess, it also helped the dealer forget the interminable winter rain and the sagging shelves of mildewing books which no one seemed to require, at least not at this time of the year.

Kolodny dug around among his shelves the next morning, found a manual published by the Justice Department, a simple text in spiral-notebook form which treated in systematic fashion the basic nature and function of the federal government, and they set to work. It gave him a quiet pleasure to observe that Serafimovich had made himself completely at home. The laundry bundle, the suitcase, and the tin were shoved neatly under the cot, and the old man rocked back and forth in the Morris chair and gazed with absorption at the sketches he had tacked to the walls.

And work it was, more than the dealer had anticipated. If not a tough nut, Serafimovich was at least a slippery kernel to crack. And another thing: either the old man was hard of hearing or he chose to play deaf at convenient moments, so that much of the lecture was delivered at the level of a shout. *The Congress of the United States . . . the House of Representatives . . . the branches of government.* Serafimovich listened intently — but to what? Was he chewing on his mustache to indicate his understanding, or was he conducting a private dialogue involving his rare fish and fowl? *The judiciary.* It was like yanking his whiskers out, one tobacco-stained hair at a time. And each time the book-dealer turned the page of the manual, Serafimovich's eyebrows would suffer from tortuous convolutions.

Kolodny gave up after an hour. "Tomorrow will be better," he suggested. "It's the first time."

Instead of replying, Serafimovich lit a cigarette, arose, browsed among the bookshelves, found an edition of John Muir's account of the Yosemite, and began reading it intently on the spot.

And so it went, in pretty much the same fashion,

day after frustrating day. If not uncooperative, he was at least distant, aimed somehow in the wrong direction. Kolodny would lecture him, shouting instructions into his left ear, and in response he would volunteer little-known facts relative to mandrakes (*Mandragorae*) and Venus's-flytraps, lovely swamp plants which possessed leaves with double-hinged blades and an appetite for insects. Of course Kolodny understood: his youthful commitment to anarchy had left him with an inner resistance to statutes and codes. But still. "Instead of playing ball," Kolodny thought glumly, "we are dueling."

Yet, paradoxically, whenever the dealer decided to call it quits, Serafimovich would wax childlike and make use of encouraging slogans. He would return stimulated from the zoo and insist that they must forge forward, they were almost on the verge of their great leap forward. Very well. Nevertheless. Alexander Kolodny was a tenderhearted man, but business was truly wretched, the winter rains continued, and he was gradually losing his patience.

ONE gray afternoon, as he was attempting vainly to interrogate Serafimovich on the Bill of Rights, he noticed that the old man was even more inattentive than usual. He was staring thoughtfully at the square tin under his cot. Kolodny waited. Eyes sunken, almost turned inward and aimed at the brain, Serafimovich continued his meditations. The dealer slapped the manual shut and threw it to the floor.

Serafimovich awoke, startled. "So?"

Kolodny went to the front of the store and began wiping the counter.

"Proceed," Serafimovich said, picking up the manual and brushing it off. He opened it to a section they had covered the preceding week. "Forward!"

Kolodny came back, the dustcloth still in his hand. "What's in the tin?"

"What?"

"The box under the cot — what is it?"

"Nothing." He shrugged his shoulders. "Go. Look."

Kolodny threw the cloth on the table and went down on his hands and knees. Cobwebs and dust balls. Serafimovich had left tea bags all over the floor, along with his butts. Kolodny pulled the tin out. He flicked off a spider which was scuttling across his wrist. Wedging the tin between his knees, he pried off the lid.

The tin was filled with black, powdery soil, so fine that it resembled dust. Just that. He looked more closely. He reached in and felt it between his fingers. Nothing. Just dust.

He looked at the old man.

"Put it away," Serafimovich said.

"What is it?"

"It doesn't concern you. I am weary," and he arose and limped out of the room.

But during supper that night, after describing in great detail the progress that had been made on the great ape pit, he changed his mind and asked the bookdealer to drag out the tin again. "In this tin," he said gravely, as though delivering his own funeral oration, "is our mother soil. This is our soil. You understand what I say, Alexander Alexandrovich. This soil I dug up from a frozen field near Murmansk when I was a young man. A young man. I have kept it, my friend, because this has been country and home. This soil. The soil from which our seed sprang." He took the tin, balanced it on his lap, and sniffed the dust, as though human bones lay buried in it — bones of Father and Mamushka and girls he had loved. Bones of uncles in fur coats and comrades in school.

"I had been sailing, you know. On the *Catherine the Great* — what a name for a freighter! One day we docked in Murmansk. High noon. Early spring. I stood on the wharf. I looked at the sledges and the horses, steaming, and the dockhands stamping their boots in the snow. Soon we would be off again, Portugal, Argentina. When would we return? I didn't know. We went where the cargo was — if in hell, then to hell. And with the sun, and the snow, and the horses, I felt a desire to bring back to my cabin some part of the land where my seed was begun. So. I started to walk through the snow. It was like broken glass, the snow. Dear God, the cold! I searched for a field. From a tailor's wife whose husband had recently perished I bought the tin — it's just a tea tin — and borrowed a shovel. I never saw such a blunt shovel. And I began to dig. As I dug, the tailor's wife told me a long tale about how her husband had died. Some kind of disease of the blood. I kept digging. *God sees everything!* she wept, and I cried *Amen!* and kept digging. I had to dig deep before I found blackness. It was frozen, the earth, like a great shelf of stone, but finally I hacked out several chunks. I hacked until I had enough for this tin."

He slid the tin between his legs to the floor. "You understand me, Alexander Alexandrovich. From that day it has been with me, this dust. I carried it with me to four continents. A fact. Sometimes on my mule — I had several mules in my life, did I tell you? — and sometimes strapped to my back." He exhaled: where was that breath coming from? "On certain afternoons, when I am tired and my memory is sharp, full of visions and smells of the past, I take off the cover and smell this soil, and I hold the tin against my belly and

ribs. Against my bowels. This is my home, after all. My nose understands this smell," and he frowned a fierce frown: for a moment the old man turned gargoyle. "And the animals know — I communicate with them." Then his face relaxed.

Kolodny bent over the tin. It smelled more like dust from an attic than earth from a cold Russian field, and there was also something of the sea in it, a faint trace of canvas and hemp. Bad business, bad business. Obviously this was part of his problem. Too many knots tying him to the past. Dust and wild animals. It was surely bad business. He was clearly not ready to surrender his tin.

OF COURSE they weren't prepared — preparation with him was tin-sniffing and spinning his yarns — but Kolodny had submitted all the documents, along with a passport-type photo he had paid for himself (a deplorable shot, like a circus poster of the World's Oldest Living Homo Sapiens), and the day of the examination came. They took the bus to the federal building on Sansome Street. Although they were late, Serafimovich seemed unbearably calm, optimistic. "The Potala," he winked as they walked through the lobby.

The examiner's name was T. J. Hunter, and his head was a neatly combed circle, a friction-free head which the Lord had designed for utility. Kolodny disliked him at once; he reminded him of Roger and his insurance policies. Clinical. Serafimovich seated himself at the side of the desk, and Kolodny took a chair against the beaver-board partition, under a photograph of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Earl Warren looked grim.

"Back," Hunter droned, waving his ball-point pen at Kolodny, "back to the waiting room. Can't have you here." A ventriloquist: his lips didn't move, but the words came out anyway. He kept his tongue rolled up in the back of his nose. Serafimovich folded his hands. His beard quivered.

"The old man has bad ears," Kolodny said.

The examiner leaned back in his swivel chair, thoughtful and annoyed. His head was like a balloon with a pinprick, and the gas was leaking out slowly.

"His hearing is bad," Kolodny insisted.

"Hard of hearing, are you?" Hunter asked.

Serafimovich crossed his legs and scowled at the bookdealer. "No."

It was too hot in the waiting room. Too many pregnant women, too many clerks wielding rubber stamps. The man sitting half-asleep in the back row looked too much like King Farouk. Kolodny roamed through the halls with his hands in his pockets, read the bulletin boards, filled his mouth with warm water from the fountain, studied the

faces of the clerks and the elevator operators, and stared out the window at San Francisco Bay, gray and rain-swept below him. Over there, out of view behind the hill, was Clement Street and the shop. Today, perhaps, customers were waiting for him. Not likely. Mount Tamalpais to the north rose up pale and unlovely, its haunches immersed in a mist which washed out depth and shade and left everything underexposed. He saw the ridge where he used to go hiking with Roger. His breath was steaming up the glass. He wiped it off. And almost directly below him, slightly to the left, the financial district and the fancy aluminum building where Roger sat sassy and fat with his white telephones. He forced his eyes back to the mountain. There is also destruction in distance: either end of the telescope bruises and robs.

Then he heard Hunter's voice summoning him from the end of the hall. "Come in here," he demanded, his tongue in his nose, "I can't spend the whole morning on one deaf old man."

Kolodny entered feeling apologetic, embarrassed. It was a reflection on him, yet he was equally aware of the absurdity of his feelings.

"Hallo," Serafimovich said brightly, uncrossing his legs. "I am finished?"

Hunter did not even look at him. He removed his glasses and rubbed the sores on the bridge of his nose. "How many states in the Union?"

"Alabama —"

"How many houses in Congress?"

Serafimovich opened his mouth, then closed it. He looked at Kolodny. The bookdealer remained deadpan.

Hunter droned on. "How many branches in the government? What are the branches?"

"In the government," Kolodny shouted, mouth-ing his words into the old man's left ear, "how many branches?"

"High court —"

Hunter waited, one shoe on top of the other under the desk.

"Legislature — senators." Pause. "Senators."

Hunter reversed his feet. "Checks and balances — what does that mean?"

"Checks and balances," Kolodny said.

"Checks and balances," Hunter repeated.

The beard quivered.

Hunter flipped the page of the examination booklet. "How many years does a President serve?"

Serafimovich sat up, then leaned forward. "Which one?"

Silence.

"What should I do with this old man?" Hunter asked. "He doesn't know what I'm talking about."

Serafimovich cleared his throat. "You permit me to smoke, brother?"

"Smoke," Hunter said. "You don't need my permission to smoke."

They looked at each other, all three of them. "He's pretty old," Kolodny suggested.

As they stepped into the elevator Serafimovich fluffed out his whiskers. "OK?"

Kolodny stared blankly at the emergency-exit rules. "Fine."

"I passed?"

"No."

The eyebrows went to work.

"Button your coat, it's still raining."

"I am tired," he said. "I —" and he rapped his cane against the elevator. Down plunged the steel box, beneath streets and houses, and lower and lower. "We will try again," Serafimovich said, and the steel cage went deeper, and yet farther down.

So they picked up the pieces. Kolodny put the old man on a rigid schedule: when to eat, when to study, when to pay court to tigers and apes. He employed sundry threats. He resorted to bribery: promises of all the *pelmeni* he could stuff in his gut. Serafimovich looked grave, twisted his beard between his fingers, and responded as one might expect. Kolodny brought up the geographical location of the prairie states, and Serafimovich plunged into a sermon on partridges. Gallinaceous fowl. "A *Perdix perdix* of the subspecies *Perdicinae* — a gray partridge which I had painstakingly trained — and I would call to him, as though he were a regular seafoal: Hulloo there, Mishka, you foolish *Perdix*, how's the weather upstairs?"

"You will not get your papers," Kolodny assured him. "You will die under the Imperial Flag."

". . . and a frigate bird who followed our ship out of Newfoundland, a *Fregata aquila* . . ."

And suddenly Kolodny felt the burden of his years on his shoulders and back, he felt for one stone-cold, unbearable moment the death of his wife and the indifference of his son, and the rain kept on falling, and the business was going kaput.

"Enough!" he whimpered, struggling to put on his raincoat. One sleeve had been turned inside out. "I'm going for a walk. Watch the store."

"I am sorry," Serafimovich said.

"So am I."

"Men must focus their eyes on essentials."

KOLODNY regretted his temper at once, before he had come to the end of the second block. Had he offended the old man? Would he leave now? But where would he go? Already he saw Serafimovich removing his pictures from the walls, slipping the tacks into his pocket, packing his suitcase,

wiping the cobwebs from the tin. He hurried back to the shop. Dear God, he had done it; the shade was down, and the CLOSED sign lay propped on the sill. Kolodny wanted to weep: he was cursed, a man destined to suffer a series of losses. Even the key was rebelling: it stuck in the lock.

But there he was, the old reprobate, lying on his cot, a book propped against his knees. Kolodny said nothing. He felt greatly relieved. What were manuals and flags? Serafimovich could stay with him, eat his soup *ad infinitum*. He wanted him to stay. And he made a decision: there would be no more lessons or interrogations.

"Still raining," Serafimovich observed, noting the puddle Kolodny was leaving on the floor.

"Still raining." He shook out his raincoat. "Let's have tea."

And the following day, as if in reaction to the bookdealer's new policy, the inexplicable card came. How to account for it? A mistake? It was no mistake. An official postcard, Department of Immigration and Naturalization, signed T. J. H. Kolodny was dumbfounded: he had misjudged this man Hunter. Hunter had bowels, after all, and a heart. The card advised that Yuri V. Serafimovich had successfully passed the citizenship examination and would be sworn in at the federal courthouse on the twenty-first of the month at 3 P.M., Judge Harry Neumann presiding.

On the day of the swearing in Kolodny arranged to close the shop early and meet Serafimovich at the New Manchuria for dinner. There are things men must celebrate. Already he had bought him a full pound of halvah — Serafimovich was childishly fond of halvah — and a carton of Camels. "First an early dinner," the bookdealer said, "then we'll go to the zoo. Since my boy graduated from high school I haven't seen the zoo."

"Good!" Serafimovich broke off a large chunk of halvah, leaving crumbs on his coat and the floor, and began shoving it into his beard. "I want to take notes. I told you about the new ratel, the rare *Mellivora capensis* —"

"For God's sake, don't plunge into lectures on ratels! You'll be late for the swearing in. The New Manchuria — you know where it is? Brush your coat."

"I know where it is. But we must eat fast. They lock up the gates sharp at five."

"Wait a minute. Five. No. Better go to the zoo first. Then we can take the whole night with our dinner, and I'll order a bottle of kvass."

"I'm going," Serafimovich said. "The zoo. I'll be there before you. Look for me. I'll be smoking your Camels in front of the ratel."

A customer came in looking for Lazhechnikov's

House of Ice. Kolodny knew he had it, but it was difficult to find. By the time he had ferreted out the volume, Serafimovich had departed, and Kolodny noticed that he had taken the tin with him. Incurable! Crumbs of halvah and a tin in a dignified courthouse!

Business was unaccountably brisk that afternoon, a group of language students from Berkeley, a good omen, but it meant that Kolodny was delayed. He took the "K" car to the zoo. Almost closing time, and the rain had given way to a dense, grayish fog which was blowing in from the ocean in large pockets, like great, heavy opera-house curtains. Serafimovich wasn't at the ratel's cage, or anywhere else. Over the loudspeaker a voice announced that the zoo was closing. Where was he? Avoiding the watchmen and caretakers, who were whirring about in the fog on three-wheeled scooters, he slipped past the various animal shelters. He gave silent thanks for the fog and the poor visibility.

Yuri Vassilyvich. The fog kept rearranging itself around him. Kolodny tiptoed on, soles squeaking, past the oxen and ibex, the apes and the pronghorn, and then he discovered the old man.

Serafimovich was shuffling from compound to compound, from railing to railing, and each time he stopped, he plunged his hand into the tin box and scattered the dust among the beasts. Kolodny kept his distance and peered through the curtains of fog. When Serafimovich stopped, Kolodny stopped. When he moved, the bookdealer went forward. Dust to the elephants, dust to the imprisoned cats. Like a planter, the old man was sowing his dust.

DÉJÀ VU

BY HELEN S. CHASIN

God knows. That passion meant plenty, at the time, and timeless words whose intent baffles me now. How I burned!

How did I come through? No matter. I learned nothing, except: pain teaches nothing. Mythic birds taste their own ashes — are something of their sometime selves after all. All is not lost even by our forgetting: words testify in spite of us. Total recall is not required. Once I said *always*; once is enough, God knows, to establish relevance.

For the Last

by JAMES DICKY

They will soon be down

To one, but he still will be
For a little while still will be stopping

The flakes in the air with a look,
Surrounding himself with the silence
Of whitening snarls. Let him eat
The last red meal of the condemned

To extinction, tearing the guts

From an elk. Yet that is not enough
For me. I would have him eat

The heart, and, from it, have an idea
Stream into his gnawing head
That he no longer has a thing
To lose, and so can walk

Out into the open, in the full

Pale of the sub-Arctic sun
Where a single spruce tree is dying

Higher and higher. Let him climb it
With all his meanness and strength.
Lord, we have come to the end
Of this kind of vision of heaven,

As the sky breaks open

Its fans around him and shimmers
And into its northern gates he rises

Snarling complete in the joy of a weasel
With an elk's horned heart in his stomach
Looking straight into the eternal
Blue, where he hauls his kind. I would have it all

My way: at the top of that tree I place

The New World's last eagle
Hunched in mangy feathers giving

Up on the theory of flight.
Dear God of the wildness of poetry, let them mate
To the death in the rotten branches,
Let the tree sway and burst into flame

Wolverine



And mingle them, crackling with feathers,

In crownfire. Let something come
Of it something gigantic legendary

Rise beyond reason over hills
Of ice SCREAMING that it cannot die,
That it has come back, this time
On wings, and will spare no earthly thing:

That it will hover, made purely of northern

Lights, at dusk and fall
On men building roads: will perch

On the moose's horn like a falcon
Riding into battle into holy war against
Screaming railroad crews: will pull
Whole traplines like fibers from the snow

In the long-jawed night of fur trappers.

But, small, filthy, unwinged,
You will soon be crouching

Alone, with maybe some dim racial notion
Of being the last, but none of how much
Your unnoticed going will mean:
How much the timid poem needs

The mindless explosion of your rage,

The glutton's internal fire the elk's
Heart in the belly, sprouting wings,

The pact of the "blind swallowing
Thing," with himself, to eat
The world, and not to be driven off it
Until it is gone, even if it takes

Forever. I take you as you are

And make of you what I will,
Skunk-bear, carcajou, bloodthirsty

Non-survivor.

Out.

Lord, let me die but not die

BOOKS and MEN *The most outspoken critic of modern psychiatric methods is Thomas S. Szasz, a practicing psychoanalyst and author of several controversial books about the practices of his colleagues. Edwin M. Schur, a sociologist and Yale-trained lawyer, who teaches at Tufts University, assesses Dr. Szasz's criticisms, including the charge that many psychiatrists willfully abuse the constitutional rights of their patients. Mr. Schur is the author of CRIME WITHOUT VICTIMS and other books.*

PSYCHIATRISTS UNDER ATTACK

The Rebellious Dr. Szasz

by EDWIN M. SCHUR

AT THE 120th annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, held in Los Angeles in May of 1964, a leading psychiatrist, Dr. Henry A. Davidson, delivered a paper entitled "The New War on Psychiatry." Readers may be surprised to learn that the "war" in question was felt to emanate not from religion, not from nonpsychiatric medical colleagues, nor even from the social sciences, but rather from a fully qualified and practicing psychiatrist, Thomas S. Szasz, professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York's Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse. Szasz has proclaimed that mental illness is a "myth," and warned that America is drifting steadily and ominously toward the "therapeutic state."

Reaction to his charges has varied widely. His *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* (1963) was termed "interesting and provocative" by Arthur Goldberg, then a Supreme Court Justice, in a lead review for the *American Bar Association Journal*. Lawyer Edward de Grazia, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, called it "an informed, inspired credo of fair treatment for all persons charged with being mentally ill." Novelist George P. Elliott lauded it in *Commentary*. Yet the same work was described as "pernicious" and its author charged with "reckless iconoclasm" by Manfred S. Guttmacher, an eminent forensic psychiatrist, in an article devoted entirely to a critique of Szasz's writings. Another psychiatrist, Bernard Diamond (who teaches at the law school of the University of California), termed

Photograph of Dr. Szasz by Marvin Sarkin.



it "irresponsible, reprehensible, and dangerous."

Szasz, who many feel is making a major contribution to psychiatric thinking, came to this country in 1938 from his native Hungary, graduated from the University of Cincinnati, where he also received his medical degree in 1944. He later took psychoanalytic training at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis. He has been at Syracuse for nine years, and maintains a part-time private practice in psychiatry and psychoanalysis.

Szasz perhaps first gained national prominence with the publication in 1961 of *The Myth of Mental Illness*. The basic argument of his book — that both our uses of the term "mental illness" and the activities of the psychiatric profession are often scientifically untenable and morally and socially indefensible — was bound, as its publishers claimed, to "create great professional furor and public controversy." Far from dying down, this controversy has been vigorously fanned both by the angry retorts of the professed defenders of psychiatry and by the further writings of Szasz himself. He has since published *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis* (1965), and *Psychiatric Justice* (1965), and has written more

than one hundred articles, for professional journals and general periodicals.

It is no exaggeration to state that Szasz's work raises major social issues which deserve the attention of policy-makers and indeed of all informed and socially conscious Americans. What exactly is he trying to say?

Perhaps the kernel of Szasz's theory is the assertion that mental illness is in its most significant aspects different from rather than similar to conventional (organic) illnesses. Basically, Szasz insists, most of the conditions we now label "mental illness" are in fact "problems of living." Since they do not involve organic pathology, but instead most crucially relate to patterns and problems in the area of interpersonal relations, their "diagnosis" as pathological does not really involve the same sort of scientific enterprise as the diagnosis of, say, a broken leg or a ruptured appendix. On the contrary, a kind of "judgment" enters into most psychiatric diagnosis; the diagnoser, in effect, "decides" that the person is "sick" rather than simply different, confused, difficult, or unhappy. The fact that such "decisions" are possible means that there is considerable leeway for arbitrary, excessive, and even biased labeling of people as mentally ill. Furthermore, if mental illness is not like physical illness, why should we assume that the medically trained psychiatrist is pre-eminently qualified to treat it? Partly because of their vested interests, Szasz claims, psychiatrists have glossed over the differences between physical and mental illness, and have insisted on the humaneness and efficacy of treating mental disturbance as a strictly medical problem.

Particularly offensive to Szasz is the assertion that whatever the psychiatrist does must be accepted as being "in the best interests of" the "patient." Here, he feels, we must distinguish between different types of allegedly therapeutic situations. Because of its open, free, and confidential nature, and through techniques aimed at increasing self-knowledge, insight, and interpersonal competence (in short, autonomy), private and purely voluntary therapy, particularly psychoanalysis, holds out real hope for helping some people who *themselves feel* that they have serious "problems of living." On the other hand, "involuntary therapy" is a contradiction in terms. You cannot help a person against his will; and above all, it is quite specious to insist, when you attempt to do so, that it is for the person's own good. For these reasons, the public "uses" of psychiatry — primarily in providing expert testimony in criminal trials, and in arranging the involuntary and indefinite commitment to mental hospitals of persons who have not committed any crimes — go well beyond the scientific bounds of

the psychiatrist's legitimate understanding-and-healing role and constitute an immoral lending of psychiatric authority and power to the non-scientific task of social control. In the process of operating to the individual's general detriment, such action may often produce serious violations of his basic constitutional rights. The danger of abuse is heightened, Szasz warns, by the tendency nowadays to seek psychopathological explanations of many social problems; this may even encourage individuals to "play the sick role" and to convince themselves that they are not in any way responsible for their own behavior.

THIS background may be helpful in clarifying some of Szasz's major themes. Among his most effective points is the reminder that elements of conflict and relationships of power are involved in many psychiatric decisions. Szasz hammers away at this theme repeatedly in both *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* and *Psychiatric Justice*, particularly in those sections where he discusses the nature and uses of court proceedings leading to involuntary mental hospitalization. Since around a quarter of a million Americans are committed to mental institutions each year, these proceedings obviously constitute a highly significant mechanism of social control.

Quite apart from the allegedly "scientific" assessments involved in commitment proceedings, it must be recognized that the participating individuals — the "patient," relatives or others petitioning for commitment, the psychiatrists in the case, and the judge or jury — are engaged in a web of social interaction. They are doing things which affect other people; furthermore, they have interests of their own which in one way or another they seek to further. As Szasz correctly notes, people "put away" other people partly because they don't want them around. Unfortunately, as in much of his writing, the impact of significant and undeniable assertions tends to be undercut by his rather extreme way of stating them. For example: "Quite often, husbands and wives who commit their mates act like the bosses of crime syndicates. They hire henchmen — psychiatrists — to dispose of their adversaries." Nonetheless, there clearly is some truth here. We also know that however well intentioned its imposition, "mental illness" is a socially discrediting label to pin on anyone. These facts, together with the deplorable conditions and inadequate psychotherapeutic facilities existing in most public mental hospitals, force us to question whether the proceedings are really in the best interests of the committed individual.

Szasz, however, seems to take the position that such commitment can *never* be for the good of the patient, a stand which certainly may be questioned. The possibility that the behavior for which the person is committed might reflect an unconscious cry for help is apparently vitiated, in Szasz's view, by the extreme unlikelihood of any useful therapy being provided within the context of involuntary commitment. Szasz also disagrees strongly with the "dangerousness" rationale often cited in discussions of commitment. He would not accept dangerousness to oneself as a legitimate basis for curbing individual freedom: "In a free society, a person must have the right to injure or kill himself." As for dangerousness to others, Szasz notes that not all dangerous people are incarcerated (for example, drunken drivers). A person's "dangerousness" becomes a matter for legitimate public control, Szasz argues, only when he actually commits a dangerous act. Then he can be dealt with in accordance with regular criminal law. Any curbing of individuals for *potential* dangerousness is unwarranted. Obviously, very thorny moral issues are involved here.

At any rate, compared with the suspected or acknowledged criminal, the person declared to be or even thought to be mentally ill fares very poorly in the courtroom. Szasz vividly demonstrates that the rights we would ordinarily accord to an "accused" are largely ignored in proceedings involving involuntarily labeled mental patients. Such a person may be indefinitely confined in a mental hospital without having committed any criminal offense, and without a court trial. Far from having a "privilege against self-incrimination," he may have been incarcerated on the basis of information he had himself given a psychiatrist. He may be committed to a mental hospital without adequate specification of the charges against him, without being adequately apprised of his legal right to challenge the proceedings. Often, no psychiatrist speaks "for" him, and no lawyer represents his interests. Once committed, he may not be adequately informed of his right to seek release. Legalists may insist that many times the proceeding for commitment is a "civil" one; nobody is "charged" with anything, nobody is being "proceeded against." Surely Szasz is right in arguing that such distinctions are more rhetoric than fact. Incarceration in a mental hospital *is* a form of punishment; indefinite involuntary commitment may be quite analogous to a "life sentence."

SZASZ is especially disturbed about the use of psychiatric diagnosis as an alternative to criminal

prosecution and conviction. In *Psychiatric Justice* he shows how a person charged with a criminal offense may be denied the right to trial as a result of court-ordered pretrial psychiatric examination. If declared unfit to stand trial, he may be incarcerated in a mental hospital indefinitely, while the prosecution need not bother proving his criminal guilt. In effect, "The individual subjected to such an examination is imprisoned first and tried later, if at all." His "sentence" under this "humane" procedure may well be greatly in excess of the maximum sentence he could have received if proceeded against on the criminal charge.

Through lengthy case studies Szasz reveals the dangers of abuse inherent in this procedure. Consider the case of Mr. Louis Perroni (a fictitious name). Perroni felt he was being "pushed around" by real estate developers who sought legally to take control of a gasoline station he had leased for ten years. When agents of the developers attempted to take over the station, the enraged Perroni took out a rifle and fired a warning shot in the air. He was arrested but never brought to trial. At the request of the district attorney, the court ordered him to undergo pretrial psychiatric examination to determine his fitness to stand trial. Found incompetent by two court-appointed psychiatrists, he was committed to a state hospital. With the help of relatives he made continuous attempts to secure his right to be tried, but it took six years before he could get a judge's order that he either be tried or discharged. He was arraigned, but instead of being either indicted or released, he was ordered to submit to another pretrial examination. At this point, Perroni's family and lawyer sought the help of Dr. Szasz, who examined the "patient" and determined that he was competent to understand the charges against him and to assist in his own defense. Despite indications that Perroni did know what was going on in the courtroom and the fact that he did participate in preparations for the hearing, on the testimony of the two doctors for the state he was again found incompetent to stand trial and recommitted to the hospital. At the time Szasz wrote, Perroni (who before the shooting incident had had neither a police record nor any contact with psychiatry) had been incarcerated for nearly ten years.

Also strange and frightening is the case of General Edwin Walker, the right-wing retired military leader who played a dramatic and controversial role in the resistance to the enforced enrollment of James Meredith, a Negro, at the University of Mississippi in 1962. There is some dispute regarding Walker's actual behavior in these events; perhaps all one can say with cer-

tainty is that it was both vigorous and anti-de-segregationist. Walker was arrested and charged with various violations of federal law, but while being held pending the posting of bond, he was suddenly whisked off by federal plane to the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri. This step was taken on the basis of an affidavit made by the medical director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, who attested (without ever having examined Walker, but on the basis of news clippings, past testimony of Walker before a congressional committee, and past military medical reports on him) to indications of "sensitivity and essentially unpredictable and seemingly bizarre outbursts of the type often observed in individuals suffering from paranoid mental disorder." Because of his standing and the publicity the case received, Walker was able to obtain his release from the hospital on bail, to choose the psychiatrist who would examine him, and eventually to take his case before a jury, which failed to indict him. As Szasz notes, these "breaks" are most unusual; "anyone but a Very Important Person is defenseless against the prosecution's ostensibly benevolent 'suspicion' that he is 'too sick' to stand trial."

The Walker case is particularly disturbing because it seems fairly clear that the government was simply using psychiatry to "get" Walker for his views and activities. (The celebrated case of Ezra Pound, discussed in *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, was probably in some ways similar.) If one accepts such a move, the possibilities for declaring undesirables mentally ill would seem to be almost unlimited. It is a sobering thought for any politically committed person to consider his likely position under a regime in which his political opponent could freely wield the psychiatric ax. (This is a point Szasz brings out forcefully in a review of Valeriy Tarsis' work *Ward 7*.) Considering the fact that we already hear psychiatric "interpretations" of social movements as variable as those for civil rights, student autonomy, peace, and sexual freedom, the lesson of the Walker case may not be learned any too soon.

I find myself considerably less taken, however, with another line of Szasz's argument: his opposition to allowing a plea and finding of "not guilty by reason of insanity" in criminal trials. This is an issue that has plagued both lawyers and psychiatrists for a long time. Under what circumstances should the defendant's state of mind at the time of the criminal act (as subsequently determined at the trial, of course) cause him to be held not criminally responsible for that act? For years forensic psychiatrists and others have complained of the rule, established in M'Naghten's Case (1843), that "to establish a de-

fence on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong. . . ." This right-or-wrong test, they have argued, has no sensible relation to generally accepted psychiatric terminology and diagnostic categories. An opinion of the Federal Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, in *Durham v. U.S.* (1954), establishing a broader and more medically acceptable rule ("that an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect"), was widely hailed by mental health "progressives" as a step toward a more coherent handling of the insanity plea. If anything, this rule bothers Szasz even more than does the right-or-wrong test. It represents "a move away from a Rule of Law toward a Rule of Men."

Szasz in fact insists that the insanity plea should be completely abolished. Mental illness, he asserts, "should never be accepted as a release from criminal responsibility. . . . Everyone accused of breaking the law should be tried." The only exceptions would be for temporary postponement of the trial in cases involving especially severe psychiatric conditions (such as catatonic stupor) where a person is obviously unfit to stand trial. But once the trial takes place, it should not include an attempt at a reconstruction of the defendant's earlier state of mind. One gathers that Szasz feels there is only one scientifically and morally honest procedure: a person found by a jury to be guilty of a specific criminal offense should be punished for it. Not only should the offender face up to this possibility, but the court also must accept its responsibility. It should not ask the psychiatrist "to give it assurance that it can proceed with punishment without feeling guilty" (a key function of the insanity defense, according to Szasz). In line with this last point, Szasz cites some instances in which the insanity defense was interposed *by the prosecution*, despite the apparent insistence by the defendant that he simply be tried on the issues and found either guilty or innocent.

Szasz wants all defendants held responsible even if *they* would choose to plead irresponsibility at the time of the offense. Partly this view rests on the realization that those found "not guilty by reason of insanity" invariably face indefinite incarceration in a public mental hospital. Because "treatment" cannot be meaningful in such a context, Szasz considers it more honest to place such people in prison; treatment facilities, where necessary, can be provided in the prisons. In his overwhelming

contempt for compulsory hospitalization, Szasz may well exaggerate the potential benefits of imprisonment. Furthermore, he does not deal adequately with the fact that in most cases where insanity is voluntarily raised as a defense, not prison but execution may be the alternative. Szasz states that he is opposed to capital punishment too, but in the absence of its abolition his insistence on holding the defendant responsible would have harsh consequences indeed.

IF SZASZ frequently states his case in an extreme form, nonetheless he almost always challenges us to confront significant and perplexing issues. It has been said that a democratic rule of law is grounded in the "principle of legality" — sometimes summarized in the maxims "no crime without law" and "no punishment without crime." Yet the traditional legal goals of specificity and uniformity have tended to fade into the background in recent attempts to take advantage of scientific expertise. "Individualized justice" has become the byword in many situations, including, for example, the juvenile court (where adjudication depends much less on proven guilt of a specified offense than on a total evaluation of the juvenile's social and psychological makeup and potential). Although tailoring the "treatment" to the "total individual" sounds progressive, there are numerous possibilities for abuse. (The adjudicated "delinquent," like the person declared "mentally ill," can often be incarcerated for a term in excess of the maximum sentence he might have received if convicted of the same behavior under ordinary adult criminal law.) Szasz may be excessively fearful of psychiatric power-wielding, but the need occasionally to protect people from those who seek to "help" them is a real one. Some of the specific reforms urged in Szasz's books, such as an increased role for the legal profession in this area, and an independent watchdog agency to look out for the interests of hospitalized individuals and those threatened with commitment, would probably help to provide a more reasonable protection of the mental patient's rights.

It is one thing, however, to urge legal control over expert activity, and another to charge the experts themselves with duplicity and self-serving machinations. It is true that a good many psychiatrists earn their living through forensic work or in government employ. And it is also accurate to note that psychiatrists "need" patients both financially and to "validate" their professional role. Nonetheless, Szasz has exaggerated these factors in discussing psychiatric motivation.

He glosses over the crucial fact that most psy-

chiatrists simply do not view mental illness the way he does (as primarily an imposed *definition*, rather than an objective fact); they are quite sincere in *finding* psychopathology where he would argue they are *creating* it. Professional critics of Szasz's work claim, in fact, that he comes close to denying completely the existence of "unconscious" motivation. Whereas some conventional psychiatrists may seem to assume the existence of mental illness whenever there is the slightest possible basis for doing so, Szasz goes to the other extreme of assuming the individual's mental health, even in cases of extremely aberrant behavior.

The distaste Szasz feels for the public uses of psychiatry seems to have led him into some broad statements which, at least on first glance, reflect a political philosophy that is extremely conservative. For example: "The spirit of the welfare state, inflamed by the therapeutic ambitions of the mental health professions, is inimical to individual liberties and the institutions of a free society that make such liberties possible." According to critics, some of Szasz's works have been cited with approval and even distributed by extreme right-wing groups. It must be admitted that statements such as that above and his frequent disapproving references to "collectivism" (of which psychiatric injustices seem to him to be a symptom) provide considerable ammunition to those who oppose all government efforts to ameliorate social inequities and to provide for the general welfare. One gathers that Szasz conceives of his position on psychiatric injustice as being apolitical; his sole concern is protection of the individual. Certainly his efforts to protect the civil liberties of mental patients are in a fine libertarian tradition. Furthermore, in some of his writing he seems implicitly to endorse as alternatives to psychiatric intervention a broad range of welfare measures: "The poor need jobs and money, not psychoanalysis. The uneducated need knowledge and skills, not psychoanalysis." But his gratuitous gibes at the welfare state, together with his call for less imposed "helpfulness" and more individual responsibility, could well play into the hands of those who would require every individual, whatever his capacities and whatever his resources, to fend for himself in all matters. In his efforts to challenge the complacency of conventional thinking about psychiatry, Szasz may indeed have let the heat of the argument get the better of him.

At the same time, by forcing psychiatry to acknowledge the moral dilemmas and social relations involved in its activities with "patients," Szasz has performed an important service. Quite probably he has done more than any other man to alert the American public to the potential dangers of an excessively psychiatrized society.



New Thinking About China

For the many years since McCarthyism drove government thinkers into resignation or hibernation, there has been little gainful debate about American policy toward Red China. But now there is definite if still timid willingness in Washington to think about how to persuade Peking into reasonable adjustment with the rest of the world. In this essay, JOHN K. FAIRBANK, director of Harvard's Asian Research Center, elaborates on his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and suggests directions the planners should pursue.

FOR more than a decade we have avoided looking at our China problem, hoping it would go away. But it is still there, waiting to be faced. To understand it, we need historical perspective on China, on ourselves, and on our relations.

In the dozen years since McCarthy tried to turn the lights out, academic study of China has gone ahead, but the State Department has groped along without the help of those purged Foreign Service officers whose firsthand experience in China would have provided useful insight. New talent is emerging, but it is still junior and never knew Peking.

The new American look at China, now under way seventeen years after the Communist take-over, begins with several facts. Contrary to John Foster Dulles' official hopes of 1959, Chairman Mao's revolution will not soon pass away, even though Mao will. We are preparing to live with it, as we now live with the Soviet revolution. Our cold-war policy of "containment and isolation" of China is shifting, in Professor A. Doak Barnett's phrase, to one of "containment but not isolation," toward a better balance.

Yet it takes two to de-isolate. Peking's price for an end of fighting in Asia seems likely to be exorbitant; contact will come only slowly and with pain; and a return of anything like Sino-

American "friendship" seems quite out of the question.

Now that the blinders are off and our China policy is back under public scrutiny, we see new actors in a new confrontation. Peking is no longer part of Moscow's monolith. Nuclear-armed China is becoming a great power, a maker or destroyer of world stability. The Chinese, while verbally bellicose and threatening the world with revolutionary take-over, have in fact kept almost all their troops at home, while the generous Americans, seeking international stability, have sent large forces to fight close to China in Vietnam. We need to apply fresh perspective to both sides.

Down to the nineteenth century, China was its own world, an enormous, ancient, isolated, unified, and self-sufficient empire stretching from the latitude of Hudson Bay to Cuba, or from the Baltic Sea to the Sahara Desert. It had a great deal of domestic commerce to meet its needs, but was cut off from West Asia by the high mountains and deserts of Central Asia and thus remained isolated throughout most of its history. So it preserved a continuity of development in the same area over some three or four thousand years, and had a strong tendency to look inward; China was the center of the known world and of civiliza-

tion. Non-Chinese were peripheral and inferior. China was superior to all foreign regions.

The Chinese did not believe in the equality of all men, which was obviously untrue. They believed in selecting an elite of talent, training these men in the classical orthodoxy, and promoting them as officials to keep the populace under control and maintain the system. We need not labor the point that China today still has a ruling class of people selected for their abilities, who propagate a true teaching under a sage ruler and strive to keep the various social classes in order.

China's message for mankind was summed up in a great Confucian political fiction, the myth of rule by virtue. According to this, the right conduct of a superior man, acting according to the correct principles, set an example which moved others and commanded their respect and allegiance. In particular, the emperor's right conduct, the most perfect example among mankind, was thought to exert an influence over all beholders. His virtuous conduct commanded their loyalty, provided that they also understood the correct principles of conduct as laid down in the classics. Persons too uneducated to be so moved could, of course, be dealt with by rewards and punishments.

This national myth of rule by virtue fills the Chinese historical record. It corresponded in political life, I suppose, to the Western concept of the supremacy of law and the natural rights of the individual and his civil liberties under law, including the idea of self-determination for nations.

In their foreign relations the Chinese rulers down to 1912 extended their domestic doctrines abroad and applied the national myth of rule by virtue across their frontiers. Foreign rulers could have contact with the Peking monarch only by sending tribute to him and having their envoys perform the three kneelings and nine prostrations of the kowtow ritual. This elaborate and prolonged ceremony was absolutely insisted upon by the court to preserve the image of China's superiority and show the foreigner his proper place in the world hierarchy.

When China was weak, it could still protect the fiction of supremacy by maintaining the rituals and the written records. For example, three thousand Mongol warriors might ride down to Peking on a so-called "annual tribute mission," being royally entertained and given expensive gifts at great cost to the government, having as much fun as at a Shriners' convention, and letting the Chinese court call it "tribute" just to keep its fictions intact. In short, the tribute system was sometimes maintained by giving gifts.

The long record of Chinese foreign relations shows the importance attached to the political myths of China's superiority and rule by virtue.

Maintaining this ideological orthodoxy in written form helped the emperor keep power in fact, because the recorded "facts" always sustained the theory. It was like the advertisement for paint — "Save the surface [or the record] and you save all."

The emperors were constantly spelling out the true doctrines, having them read in the Confucian temples and studied by all scholars. Heterodoxy and deviation could not be permitted, or if they did exist, could not be acknowledged to exist. The emperor's asserted supremacy over all mankind was the foundation of state power. Consequently, the monarchy's gradual failure and eventual extinction in 1912 were an epochal calamity.

Even when the foreigners became more powerful, the myth of China's superiority had to be solemnly recorded and preserved in ritual. This stress on orthodoxy strikes one today, when Peking is continuing its nationwide indoctrination in Chairman Mao's true teachings. Orthodoxy seems more necessary than ever to keep in order the world's most numerous citizenry, more people than have ever before been governed by a single regime.

THE disaster that hit China in the nineteenth century is one of the most comprehensive any people has ever experienced. The ancient tradition of China's superiority, plus this modern phase of disaster, undoubtedly produced one first-class case of frustration. It could not seem right that a civilization once at the top should be brought so low. The nineteenth-century disaster began with a great population increase during the peaceful eighteenth century, a consequent weakening of administrative efficiency, and maybe some popular demoralization, evident in the beginning of opium smoking. In the Opium War of 1840 the Chinese were fighting against the opium trade, conducted by both foreigners and Chinese, while the British were fighting, in the broad sense, against the tribute system, demanding that China drop its claim to superiority and join the modern international trading world, the same thing we are waiting for today more than a century later.

The Opium War and the "unequal treaties" of the 1840s gave our merchants and missionaries a privileged status as agents of Westernization in the Chinese treaty ports. Throughout the following century, Western influence gradually disintegrated the old Chinese civilization. As the disaster gained momentum, Western gunboats proved that China had to acquire modern arms and scientific technology, and then had to have Western industries, for which it was necessary to have Western learning, and eventually Western institutions and even a Western type of government. The omnip-

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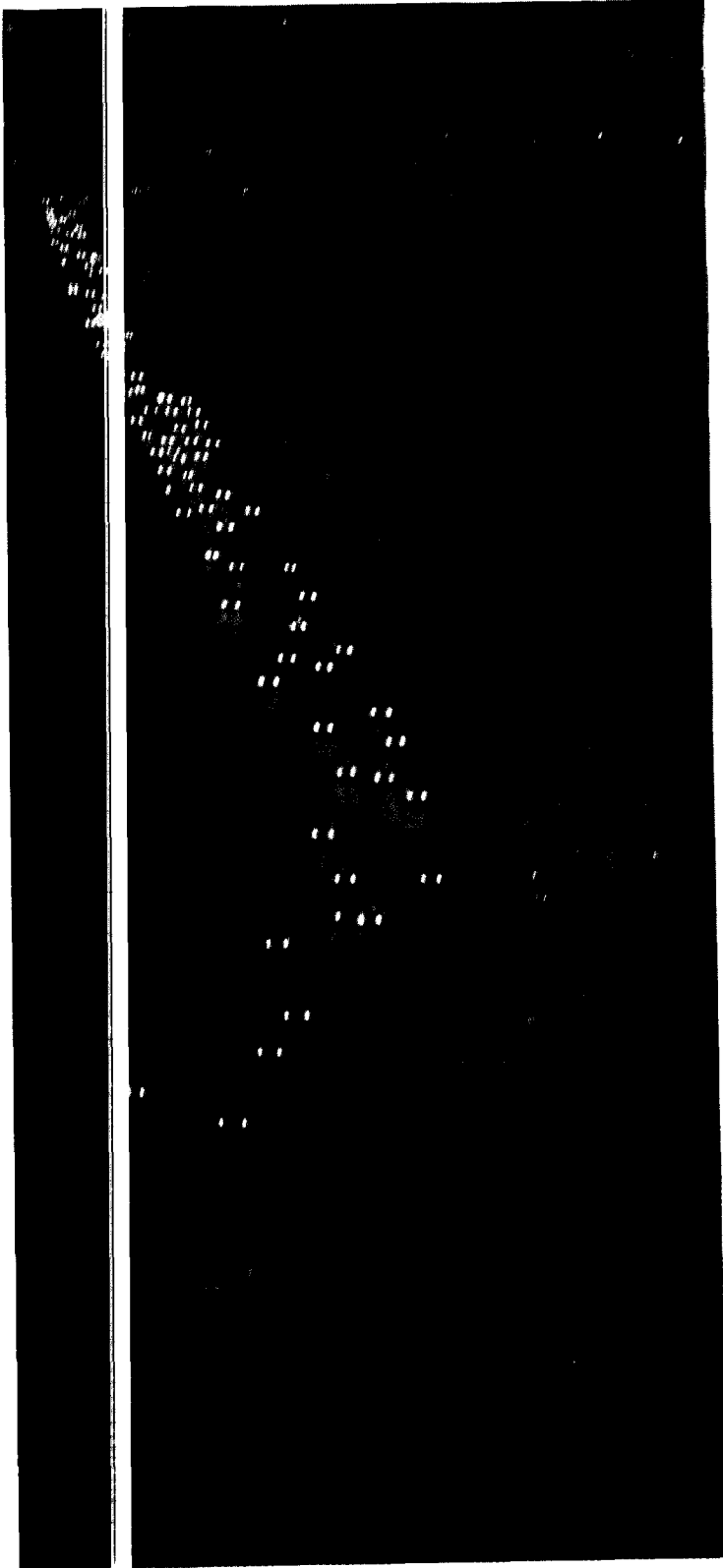
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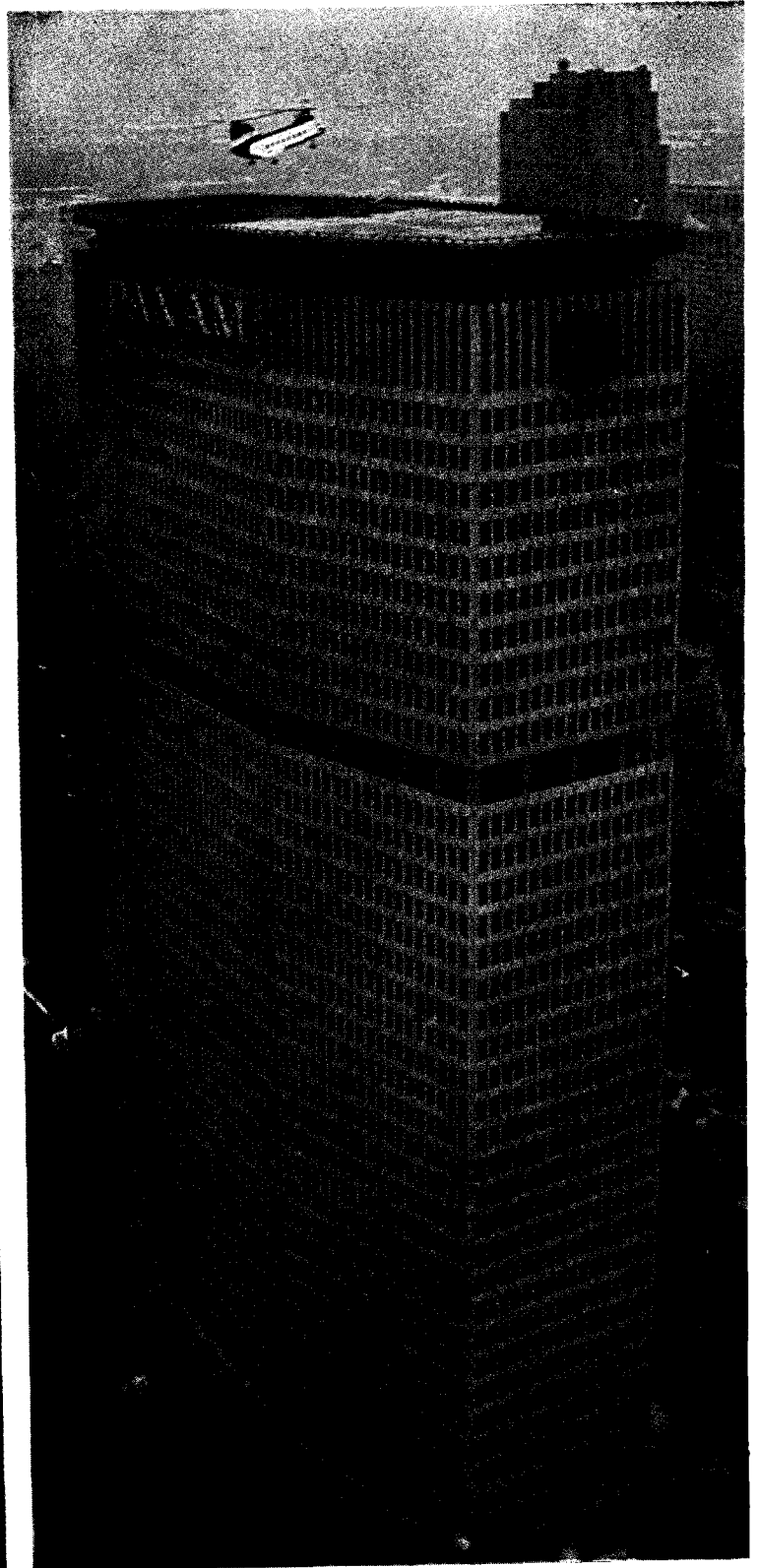
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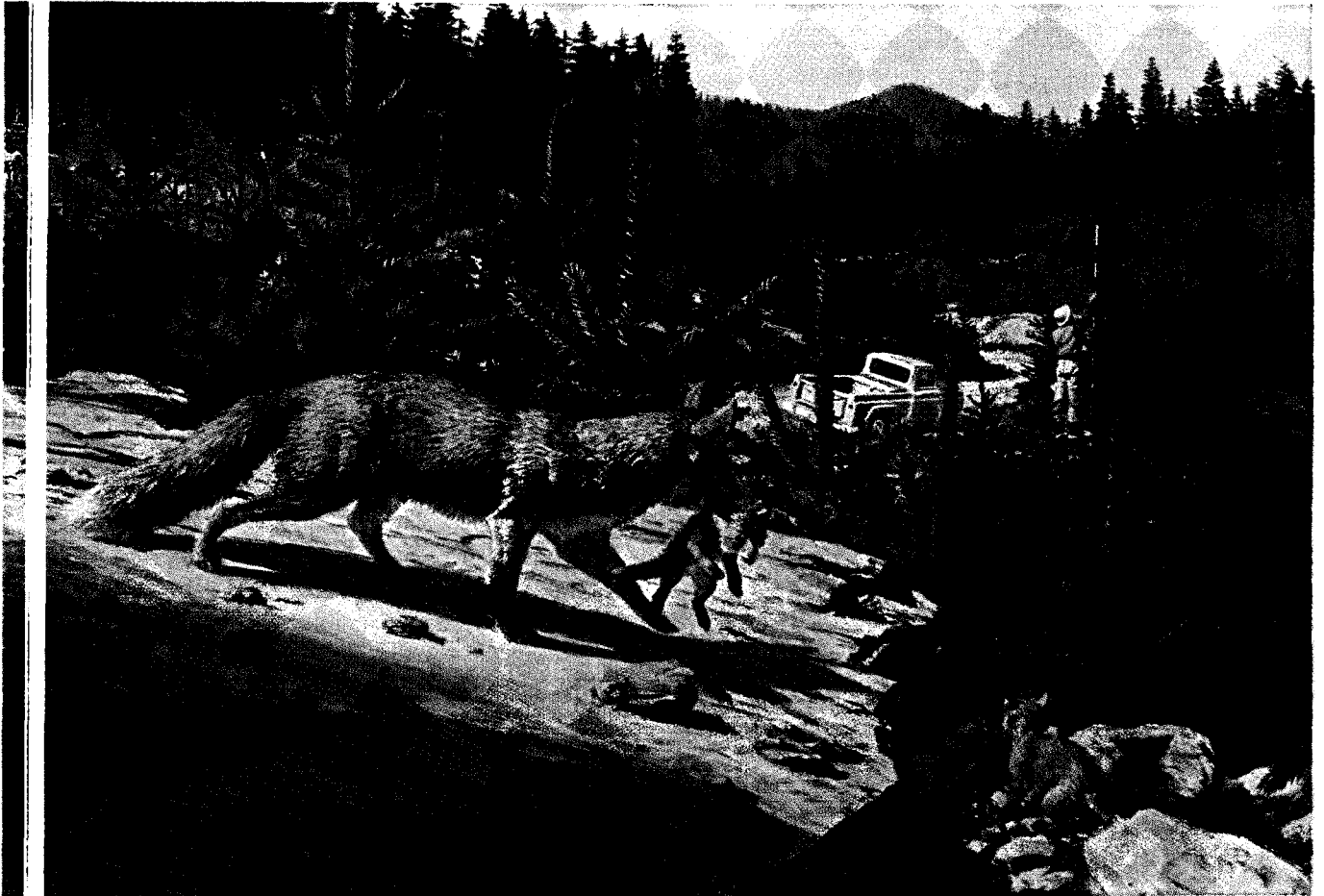
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otent monarchy was humbled. The prestige of the Confucian classics evaporated. The Confucian type of family structure began to crack. China's superiority vanished, even culturally.

The generation of Chinese that lived through this long-continued upheaval, which happened in our grandfathers' time, experienced a deepening crisis. The sacred values of proper conduct and social order proved useless. The ancient faith in China's superiority as a civilization was slowly strangled. The privileged foreigners came in everywhere and gradually stirred up a Chinese nationalism.

So complete was the disaster that in the twentieth century a new order has had to be built from the ground up. Western doctrines of all kinds were tried out between the 1890s and the 1930s. The thing that proved effective was the Leninist type of party dictatorship, an elite recruited under discipline according to a new orthodoxy, organized something like an old Chinese secret society, united in the effort to seize power and re-create a strong state. This nationalistic aim, represented first by the Kuomintang, overrode every other consideration. The kind of Western individualism propagated by our missionaries had little chance in the midst of the political struggle to rebuild a strong state, and even less chance after Japanese aggression began in 1931.

In their retrospective humiliation and sense of grievance over the enormous disaster of the nineteenth century, modern Chinese have generally felt that their country was victimized. So it was — by fate. Circumstance has made China the worst accident case in history.

But the Chinese view of history for reasons mentioned above has always been very personal, seeing rulers rise or fall by their good or bad conduct. To attribute China's modern fate to a historical abstraction like "cultural homeostasis" (that is, China had developed so much self-equilibrating stability that it did not respond quickly to the Western threat) is not emotionally satisfying to Chinese patriots. It is like asking a man run over by a truck to blame it on a congested traffic pattern. He will say, No, it was a truck. Consequently, Chinese of all camps have united in denouncing the obvious aggressions of the foreign powers. Marxism-Leninism caught on in the 1920s, even though the proletariat was miniscule and class struggle minimal, by offering its devil-theory to explain China's modern foreign relations: "Capitalist imperialism" from abroad combined with "feudal reaction" at home to attack, betray, and exploit the Chinese people and distort their otherwise normal development toward "capitalism" and "socialism." Thus a great Communist myth of imperialist victimization has be-

come the new national myth of a revived central power at Peking.

Those who see Communist ideology as an all-conquering virus may prefer to discount history and omit it from their diagnosis. But to understand China without history, to divorce this most historical-minded of all cultures from its past, is quite impossible. The Chinese Communists themselves use history to "prove" their anti-imperialist doctrine. Communist ideology and China's historical record thus overlap.

One can easily see the utility of having "American imperialism" (as distinct from the American "people," who are somehow "exploited" by Wall Street) as China's national enemy: our eternal menace justifies Peking's draconian rule. One wonders if the Chinese Communist Party could survive without us; our role as enemy seems essential to Chairman Mao's morality play. Yet we must recognize there is more to it than theory and propaganda. Lenin's picture of economic imperialism has been broadened by Mao to include all foreign contact. Even missionary good works are now seen to have been "cultural imperialism." The latent feeling is one of resentment against the whole great fact of China's having fallen behind the modern outside world.

IF WE now turn to look at ourselves, we can see where American self-esteem and resentment come into play, for we are generally conscious of having long befriended China and recently been kicked in the teeth for it. We can only dimly imagine how the proud Chinese elite have suffered from being on the receiving end of modernization.

Being on the giving end of modernization ourselves, in the privileged status thrust upon us by the treaty system, most of us enjoyed our contact with China. We could be upper-class foreigners commanding servants and riding in rickshaws while still remaining egalitarian grass-roots democrats in our own conscience. The Chinese were polite, and countless Americans made warm friends among them. The American people built up a genuine, though sometimes patronizing, fondness for "China." Unfortunately, this now turns out to have been an unrealistic and naïve attitude. The Americans were conscious of their own good intentions and less conscious of the humiliation that their superior circumstances often inflicted upon their Chinese friends.

When Britain and others fought their colonial wars, the Americans enjoyed the fruits of aggression without the moral responsibility. By 1900 the British, the French, and the Japanese had fought wars with China; the Russians had seized

territory; and all of them, as well as the Germans, had seized special privileges in spheres of influence.

The Americans had done none of these things and came up instead with the open-door doctrine, which soon expanded to include not only the open door for trade but also the idea of China's integrity as a nation. Thus we Americans could pride ourselves on championing China's modernization and self-determination. We considered ourselves above the nasty imperialism and power politics of the Europeans. We developed a self-image of moral superiority. The open door and benevolence toward Chinese nationalism became the basis of our Far Eastern policy until war with Japan brought us up against the realities of power politics. Then we began to realize, for almost the first time, that the power structure of East Asian politics had been held together by the British Navy in the nineteenth century, and by the British and Japanese navies under the Anglo-Japanese Alliance from 1902 to 1922.

Today we find ourselves in an onerous situation trying to maintain the power balance in East Asia. Vietnam is reminiscent in some ways of the colonial wars of the nineteenth century, a type of situation that we generally succeeded in avoiding in that era. I do not contend that we today are simply nineteenth-century imperialists come back to life, but I don't believe we can escape our historical heritage entirely, any more than Mao can. We have been part and parcel of the long-term Western approach to Asia and ought to see ourselves in that perspective. The Western powers have played major roles in East and Southeast Asia for four hundred years even if we have not. The West has made its contribution while also precipitating the nationalist revolutions. American merchants and missionaries joined in making this Western contribution. We cannot now condemn and disown the old British Empire, for instance, just because we let the British fight the dirty colonial wars while we got the benefits. We were and are involved in East Asian power politics at least as much as in those of Europe. But Vietnam today gives us a more severe crisis of moral conscience partly because during most of our history we have felt morally superior to the imperialist powers.

Stuck in a dirty war today, we would do well to lower our self-esteem, not be so proud, acknowledge our Western inheritance of both good and evil, and see ourselves as hardly more noble and not much smarter than the British and French in their day. We cannot take East Asia *or* ourselves out of power politics.

Once we see ourselves as an integral part, and now the major representative, of the Western world that was the nineteenth-century agent of

traditional China's downfall, perhaps we can reduce our own resentment at Mao's resentment.

GIVEN these cognate Sino-American resentments on either side — and each has a long list of grievances, too long even to suggest here — what can we expect in our future relations? First, we can be sure that a resumption of American generosity to China will not cure but only worsen our mutual enmity. "Let us recognize them and get it over with," as some put it, is not a psychologically feasible approach. Neither is giving them grain, like the famine relief of old, for it puts China back on the short end of things, receiving our beneficence. Instead, we should take the long way around and expect our own relations with China to improve only after Sino-third-party relations have done so. We should lower the level of polemics if we can, but not anticipate a direct reconciliation.

This suggests, in the second place, that we can hardly take the lead, but instead should acquiesce in the effort to get Peking to participate in the international order rather than try to subvert and destroy it. This is primarily a psychological problem for the international community to deal with. Therapy for Peking's present almost paranoid state of mind must follow the usual lines of therapy: it must lead the rulers of China gradually into different channels of experience until by degrees they reshape their picture of the world and their place in it. This program should get Peking into a multitude of activities abroad. China should be included in all international conferences, as on disarmament, and in international associations, both professional and functional; in international sports, not just ping-pong; and in exchange of news, technology, persons, and trade with everyone, including ourselves, except for strategic goods. One thinks naturally of the UN agencies and participation in the Security Council as well as the Assembly. Yet all this can come only step by step, with altercation all along the way — not an easy process but at least a political one, more constructive than warfare.

The remodeling of Chairman Mao, the greatest remolder of others in history, is not something outsiders can attempt. But he and his colleagues are great believers in tactical shifts to meet changing circumstances. Their militant ideals may remain out of reach, but changed tactics can lead them into that great coolant of expansionism: coexistence.

In accepting the international world as an alternative to trying to subvert it, Chinese behavior can meet China's needs. One of these is the craving for greater prestige in the world to

redress the balance of the last century's humiliations. For China to be in the center of the world's councils seems to any Chinese patriot only right and proper. The Peking government also needs prestige to maintain itself domestically. In addition, like all developing countries, China needs certain kinds of aid through exchanges of technology, of persons, and of goods.

The international community can also expect Peking to respond sooner or later to the opportunity to manipulate foreigners against one another. This traditional way of dealing with outsiders can be attempted in any conclave like the United Nations. But others also play the game; in fact, it is the essence of diplomacy. As all these motives come into play, Peking will become more involved in bilateral relationships and be influenced by others whose desire is for peace rather than violence. In the end, after much travail, all this may make coexistence more attractive. Yet in the meantime, Peking's subversive efforts to foment "people's wars of liberation" may be expected to continue and will have to be countered.

Thus a new American attitude can catalyze rather than obstruct the stabilizing of Peking's relations with the international world. It is time to shift from trying to isolate Peking, which only worsens our problem, to a less exposed position where we can acquiesce in the growth of contact between Peking and other countries and let *them* suffer the impact of Peking's abrasiveness.

Similarly, concerning Taiwan, we cannot demand that our sovereign ally Chiang Kai-shek pension off his aging Nationalist government echelons and build up the elected Taiwan provincial government to run the island, thus acknowledging defeat in China's civil war. Such steps must be left for his successors. But meantime, the Seventh Fleet can continue to quarantine the Formosa Straits, and we can advocate "self-determination" though we cannot enforce it. In the end we shall have to let Taipei and Peking work out their respective UN relationships. We cannot do it for them.

But this helping to open the door for China's participation in the world scene is only one part of an American policy. The other part is to hold the line, for the Chinese are no more amenable to pure sweetness and light than other revolutionaries. Encouraging them to participate in the UN and other parts of the growing international order has to be combined with a cognate attitude of firmness backed by force. Military containment on the Korean border, in the Formosa Straits, and somehow in Vietnam cannot soon be abandoned.

Indeed, the new effort at nonmilitary contact with Peking, here advocated, is feasible in American policy precisely because we are being so

active militarily in Vietnam. Contact and negotiation, far from being an either-or alternative to fighting, are essential to balance our continued military presence and keep it within a larger, political framework. If military containment is not to trigger major war, it must be explicitly and credibly limited, not subject to open-ended escalation. "Containment" should aim simply to contain, not to terrify, confuse, or, least of all, provoke. Recognition of military strength on both sides, and also its limitations on both sides, is an inducement to stabilizing relations — particularly if it is recognized that China is a land animal, unconquerable at home, while the United States is a sea-and-air animal, able to frustrate the Maoist type of revolutionary take-over abroad but not to take over itself.

Containment alone is a dead-end street, but a policy of contact works in both directions. Both sides give and both get. Who can doubt that our own militancy was defused, from the level of unreasoning fear down to the level of political competition, when Nikita Khrushchev became an American TV personality? What might not Chou En-lai's black eyebrows accomplish? The Chinese instinct for diplomacy will soon find that in the United States there is some sort of audience responsive to every view, but our major sentiments of goodwill respond less to dogma and bombast than to reasoned self-interest and give-and-take. Thus a program of contact is a two-way street.

The first step is the hardest, for it must be taken in our own thinking — to abandon both the fear of Chinese military menace and the hope of Chinese friendliness. China will not fight us unless we get too close to its frontiers and ask for trouble. The Chinese will not respond to friendly overtures except to repeat "Get out of Taiwan," which by our own principles we will not do unless genuinely asked by the people there. Peking will continue to damn us for crimes we did not commit and evil aims we do not have.

In short, my reading of history is that Peking's rulers now shout aggressively out of manifold frustrations, that isolation intensifies their ailment and makes it self-perpetuating, and that international contact with China on many fronts can open a less warlike chapter in its foreign relations. But we are dealing with revolutionists who face enormous domestic difficulties, labor under serious emotional problems themselves, and have a warped understanding of the outside world. In facing reality, to avoid disaster we must understand their dilemma as well as ours.

We should be sanguine about the probable outcome. For the short term, the results will seem discouraging, and hard on our patience. But over the long haul, we have no other course.

BOOKS and MEN *The news and the literary establishment are talking about "nonfiction novels" and "parajournalism," but Dan Wakefield finds such labels to be little more than Wolfe's clothing disguising familiar old sheep. An accomplished journalist and author whose latest book, BETWEEN THE LINES, is reviewed on page 138, Mr. Wakefield here speaks out for the first person singular and individual involvement as the ingredients which can elevate the craft of reporting to an art.*

The Personal Voice and the Impersonal Eye

by DAN WAKEFIELD



THE negative sound of the term "nonfiction" always seemed to me sadly reflective of the common cultural attitude toward that vast and various field of writing. The term itself indicates that "fiction" is the standard, central sort of serious writing, and anything else is basically defined by being "not" of that genre. (I have sometimes thought that writers of this "non" category ought to strike back by calling novels and stories "non-reality.") Among the subheads beneath the general nonfiction category, such fields as biography and history stand up as respectable, if somewhat plodding, cousins to the major literary practice of fiction. There is also an important and large but even less culturally stylish vein of the nonfiction field that, whether it is referred to as journalism, reporting, or, the fancier term, reportage, is usually preceded by the adjective "mere" in discussions of serious literature. And yet, in the past year nonfiction works by Tom Wolfe and Truman Capote have catapulted the reportorial kind of writing to a level of social interest suitable for cocktail party conversation and little-review comment. As Wolfe might put it, nonfiction has suddenly become . . . *fashionable*.

But long before it was announced that Mr. Capote intended to raise reporting to an "art" — somewhat like a benevolent industrialist disclosing his plans for helping out an underdeveloped country — there was, and has continued to be, a growing amount of imaginative and artfully rendered

writing in the field. Since the 1950s, Murray Kempton in his newspaper columns and James Baldwin in his personal essays (most notably in *Notes of a Native Son*) have demonstrated that journalism can be practiced at the level of art. Increasing numbers of novelists — among them Harvey Swados, Gore Vidal, George P. Elliott, and Norman Mailer — have tried their hand at journalism and often turned out work of unquestionable literary as well as informational merit. The critic Norman Podhoretz has even suggested that some of Mailer's journalism has been more interesting and important than his fiction.

Whatever the validity or necessity of such comparison, there is no doubt that Mailer's journalistic pieces, especially the long takeouts in *Esquire*, are charged with the energy of art. Whether or not his piece in that magazine on the 1960 Democratic convention — "Superman Comes to the Supermarket" — did, as Mailer himself believes, tip the scales of that whole election to John Kennedy in some mysterious, mystical, psycho-hipsterical manner, it certainly proved that a good, factual, and keenly observed account of a political convention doesn't have to be dull. To cite only one section of one enormous, snakelike, shimmering sentence from that report, Mailer described how

. . . it was in the Gallery of the Biltmore where one first felt the mood which pervaded all proceedings until the convention was almost over, that heavy, thick, witless depression which was to dominate every move as

"The False Mirror" by Rene Magritte. Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

the delegates wandered and gawked and paraded and set for a spell, there in the Gallery of the Biltmore, that huge depressing alley with its inimitable hotel color, that faded depth of chiaroscuro which unhappily has no depth, that brown which is not a brown, that grey which has no pearl in it, that color which can be described only as hotel-color because the beiges, the tans, the walnuts, the mahoganies, the dull blood rugs, the moaning yellows, the sick greens, the greys and all those dumb browns merge into that lack of color which is an over-large hotel at convention time, with all the small-townners wearing their set, starched faces, that look they get at carnival, all fever and suspicion, and proud to be there, eddying slowly back and forth in that high block-long tunnel of a room with its arched ceiling and square recesses filling every rib of the arch with art work, escutcheons and blazons and other art pictures I think, I cannot even remember, there was such a hill of cigar smoke the eye had to travel on its way to the ceiling, and at one end there was galvanized pipe scaffolding and workmen repairing some part of the ceiling, one of them touching up one of the endless squares of painted plaster in the arch, and another worker, passing by, yelled up to the one who was working on the ceiling: "Hey, Michelangelo!"

That is of course not the style of cold, clipped, just-the-facts-please daily newspaper journalism, and in an effort to categorize it, some observers have referred to that kind of approach as "fictional." This confuses the issue, and I think it is partly a result of the old prejudice that any "good writing" must by definition be "fictional" writing. Yet the label suggests that the reporting done in such a style is not factual, but rather something the reporter made up. This is not the case. Such reporting is "imaginative" not because the author has distorted the facts, but because he has presented them in a full instead of a naked manner, brought out the sights, sounds, and feel surrounding those facts, and connected them by comparison with other facts of history, society, and literature in an artistic manner that does not diminish but gives greater depth and dimension to the facts.

MAILER is not the first or the last writer to approach an event, person, or subject in this manner, nor is the imaginative method limited to use by novelists. Brock Brower has written persuasively of what he calls the Art of the Fact, and he has effectively practiced that art, along with Gay Talese, Thomas B. Morgan, and later, Tom Wolfe, most often in the pages of *Esquire*. The graceful, witty, and precise reporting of Meg Greenfield on subjects ranging from The Prose of Richard Nixon to A Tenth Class Reunion at Smith College has brightened and distinguished the pages of *The Reporter*; and Willie Morris, up from the *Texas Observer*, has also demonstrated in personal jour-

nalistic accounts like his piece on Texas right-wingers in *Commentary* that reporting has been practiced as an art in our own times.

American magazines have opened up a great deal from the standard cut-and-dried formula-article approach that was generally the rule in the post-war era and into the early fifties, yet I think special credit must be given to *Esquire* for leading the way to many of the newer, freer, more imaginative forms of nonfiction. If their own willingness to experiment has sometimes resulted in an uneven product, in stylistic failures as well as successes, I think on the whole it has had a happy effect on the magazine, the writer, and journalism in general. *Esquire's* editorial attitude seems to be anything goes as long as it is interesting and true. The magazine has a research department, and every fact in every nonfiction piece is checked and verified. The license they offer writers is not for distortion of facts but experimentation in style.

The most recent and controversial result of that policy has been the emergence of Tom Wolfe, whose best-selling collection of articles, published last year, was named after one of his *Esquire* pieces, "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby." Wolfe had been assigned to cover a custom car show in California, and when he returned, he found he could not put his notes together into any customary magazine-article form. *Esquire* needed the copy right away, and asked Wolfe to type up his notes so someone else might try to write the piece. Wolfe did just that, addressing his report to the managing editor and writing up his impressions as he might in a personal letter, beginning "Dear Byron." When the editors read the result they simply struck off the salutation and ran the report as it was. The beginning (it is not a standard "lead") is the key to what Wolfe was going to do and how:

The first good look I had at customized cars was at an event called a "Teen Fair", held in Burbank, a suburb of Los Angeles beyond Hollywood. This was a wild place to be taking a look at art objects — eventually, I should say, you have to reach the conclusion that these customized cars *are* art objects, at least if you use the standards applied in a civilized society. But I will get to that in a moment. Anyway, about noon you drive up to a place that looks like an outdoor amusement park, and there are three serious-looking kids, like the cafeteria committee in high school, taking tickets, but inside the scene is quite mad.

Such a beginning indeed has the quality and tone of a personal letter from someone who respects my intelligence as a reader, who assumes I can get the message without having it watered down into banal language or dressed up with throat-grabbing urgency. There is a sense that the writer is going to tell the story in his own way and at his

own pace ("I will get to that in a moment"), that he is going to describe as well as he can the things he has witnessed, and explain what he thinks its interest and importance are. There is no pretense of omniscience, self-importance, or the sort of pseudo-gravity that passes for "seriousness." It promises a civilized, casual, and colorful account of a phenomenon unfamiliar to many of us but important to our time; and it delivers.

I think these qualities and characteristics of Wolfe's style are more important than his notorious and easily parodied use of abundant dots and exclamation marks and italics. Yes, there are times when his leads do *not* have a "letterlike" one, but perhaps come pounding out in something like his start to a piece on Baby Jane Holzer:

Bangs manes bouffants beehives Beatle caps butter
faces brush-on eyelashes decal eyes puffy sweaters
French thrust bras flailing. . . .

This descriptive assault turns out to be entirely appropriate to the opening scene of jet-setters attending a concert of the Rolling Stones; and appropriate to the subject of the piece, who moves in such a milieu. The critic should remember that Wolfe's sometimes "mad" style is after all fitted to the madness of what he is writing about, for his social reporting often comes, as he put it himself, "out of the vinyl deep."

Wolfe's critics have accused him of championing the "youth cult" as it is expressed in such phenomena as stock cars, frugging, tight pants, and Beatle caps. This accusation seems to me to miss the whole point of Wolfe's work. As a reader it is clear to me that Wolfe is describing rather than defending the "vinyl" world he is writing about. Dwight MacDonald, the dean of Wolfe's critics, surely misinterprets when he cites as an example of Wolfe's pro-youth and anti-middle-age outlook the end of a piece on stock-car racer Junior Johnson, "The Last American Hero":

. . . up with the automobile into their America, and the hell with arteriosclerotic old boys trying to hold onto the whole pot with arms of cotton seersucker. Junior!

It is "their" America Wolfe is talking about, not his: and it is clear from reading the piece that the ending is an evocation of the feelings of the people he has been describing rather than his own. He has described them and their world — a world that is encroaching on us everywhere in this country — with an artistry that conveys not the attractiveness of it but the hollowness; it is not an alluring but a frightening view of what seems to be building into the main wave of the future in America. Tom Wolfe is the first and so far the best reporter who has told us about it.

When Wolfe's collection of pieces first appeared as the *KKTFSB*, the book was generally received with great praises, including a *Time* magazine judgment that it "might well be required reading in courses like American studies," and a verdict that the author was a "genius" in the *Sunday Times Book Review*. Wolfe was *in*, until he made the mistake of trying to poke some unsupported gibes at the *New Yorker* and its editor in two articles for the *Herald Tribune* Sunday magazine. The furor over that exercise has been comparable in literary circles with the tizzy caused in the sports world by Cassius Clay's declaration that he had "nothing against them Viet Congs." Wolfe's disrespect for the *New Yorker*, like Clay's for his country's foreign policy, resulted in his becoming a cultural *persona non grata*. Everyone from Murray Kempton to Muriel Spark jumped to attack him, with such usually disparate spirits as Nat Hentoff and Joseph Alsop joining in the bombardment. Not only had Wolfe written two disrespectful pieces with factual errors, but the criticism included charges that his methods smacked of Communism, and yes, McCarthyism. Attention has been lavished on the two offending pieces as if they were the Dead Sea Scrolls, culminating (at least at the time of this writing) in a heavily documented refutation in the *Columbia Journalism Review* by two young *New Yorker* staff members, plus a comment on their own comment on Wolfe's comments by free-lancer Leonard Lewin, which, like a journalistic Supreme Court judgment on the case, ruled that

Although their indictment is diluted by overzealous refutation of trivial errors (who played the trumpet? what was hung on the walls of Thurber's old office?) they nevertheless make a convincing case, if their allegations are correct, that Wolfe's articles were informed by a remarkable unconcern over the factual basis of his more serious charges, as well as of his atmospheric touches and of his "documented" literary judgments.

Until the inevitable Ph.D. theses come along on the case, I can only judge by evidence extant that Wolfe botched the job, which is all the more regrettable since the nature and intensity of the furor over it indicate that this particular job, as the *New York Post* might put it, "cries out to be done." I am not for condoning Wolfe's factual errors in these pieces, but neither am I for condemning his entire work, style, *persona*, and the magazines he has written articles for because on this occasion he muffed one.

THAT sort of blanket condemnation, however, has been made at exhaustive length in two articles

on Wolfe in the *New York Review of Books* by Dwight MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald seems to have appointed himself to play the Inspector to Wolfe's Jean Valjean in an endless Tale of Two Articles. MacDonald has also set himself up as a combination detective, prosecutor, and judge over modern journalism, a province one senses that MacDonald feels is his own exclusive turf ("others have discovered our teenage culture, including myself, seven years ago, in a *New Yorker* series. . . . Mr. Kluger asked me to review it [a Mailer novel reviewed by Wolfe] and I declined for lack of time").

MacDonald attempts to eradicate Wolfe, the *Herald Tribune*, *Esquire*, and some other rival journalists by the invention of the term "parajournalism," which of course is bad journalism, or not the kind, one assumes, MacDonald writes. He defines this evil method as "a bastard form, having it both ways, exploiting the factual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction." He identifies the *Herald Tribune* as the citadel of this heresy, though he points the finger of accusation at *Esquire* as the place where "the genre originated" and where it has also flourished. He does not mention the fact that he has written for *Esquire* himself for more than five years, or that he is a regular movie critic for that magazine. Whether his own contributions in that magazine are to be considered "parajournalism," or perhaps in the case of his movie criticism, "para-reviewing," he does not say. Nor does he explain what he means by the "atmospheric license of fiction," though it sounds like a license to make things up, a charge which his own experience in being queried by the *Esquire* research department must surely have illustrated as untrue in the case of that magazine.

It is difficult to pinpoint exact and usable definitions of this parajournalism. But let us try, following MacDonald as he castigates a Wolfe review of Mailer's latest novel and berates the reviewer as again playing parajournalist because his technique was "to jeer at the author's private life and personality—or rather his *persona*. . . ."

Surely then, the following passages, taken from a piece written shortly after the death of Ernest Hemingway, could rank as parajournalism:

He was a big man and he was famous and he drank a great deal now and wrote very little. . . .

The position is outflanked the lion can't be stopped the sword won't go into the bull's neck the great fish is breaking the line and it is the fifteenth round and the champion looks bad. . . .

Now it is that morning in the house in Ketchum, Idaho. He takes his favorite gun down from the rack. . . . He puts the end of the gun barrel into his mouth and he pulls both triggers.

It is hard to match that for bad taste, and for

jeering at the *persona* rather than criticizing the work of an author. Surely then it ranks as "parajournalism." And yet it was written by Dwight MacDonald. You see, this becomes very confusing. After all MacDonald's complaints about errors, it is surprising to find that in an addendum to the Hemingway piece, in which he included a letter from George Plimpton that refuted much of what MacDonald said, MacDonald admitted on at least the significant point of Hemingway's turning to drinking instead of writing that "I was wrong factually. . . ." Mr. MacDonald was also wrong factually in a nasty piece he wrote about William F. Buckley, Jr., in which MacDonald refers to Buckley's mother's "private chapel," which Buckley claims was actually a steeple on their horse barn; his mother has no private chapel. Mr. Buckley wrote MacDonald a letter about this and other errors, but MacDonald evidently didn't think it a serious enough matter to correct them when he reprinted the essay in book form. Nor did he, of course, alter his attack on Mr. Buckley's *persona*, including the judgment that Buckley is "an indecorous young man." I don't think any of this disqualifies Mr. MacDonald as a serious journalist, but perhaps it disqualifies him as a watchdog over the sins of his colleagues.

Bad taste and errors of fact can crop up in any kind of journalism, as indeed in any kind of writing, and I don't think recent journalism with its freer style is any more guilty of distortion than the older, more traditional forms. The important and interesting and hopeful trend to me in the new journalism is its personal nature—not in the sense of personal attacks, but in the presence of the reporter himself and the significance of his own involvement. This is sometimes felt to be egotistical, and the frank identification of the author, especially as the "I" instead of merely the impersonal "eye," is often frowned upon and taken as proof of "subjectivity," which is the opposite of the usual journalistic pretense. And yet, as Thoreau pointed out in *Walden*, "It is, after all, always the first person that is speaking."

SINCE I feel that this admission and use of the first person singular is the most exciting, challenging, and potentially fruitful course for modern journalism, I naturally was not inclined to find favor with Truman Capote's third-person omniscient, "novelistic" account of a murder case, *In Cold Blood*. By the pretense or device of keeping himself, as the reporter, out of the book altogether, and reconstructing the chain of events leading up to and following the murder in a straight flow of descriptive narrative and dialogue, Capote has

roduced what he calls a "nonfiction novel." That may sound like a contradiction in terms, and think it is.

I don't think Capote was the Columbus of the nonfiction novel" because no one had thought of it before, but rather because it had been rejected as a journalistic, if not an artistic, possibility. As a matter of fact, the closest thing to it I know of was not done in serious journalism at all, but in those magazines for men with titles like *Male He-Man* and *Brawny Adventure*. A free-lance writer friend of mine in New York used to write sometimes for such publications when he was broke, and he explained to me that the sort of "article" he did for them was called by the editors "fact-fiction." The method was to take a somewhat innocuous news account of a murder or accident or other potentially dramatic event and then build it up into a story with invented dialogue and "fictional development" of the characters involved. The technique of invented dialogue is also sometimes used in stories in confessional and "fan" magazines, which, again, are not regarded as organs of serious or responsible journalism.

Now this was, of course, not Capote's method. He spent countless hours over a period of years examining facts, interviewing, and researching his story. He has said that he is blessed with a memory that can retain the details of two- and three-hour conversations, without transcribing them on the spot by notes or tape recorder, and I have no reason to doubt this gift. Nor do I question the repeated assertion in the book that one of the murderers (most fortunately for Capote) was blessed with a "brilliant memory." But I cannot believe that everyone in the town of Holcomb, Kansas, the scene of the crime, possessed the faculty of total recall; yet that would have to be the case for Capote's book to be a true, journalistically accurate rendering of dialogue as well as scene and event. Try to remember conversations you had a few weeks ago or even days ago; you can recall the content, but rarely can you remember the verbatim exchange or set it down in the form of a transcript. I am convinced that Capote did as honest and skillful a job as possible in his recreation; I simply am skeptical of the journalistic validity of any such re-creation — and I wince at the thought of the inevitable legions of less skillful and less scrupulous imitators of Capote's "new form." They will soon be upon us, wave on wave.

From the artistic as well as the journalistic viewpoint, I am disappointed that Capote chose to go off in the opposite direction from the personal "I" approach in his effort to revitalize modern journalism. If reporting is, as Capote says, "the great unexplored art form of the future," I think it will develop along the direction taken by a writer who, ironically, is, or at least was once, greatly admired by Capote. In an interview with Capote in the *Paris Review* published in 1958, he named among those writers who had most influenced him "James Agee, a writer whose death over two years ago was a real loss." And yet it was Agee, in his great *sui generis* book on the tenant farmers in Alabama, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, who recognized and made art and illumination of the presence and personality of the reporter as he entered and inevitably affected the scene and events he was watching, or as Agee put it, "spying" upon. For Agee this was not a matter of egotism or of art, but a practical matter of honesty and communication. As he explained, referring to one of the tenant farmers he was writing about:

George Gudger is a man, et cetera. But obviously, in the effort to tell of him (by example) as truthfully as I can, I am limited. I know him only so far as I know him; and all of that depends as fully on who I am as on who he is.

Capote, trained in the *New Yorker*—Lillian Ross school of deadpan journalism, which he first practiced in book-length form in his series on the trip of the *Porgy and Bess* troupe to Russia (*The Muses Are Heard*), betrayed or revealed his own view of the nature of reporting in that same *Paris Review* interview. The interviewer noted Capote's unusual "detachment" in writing *The Muses*, and in discussing that and other issues of journalistic style, Capote remarked of the *Porgy and Bess* pieces: "That was reporting, and 'emotions' were not much involved — at least not the difficult and personal territories of feeling that I mean."

This sort of "detachment" seems to me particularly — and even understandably — sacred in America, where advanced degrees are offered in journalism, and in general the trend is to justify and elevate all endeavors by making them more "scientific" — that is, less personal. But I think it is precisely in those "difficult and personal territories of feeling" Capote rejects that the future of reporting, as an art, will most likely be found.

THE WELL-TRAINED ENGLISH CRITIC SURVEYS THE AMERICAN SCENE

by George Starbuck

"Poetic theory in America is at present in an extremely curious state, resembling that of England during the Barons' Wars rather than that of a healthy democracy or well-run autocracy. It is not even a decent civil war. . . ."

— Thom Gunn in Yale Review

Sometimes I feel like a fodderless cannon
On one of those Midwestern courthouse lawns
Fiercely contested for by boys of ten and
Topped by a brevet general in bronze.

Hallucination, naturally: no
Era without its war, and this has its,
Roundabout somewhere, some imbroglio,
Even if only run by starts and fits.

Limber me up again, somebody.
In with the charges! To the touchhole! Wham!
Elevate me, ignite me, let one ruddy
Side or the other taste the thing I am!

This pale palaver, this mishmash of factions:
How can you find employment in a war
Of private sorties and guerrilla actions?
Maddening! Maddening! It chokes the bore!

Great God why was I tempered of pure sheffield
Unless to belch and fulminate and reek?
Never in England would I be so stifled.
Name me the nearest caitiff: let me speak!



THE ROOTS OF HUMAN NATURE

N. J. Berrill, a zoologist now teaching at Swarthmore, is the author of several books, including JOURNEY INTO WONDER, SEX AND THE NATURE OF THINGS, and MAN'S EMERGING MIND. Here he discusses the similarities between men and monkeys, and the new evidence that the apes are our contemporaries, not our ancestors.

IN THIS age of explosion of people and atoms man's greatest need, more than ever before, is to understand himself. Why do we act as we do? The question becomes urgent; hence the present intensive efforts to study other living creatures that most resemble us, to reconstruct from odd-shaped stones and fossil bones the human past, and to search for the beginnings of life on other planets. Institutes for primate research are becoming established in many places, and studies of social groups of apes and monkeys in the wild, before it is too late, are therefore in vogue.

The more we see of the chimpanzee, the more we realize he is one of us. At the emotional level especially, the identity is clear. Young chimpanzees, for instance, exhibit temper tantrums all too familiar to anyone who has brought up children. And an adult chimpanzee becomes intensely disturbed on finding a live worm in its biscuit or on seeing snakes, spiders, and mice — even only the shape of a snake, although the animal may never have seen a snake before. Chimpanzees and people both have this revulsion built into their very being. Fear of the dark is also a common heritage. The sight of toy animals or a model of a human head can be terrifying to a chimpanzee. Toy animals in action can equally terrify a human infant when encountered for the first time. These fears are by no means rational, nor are they necessarily the result of childhood conditioning.

As a rule in this so-called civilization of ours man is a comparatively unemotional being, although, according to D. O. Hebb, the McGill psychologist, only because he is able most of the time to avoid situations which arouse strong emotion. For the most part, he lives in an insulated environment in which his emotional susceptibilities are well concealed, even from himself. In the same way, chimpanzees are placid in their own natural environment, but in close captivity — like a man in prison or an unemployed youth in a modern stone jungle — a chimpanzee becomes unpredictably explosive and often viciously aggressive. Hebb suggests that in the case of men and apes these emotional disturbances reflect a degree of instability which comes with a somewhat overly large brain.

Other qualities in chimpanzees make certain human traits more acceptable and perhaps better understood. Not only chimpanzees but also monkeys will work for hours at solving simple puzzles with no reward other than the satisfaction gained. In fact, a chimpanzee if he likes a learning task will work at it incessantly unless he is hungry, paying no attention to offered food, just as a man engrossed will forgo a meal. This contravenes the tradition that there is an inborn aversion to work, whether mental or physical, and that some tangible reward is required in order for work to be done. What seems to be necessary is not extrinsic reward but intrinsic interest. Just as some birds fly some of the

Aquatint by Pablo Picasso. Courtesy of Harvard College Library. Department of Printing and Graphic Arts

time for the satisfaction of being in flight and some sing for the joy of song as well as to gain a mate or hold a territory, just as boys climb trees and men climb mountains because they themselves are built for climbing, so monkeys and apes and humans enjoy the skill in using their distinctive combination of eye, hand, and brain for what it is worth. Winston Churchill was expressing this when he said, "I like to learn, I don't like to be taught."

In 1964 Adriaan Kortlandt, of the University of Amsterdam, went to the Congo to observe wild chimpanzees. A group of forty-eight chimpanzees which occupied a banana plantation at the edge of the forest were watched from high tree blinds. Previous knowledge of chimpanzees in zoos and in the wild suggested that they normally live in small harem groups of from five to fifteen individuals, with one master of all, and it was assumed that some such state once prevailed in human or prehuman history. Now it seems that this is not so, although it is more or less true for the gorilla.

In the case of chimpanzees on the move, two forms of grouping occur: sexual groups, composed of adult males and childless females, often with a few mothers and children; and nursery groups, composed of juveniles, their mothers, and perhaps one or two adult males, showing no signs of sexual bonds or jealousy. Children up to four years of age are usually carried and are pampered. The young are tolerated and the old deferred to, with seniority conferring wisdom but never tyranny. This general pattern of social life appears to have grown out of the long and intensive care chimpanzees give their young. As a rule, however, chimpanzees in the wild act with the utmost caution, as though aware of weakness rather than collective strength. When a group emerges from dense forest onto a clearing, the adult males are always the first to appear, each looking and listening before emerging from behind a bush or tree. Once out and safe, they chase one another, shrieking, screaming, and stamping, like boys let out to play, although the females remain silent and shy.

A similar combination of sociability, family care, and curiosity has undoubtedly been characteristic of human and prehuman behavior from early times. Why then haven't chimpanzees gone further than they have? The answer that they never came down from the trees is simply not true, for they spend much of their time on the ground, walking or running erect in order to see better or to leave hands free for carrying. Moreover, there is good evidence that they use heavy sticks as clubs either to fight off leopards or for display. Gorillas, equally semi-terrestrial, are known to use natural weapons in the same way, not to mention a ritual gesturing, stamping, chest-thumping, and vocalizing reminiscent of tribal warriors working up to the excitement

and intimidation of a war dance. In both chimpanzees and gorillas the use of weapons is instructive, and it is reasonable to assume that the technique of armed combat emerged among the common ancestors of man and apes many million years ago and is not the peculiarly human vice it has been thought to be. So many subhuman and near-human creatures have gone to extinction during prehuman times that the struggle for ascendancy among the various man-apes and ape-men must have been intense.

Kortlandt suggests that it was the early invention of the spear that humanized our ancestors and dehumanized their anthropoid competitors by driving them off the savannas; that although the forest offers the best protection against spears, it has never been favorable to the evolution of the human way of life. He states that chimpanzees seize every opportunity to bring variety into their lives, are fascinated by everything new and unusual; that on one occasion an individual steadily watched an unusually beautiful sunset until almost dark; that "behind their lively, searching eyes one senses a doubting, contemplative personality, always trying to make sense out of a puzzling world." Jane Goodall, accepted as one of themselves by the colony she studied, feels that chimpanzees are truly of the human stock. Somewhere along the line of our own past, apelike creatures ventured out from the fringes of the forest, as hesitantly as chimpanzees, as fascinated by all that was about them, as puzzled and as contemplative, but with a potential determination and decisiveness that carried the day.

THE surviving apes are few in kind and far between; monkeys are more numerous and widely spread and are sufficiently akin to apes and men to throw light on our own upbringing. At the Primate Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin, H. F. Harlow has raised infant monkeys with a surrogate mother consisting of a soft cloth-covered wire frame, complete with nursing bottle. Such infants apparently develop normally and show characteristic curiosity concerning their surroundings so long as they can run and cling to the soft mother substitute. As they grow older, they spend increasing amounts of time clinging and cuddling, although taking no more milk than do other infants supplied with the same wire and milk bottle combination without the cloth.

Infant monkeys raised with wire mothers not cloth-covered show no affection for the mother substitute and obtain no comfort; and they behave like neglected children in or out of institutions. Bodily contact with at least a simulation of the

soft reality of the maternal body seems to be essential for normal emotional development. Infants raised from birth for several months with a cloth mother retain their responsiveness long after separation, but those who have known a cloth mother only after the age of eight months lose whatever responsiveness they may have shown immediately after being separated. Freud notwithstanding, the critical need is definitely not the role of the breast or the act of nursing but the clinging of infant to mother and the handling of the infant by the mother. However, it may be comforting for human mothers to know that monkey infants raised with cloth mothers, although seemingly normal as individuals, fail miserably as mothers themselves.

Monkeys also have the eye-hand kind of brain with a very subordinate sense of smell, as in humans and apes. Almost by definition, this means inquisitive fingers and a dominant sense of sight. It is not surprising that a monkey which is in captivity prefers the sight of another monkey, or almost anything that moves, such as a toy electric train, to any other form of satisfaction. There is the story of the psychologist who put a monkey in a room with various inanimate things supposedly of interest and looked through the keyhole to see its reactions, only to see a brown and lively eye peering from the other side. Watching the world go by is a pastime ingrained in us all. Any study of monkey behavior, however, as of children, should be made under natural circumstances, with the observer unobserved. This has been accomplished with baboons in Africa, with an introduced colony of old-world rhesus monkeys on an island off Puerto Rico, and with the elusive forest-dwelling monkeys of Japan.

The Japanese monkeys, with beautiful bright faces and very short tails, live in the forest in troops of up to two hundred individuals, communicating among themselves with vocal sounds relating to emotional state, movement to and from feeding grounds, defense, warning, sex, and infants. The occasional solitary monkey, however, makes no sound at all.

Within a troop, social relations become all important. Each monkey apparently knows every other monkey, its rank, status, mother-child relationship, and so on. Some of the infants, for example, are ranked high because they are children of influential mothers. In fact, at the Japan Monkey Center, established for studying these animals, a new troop was organized with monkeys collected from different natural troops. When a newcomer was added to the group, he or she was recognized at once and warmly accepted by individuals who had come from the same natural troop several months before. Each monkey troop has its own troop peculiarity and cultural trend, and each member of the troop differs from the

others in personality and life history. How a distinctive culture is acquired in monkeys such as these is of considerable human import.

The Japanese scientists wished to draw their elusive subjects to a single feeding area where they could be better observed, and to do so they placed rice and sweet potato through the forest, gradually reducing the food until it was at one locality only, on the shore of the sea. Then one day a young female monkey, about eighteen months old, who had been born after the project had begun, started to wash her sweet potato in the sea before eating it, a simple action but one with considerable implication concerning monkey comprehension. Eventually the habit had been caught by all of the troop except the old and crusty males. In view of this capacity, it is perhaps surprising that the monkey world has shown so little enterprise during the multimillion years of its existence. On the other hand, man himself showed little more until relatively recent times.

In the earlier studies of both monkeys and apes, altogether too much has been read into their behavior while in confinement, for boredom affects these intelligent creatures as strongly and as disturbingly as it affects human beings under comparable conditions. Sex looms large and often perverse, while personality becomes lackluster and incurious. The role of the dominant male, polygamy, and the accentuation of brutishness with age have been overemphasized on the assumption that anthropoids in confinement behave and develop normally. The ancestors of man were outstanding, in the literal sense of the word, as venturers into open country, where danger from predators was enhanced. Of the other primates now living, only the baboon has left the woods.

Baboons are monkeys, to be sure, but they are comparatively venturesome monkeys. At some time in the monkey past they abandoned tree life for open ground, although in the last resort they climb into trees for safety, and invariably do so at night. Their special interest to man is that as monkeys they have successfully coped with a new environment of much the same sort, and in much the same way, as that of the primitive apes whose descendants we are. Like any grounded monkey, they walk and run on all fours, and use their forelimbs as arms and hands chiefly when sitting. Long jaws carry formidable teeth for fighting. Their strength is primarily collective, and their social organization is one of their principal adaptations for survival.

S. L. Washburn and I. De Vore studied the behavior of fifteen troops of baboons, troop size varying from thirteen to one hundred and eighty-five, in the Ambolesi game reserve at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro in Kenya. They found no support for the accepted theory that sexuality provides the most important bond of the primate

troop. They found that a troop, viewed at close range, is composed of strongly emotional, highly motivated, and far from neutral creatures. The basic social structure is seen when a troop moves away from the safety of trees and out onto open plains. The less dominant males occupy the van, and the older juveniles follow; in the center of the troop are the females with infants, the young juveniles, and the most dominant males; the back of the troop is a mirror image of the front. Thus without any fixed or formal order, the females and young are protected. When a predator is sighted, the females and young hurry away, but the males do not, and almost at once a platoon of males becomes interposed. Most animals leave them alone, and only the lion puts them to flight.

Much of the time the members of a troop, like most monkey folk, gather in small groups, sitting and grooming, perhaps two females and young, or an adult male and two females. Newborn infants are a center of attraction, and most dominant males sit by or walk close beside a mother. Juveniles play together in groups that persist for several years. If a juvenile is hurt and cries out, adults come running and stop the play. The security of the individual and the survival of the race lie in the strength and diversity of the social bonds. Only the stray or the outcast is vulnerable.

STUDIES of living apes and monkeys, however much they appear to give insight into our own peculiar nature, are studies of our contemporaries, not our ancestors. The assumption is that man passed through a stage similar to the existing ape, and that earlier both passed through a stage represented by existing monkeys. This may be so, but it is an assumption which needs to be verified or modified by actual evidence from the past. But efforts to reconstruct the human past have always been handicapped by the scarcity of fossil material and by the enormous extent of evolutionary time that we are concerned with. Fossilized remains are, at best, little more than signs along the road. And the primates still available for study as living creatures — four kinds of apes, the old-world and new-world monkeys, the lemurs of Madagascar, the bush babies of equatorial Africa, and the spectral tarsiers of Southeast Asia — are but a remnant of what has gone before. They do represent stages of primate evolution, although each group has had all the time until the present to diverge from a more generalized ancestral type.

The significance of recent discoveries of fossil anthropoid remains can be fully appreciated only when seen in the total perspective of primate evolution. This has been a very long process, coinciding

for the most part with the evolution of the other major orders of mammals. To begin with, there was a prolonged phase represented by small primitive mammals, not unlike the present-day shrews, ancestral to all the modern orders and possessing all the particular mammalian characteristics common to mice and men. An arboreal phase followed, beginning with creatures probably similar to existing tree shrews and progressing to larger forms, such as tarsiers and lemurs, more fully adapted to the opportunities, hazards, and general requirements of arboreal existence.

Then came the anthropoids proper, with more handlike feet, better stereoscopic vision, eye-hand type of brain, great curiosity and capacity for mischief, and opportunity to chatter with impunity. There were tarsiers in the Eocene, fifty million years ago, monkeys in the Oligocene, which followed, and apes of many kinds in the Miocene forests, halfway to the present. Proconsul, an early Miocene ape of about twenty-five million years ago, a full-fledged ape of a less specialized sort than any of the present survivors, and not too well constructed for arboreal life, may have stood at the parting of the ways. At least he has a fitting name. The final phase, in any case, resulted from the grounding of apelike creatures, from which the specifically prehuman stock took a distinctive evolutionary path.

The key question is, when did this last phase begin? — as early as proconsul, or as late as the beginning of the Pleistocene a million years ago perhaps, when the Ice Age was already imminent, or sometime in between? The debate has been protracted because the evidence, although suggestive, has been too scanty and indecisive. Prehuman creatures appear to have lived in circumstances unfavorable to the preservation of their bones. Their tools are another matter, and discoveries of simple but significantly chipped pebbles have suggested the existence of humanoid beings for a longer time than their bones have indicated. When a stone that more or less fits a human hand has been flaked to a cutting edge for flensing a carcass and is found together with pieces of skull and pelvis, indicative of brain and posture, much can be surmised, and the longtime dead begin to come alive.

Modern man can be traced back only a relatively short way. *Homo sapiens*, self-labeled the wise, includes the Paleolithic mammoth hunters and cave painters of 20,000 years ago, and also, though belatedly admitted, the more stooped and heavy-browed Neanderthal men who lived in Europe during the last interglacial period but were missing when the glaciers finally melted. Other men, such as Peking man, known as *Homo erectus*, erect but not so wise, were tool-makers and fire-makers who were around during the early to middle Ice Age several hundred thousand years ago. Before that,

before the initial onslaught of the Pleistocene ice, the trail until recently has been marked only by hand-flaked pebbles. New discoveries in southeastern Africa now push the fossil human story two million years into the past.

The first of these discoveries was made about forty years ago by Raymond Dart, who then and later established the existence and general nature of man-apes known as Australopithecines, about five feet tall and more manlike than apelike, who stood erect with a small, well-balanced head; who ran, hunted, used ready-made but not hand-made tools or weapons, and sheltered in caves. They seem to have been widespread through southern lands and to have been closely related to the emergent human stock. That they were not themselves the actual stock is evident from discoveries made during the last few years by the Leakeys, man and wife, who had spent much of their lifetime patiently and persistently digging in and around the Olduvai Gorge in Tanzania.

The Leakeys had been challenged by the earlier discovery of unmistakably manually shaped pebbles found in East African strata of pre-Ice-Age time. At last, they were rewarded by finding remains of two kinds of beings, one of them now identified as an Australopithecine and the other a tool-maker sufficiently human to be admitted to the rank of *Homo*, as *Homo habilis*, meaning man who is able, mentally skillful, vigorous. The significance of the age of the fossilized remains is that radioactivity-dating methods place them at close to two million years, which puts the human past much further back in time than had been known before. At that time, however, the two kinds of more or less human beings were contemporary inhabitants of the earth, so that to find the true beginnings where human stock departed from the ape, we must now probe into far more ancient periods.

Fossil remains of five individuals were found, one of whom was an elderly woman, one an eleven-year-old child, and a third a young woman aged about twenty years. *Homo habilis* is said to have stood and walked upright. His feet and hands were similar to modern man's. His jaw was roomy enough for a tongue to be used in speech. His teeth show him to have been as omnivorous as we are. And his skull, although small in keeping with his four-foot stature, was shaped much like our own, with room enough for a relatively well developed forebrain superior in form to all but that of modern man himself. Although the Olduvai Gorge is now a desert, during the million years *Homo habilis* appears to have inhabited the area the gorge was part of a wet, tropical region rich in lakes, rivers, fish, and game.

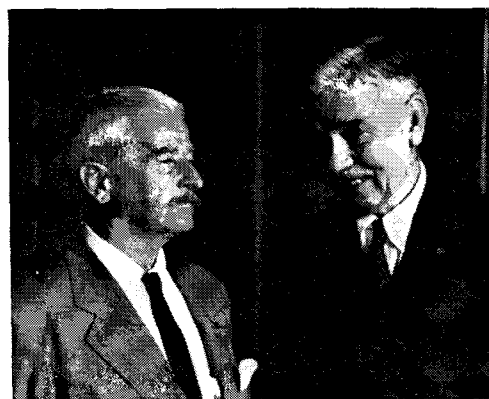
Following the announcement of the first Olduvai

Gorge discoveries, John Napier, of the primatology unit of the University of London, called particular attention to the significance of the hand, pointing out that the human hand, which can achieve so much in the field of creative art and communicate such subtle shades of meaning, and on which the pre-eminence of *Homo sapiens* so largely depends, constitutes, in a structural sense, one of the most primitive and generalized parts of the human body. It is this aspect of the hand which has given support to the almost traditional view that the prehuman forerunners of man were equipped with a hand of essentially human form long before the brain became sufficiently well developed to exploit it. The finding of hands, tools, and skulls at the same site in the Olduvai Gorge makes correlations possible for the first time.

For all its generally primitive structure, the human hand is marvelously made, not only having an opposable thumb and rotating at the wrist, but endowed with two prehensile working arrangements. One is the power grip, such as is employed in using a screwdriver to turn a tight screw, and the other the precision grip, in which the finger and thumb tips take over. The power grip is primitive and is present in some degree in most primates, while the precision grip is the final refinement, present in man but hardly developed elsewhere. The small hand of *Homo habilis* appears to have been capable of a very strong power grip, but the setting of the thumb suggests that the precision grip had not attained its fullest expression. This is in keeping with the fact that their stone implements were little more than pebbles with one or more flakes struck off to produce a chopping stone. Already nearing the goal represented by modern man, the perfecting of the hand apparently kept close pace with the development of the brain.

A small but nearly perfected man inhabiting the earth almost two million years ago not only gives man a tremendous extension of his prehistoric apprenticeship but also gives his prehuman existence a much more extended past. It places the evolution of man from arboreal ape to the Leakeys' little handyman within the long period of the Pliocene when the grasslands and the grassland fauna were evolving as the dominant living feature of the earth.

Man evolved with the creatures he lived with and hunted — not as a Johnny-come-lately pitchforked from the trees into the hostile openness of the plains when the drama of the plains had already reached its climax, but as an early adventurer, aggressive, sharp-witted, and nimble, who took to the ground because of better opportunities and broader horizons. He evolved in company, and in response to the great general environmental challenge of the age. Only his overpowering ascendancy is recent.



The Solitude of William Faulkner

by MALCOLM COWLEY

For nearly half a century, Malcolm Cowley has adorned the American literary scene as critic, poet, and literary historian. William Faulkner was being little read by his own countrymen in the early 1940s when the two initiated a correspondence that was to produce THE PORTABLE FAULKNER and to provide Faulkner's own illumination of his finest works. The account of that relationship is drawn from THE FAULKNER-COWLEY FILE, to be published next month by Viking.

ALMOST every critic dreams of discovering a great work that has been neglected by other critics. Someday might he come upon an author whose reputation is less than his achievement and in fact is scandalously out of proportion with it, so that other voices will be added to the critic's voice, in a swelling chorus, as soon as he has made his discovery? That is the dream.

At least once in my critical career I had the good luck to find it realized.

But let me explain that I was by no means the first to discover William Faulkner. The man who most deserves that credit is a lawyer in Oxford, Mississippi, an older friend, Phil Stone, who knew him almost from boyhood, who gave him books to read, and who praised his early poems and stories. Later there were many others both here and abroad. There was in fact a small chorus of admirers, which was chiefly composed of creative writers. But after 1936 — the year of *Absalom, Absalom!*, a difficult book to understand — it was drowned out by a larger chorus of academic critics, almost all contemptuous at the time, and by a deafening frog-pond croak of daily and weekly reviewers. The public, which had been briefly excited by *Sanctuary* in 1931, had ceased to read his work.

Photograph of William Faulkner and Malcolm Cowley by Budd.

Consider what might be called Faulkner's quoted value on the literary stock exchange. By the middle years of World War II he had published two books of poems, eleven novels — each an extraordinary work in its own fashion — two collections of stories, and two cycles of stories, *The Unvanquished* and *Go Down, Moses*, representatives of a hybrid form between the random collection and the unified novel; there were seventeen books in all. In eleven of the books, he had created a mythical county in northern Mississippi and had told its story from Indian days to what he regarded as the morally disastrous present; it was a sustained work of the imagination such as no other American writer had attempted. Apparently, no one knew that Faulkner had attempted it. His seventeen books were effectively out of print and seemed likely to remain in that condition, since there was no public demand for them. As for his value on the literary stock exchange, in 1944 his name wasn't even listed there.

It was scarcely listed in the immense catalogue of the New York Public Library, where, at the time, there were cards for only two of his books, *A Green Bough* and *The Hamlet*. The other fifteen were hard to find in the secondhand bookstores on Fourth Avenue. But luckily I owned many of

the books, since I had reviewed them in the *New Republic* as they appeared. Gradually and with errors in judgment, I was beginning to perceive a pattern that lay behind them.

I had some leisure in the early months of 1944, owing to a generous grant from the late Mrs. Mary Mellon. I determined to write a long essay on Faulkner and to see whether it might help to redress the balance between his worth and his reputation. But first I sent a letter to the author, addressing him in Oxford, Mississippi; I said that I wanted to meet him and ask questions about his life and his aims. Three months went by before I received an answer, in an envelope that bore the address of the Warner Brothers studio in Burbank, California.

Hollywood, Sunday, 7 May. [1944]

Dear Mr. Cowley:

I just found your letter of last Feb. by idle chance today. Please excuse this. During the last several years my correspondence has assumed a tone a divination of which your letter implies. My mail consists of two sorts: from people who dont write, asking me for something, usually money, which being a serious writer trying to be an artist, I naturally dont have; and from people who do write telling me I cant. So, since I have already agreed to answer No to the first and All right to the second, I open the envelopes to get the return postage stamps (if any) and dump the letters into a desk drawer, to be read when (usually twice a year) the drawer overflows.

I would like very much to have the piece done. I think (at 46) that I have worked too hard at my (elected or doomed, I dont know which) trade, with pride but I believe not vanity, with plenty of ego but with humility too (being a poet, of course I give no fart for glory) to leave no better mark on this our pointless chronicle than I seem to be about to leave.

As you can see from above, I am at the salt mines again. It would cost more to come here than to come to Miss. This town is crowded with war factory workers and troops, is unpleasant. But I have a cubbyhole which you are welcome to share until June 1, when my family is coming out. In the fall I will go back home. I dont know when I will come East, I mean to New York. I would like to, but I never seem to have that much money anymore, as I try to save what I earn here to stay at home as long as possible on.

I would like the piece, except the biography part. You are welcome to it privately, of course. But I think that if what one has thought and hoped and endeavored and failed at is not enough, if it must be explained and excused by what he has experienced, done or suffered, while he was not

being an artist, then he and the one making the evaluation have both failed.

Thank you for your letter, and again excuse the time lapse.

By the time Faulkner's letter arrived, I was editing a *Portable Hemingway* for the Viking Press. I was late with my copy, the presses were waiting, the Vikings were sending telegrams, and I half-expected to find a shipload of berserk warriors moored in front of my door. It wasn't until the job was finished and the threat of sanctions lifted that I wrote Faulkner again.

RFD Gaylordsville, Conn.
July 22, 1944.

Dear Faulkner:

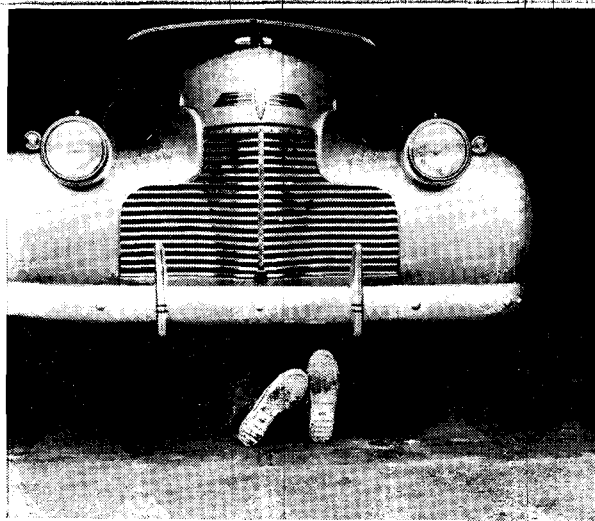
You can see that I'm pretty nearly as bad as you are about answering letters, and I haven't the excuse of a system either; it's just a mixture of indolence and busyness, one part of each, and life as a succession of deadlines that I just fail to meet.

I want very much to write the article about you, and I want to meet you too, but it's quite possible to write the article without meeting you and without knowing very much about your biography, which wouldn't go into the article anyway — you're right about that point; but I ought to know something about it for the thinking that has to be done before the article is written, so that I wouldn't make too many bad guesses. I'd like to put in about a month or six weeks of work on it, and that's why I'm trying to sell it in advance to some magazine that would pay me for my time; and later I could use it in a book I'm planning to do.

Status of the magazine negotiations: I tried the Atlantic while I was in Boston, and the net result was a luncheon at the St. Botolph Club, lobster, sherry, old fashioned, two bottles of Bordeaux and some very old rum. The Atlantic turned thumbs down (thumbs a little greasy with lobster dipped in butter) . . . now I'm working on Harper's. . . .

Do you want to hear a New York market report on your standing as a literary figure?

It's about what I suggested in my other letter — very funny, and a great credit to you, but bad for your pocketbook. First, in publishing circles your name is mud. They are all convinced that your books won't ever sell, and it's a pity isn't it? they say, with a sort of pleased look on their faces. . . . Now, when you talk to writers instead of publishers or publishers' pet critics about the *oeuvre* of William Faulkner, it's quite a different story; there you hear almost nothing but admiration, and the better the writer the greater the admiration is likely to be. Conrad Aiken, for example, puts you at the top of the heap. . . . The



Art Mayer—self-taught mechanic now teaches at a GM Training Center



He was the happiest boy in town when he landed a part-time job at the corner gas station. He wanted to be a mechanic for as long as he could remember. He wanted to learn all he could about cars and engines. And this was his big chance. He turned his part-time job into a full-time ambition. He never lost the desire to work on engines . . . or to learn more.

After serving as a helicopter mechanic during the war, Art joined one of the General Motors car divisions as a mechanic and soon worked his way up to Master Mechanic. Today, Arthur E. Mayer, Jr., is an instructor at one of 30 GM Training Centers across the nation, with a total annual enrollment of some 125,000 automotive mechanics drawn

from GM retail dealerships. The "refresher" courses taught at these centers keep local dealer mechanics constantly abreast of new advances in technology and service methods.

Art Mayer is happy working with his students, helping to advance their knowledge and skills. He's a fine example of the kind of people that make GM go.



General Motors is People...making better things for you

Are you smart enough to know a mentally retarded child when you see one?



You can tell right away if a child is mentally retarded just by the way he looks.

Sure you can?

Then, how many of the children shown here are retarded?

Two? Possibly three? Certainly not all of them!

That's where you're wrong. All these children are retarded.

Surprising — isn't it? — that they look so much like normal, average boys and girls.

Maybe you think that these children could get along all right without any special help. That's where you're wrong again.

They need special teachers who understand the problems of the retarded. They need special recreational programs to help them develop physically and socially. And, later on, they will need special training for jobs — or else they will become burdens to their families and the community.

You can bring new hope to the retarded. You can be a part of one of the most satisfying programs ever planned for man to serve his fellow man — a program aimed at preventing mental retardation and helping the six million Americans already afflicted.

A free booklet will tell you what you can do.
Address The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.



funny thing is the academic and near-academic critics and the way they misunderstand and misstate your work. . . .

So, a good piece on your work has to be written, and if my indolence doesn't get the best of me, I'll try hard to write it — and thank God, I'm too indolent to stop working once I get started.

Now, there's one question I wish to God you'd answer for me, not because I want to quote you, but so that I won't make a fool of myself when I come to write the piece. It's about the symbolism in your work. It's there, all right, and I don't see how anybody but a learned critic can miss it — I mean, of course, that Sutpen's Hundred, in "Absalom, Absalom!," becomes, for the reader at least, a symbol of the old South, with the manner of its building and its decay after the war, and its owner killed by a poor white, and the only survivor of the Sutpen family a mulatto; that's almost an allegory or legend, and you repeat the legend explicitly in the fourth part of "The Bear."

Once in the *Southern Review*, Cleanth Brooks, I think it was,¹ gave a whole allegorical scheme for "Sanctuary," saying that the gal was the South, raped by modern industry (in the form of Popeye), except that modern industrial civilization is so sterile it didn't have strength to rape her and had to get a substitute. I thought that Brooks's scheme was a lot too definite and pat, but still Popeye does seem to have something of the quality you impute to the representatives of modern civilization, and the sterility pops up again in the reporter in "Pylon" — and that same book has the sex in the airplane, a marvelous scene with no *double entendre* but with a double meaning, certainly. Well, the question is (speaking roughly) how much of the symbolism was intentional, deliberate? Or is that the sort of question I shouldn't ask, even for my own information? . . .

It was a matter of three or four months before Faulkner answered my query. In the meantime I had been rereading his books, I had assembled a mass of notes on them, and I had started work on an essay that promised to become too long for magazine publication. Then I had done two other things that would have some bearing on his next letter. I had first sawed off a steak or rib roast from the carcass of my essay and had persuaded the *New York Times Book Review* to publish it. Second, I had written Faulkner repeating my question about his symbolism.

¹ The critic was George Marion O'Donnell, who had been the first to recognize that Faulkner was a moralist, and his essay had been published in the *Kenyon Review*, not the *Southern Review*. Cleanth Brooks's compendious and level-headed study of Faulkner's work had not been started at the time, and would not be published for twenty years.

Oxford. Saturday.
[Early November, 1944]

Dear Maitre:

I saw the piece in the *Times Book R[evue]*. It was all right. If that is a fair sample, I don't think I need to see the rest of it before publication because I might want to collaborate and you're doing all right. But if you want comments from me before you release it, that's another horse. So I'll leave it to you whether I see it beforehand or not.

Vide the paragraph you quoted: As regards any specific book, I'm trying primarily to tell a story, in the most effective way I can think of, the most moving, the most exhaustive. But I think even that is incidental to what I am trying to do, taking my output (the course of it) as a whole. I am telling the same story over and over, which is myself and the world. Tom Wolfe was trying to say everything, the world plus "I" or filtered through "I" or the effort of "I" to embrace the world in which he was born and walked a little while and then lay down again, into one volume. I am trying to go a step further. This I think accounts for what people call the obscurity, the involved formless "style", endless sentences. I'm trying to say it all in one sentence, between one Cap and one period. I'm still trying to put it all, if possible, on one pinhead. I don't know how to do it. All I know to do is to keep on trying in a new way. I'm inclined to think that my material, the South, is not very important to me. I just happen to know it, and don't have time in one life to learn another one and write at the same time. Though the one I know is probably as good as another, life is a phenomenon but not a novelty, the same frantic steeplechase toward nothing everywhere and man stinks the same stink no matter where in time. . . .

I think Quentin, not Faulkner, is the correct yardstick here. I was writing the story [*Absalom, Absalom!*], but he not I was brooding over a situation. I mean, I was creating him as a character, as well as Sutpen et al. He [Quentin] grieved and regretted the passing of an order the dispossessor of which he was not tough enough to withstand. But more he grieved the fact (because he hated and feared the portentous symptom) that a man like Sutpen, who to Quentin was trash, originless, could not only have dreamed so high but have had the force and strength to have failed so grandly. Quentin probably contemplated Sutpen as the hypersensitive, already self-crucified cadet of an old long-time Republican Philistine house contemplated the ruin of Sampson's portico. . . . He grieved and was moved by it but he was still saying "I told you so" even while he hated himself for saying it.

You are correct; I was first of all (I still think) telling what I thought was a good story, and I believed Quentin could do it better than I in this case. But I accept gratefully all your implications, even though I didn't carry them consciously and simultaneously in the writing of it. In principle I'd like to think I could have. But I don't believe it would have been necessary to carry them or even to have known their analogous derivation, to have had them in the story. Art is simpler than people think because there is so little to write about. All the moving things are eternal in man's history and have been written before, and if a man writes hard enough, sincerely enough, humbly enough, and with the unalterable determination never never never to be quite satisfied with it, he will repeat them, because art like poverty takes care of its own, shares its bread. . . .

Faulkner had given me two hints about his work that I confess to not having developed in the essay I was writing. The first was that what he regarded as his essential subject was not the South or its legend, but rather the human situation, "the same frantic steeplechase toward nothing everywhere." He approached it in terms of Southern material because, as he said, "I just happen to know it, and don't have time in one life to learn another one and write at the same time." But he hoped that the material would have more than a regional meaning, and very often — as in his comparison of Sutpen with Sampson — he thought back to archetypes, not in Southern legend, but in the Bible.

The second hint was that he tried to present characters rather than ideas. In that respect his work reminds me of what Northrop Frye says about Shakespeare's plays: that there is not a passage in them "which cannot be explained entirely in terms of its dramatic function and context . . . nothing which owes its existence to Shakespeare's desire to 'say' something." Faulkner was telling me that he had aimed at a sort of dramatic impersonality not only in *Absalom, Absalom!* but in all his novels.

I felt in November, 1944, that an attempt to discuss the complicated relation between author and characters would carry me far beyond the introductory essay on which I was working. At the time, I was more concerned with my question about Faulkner's symbolism, and here I was delighted with his answer. It seemed to me then — it still seems to me — that the deliberate use of symbols is a dangerous literary device, since the author may let himself be distracted from the primary reality of his characters and situations in his effort to give them secondary or symbolic meanings. I felt that truly effective symbols, like

those in Faulkner's novels, were produced almost unconsciously, when the author was so deeply absorbed in his story that he made it larger than life. Faulkner's letter helped to confirm me in this belief, and I went back to work on the essay with renewed enthusiasm.

AT THIS point there is a gap of several months in the correspondence. What hadn't been mentioned in my letters is that I had been urging the Viking Press to publish a *Portable Faulkner* as a sequel to the *Portable Hemingway* that I had finished in July. The proposal elicited some interest, but no enthusiasm. I was told that Faulkner's audience was too limited and that his critical standing was too dubious to justify such a book; it would have no sale. While arguing the point, I had completed my essay, and I was eager to see it in type. But where? The essay had lengthened to the point where no magazine of general circulation would be willing, at the time, to print the whole of it. Accepting the fact, I did the best I could. I beefed it.

The term is one that I first heard from George Milburn, the author of *Catalogue*, an entertaining first novel about an Oklahoma town. His friends waited for a second novel, but it didn't appear. When I asked him about it, he looked unhappy.

"I was spending the winter on Cape Cod," he said, "and I had the book pretty near finished. Then I wanted a pair of riding boots, so I cut off a chunk of it and sold it to the *New Yorker*. There was a bill I owed at the store, and I cut off another chunk. Whenever I needed cash I sold a piece of that novel. It was like I had a steer hanging in the woodshed and was always cutting off steaks. By the end of the winter, Jesus, I'd beefed the whole novel."

So I beefed the essay and published it in sections, wherever an editor was hungry for words. First, there had been the article for the *New York Times Book Review*. Then I sawed out a longer section and sent it to Hal Smith, the publisher of the *Saturday Review*. There was a still longer section remaining, on Faulkner's legend of the South, and I sent it to Allen Tate, who was editing the *Sewanee Review*. Allen printed it in his summer number. Then suddenly I had a call from Marshall Best, who asked me to see him at the Viking office.

"It seems to us," he said, "that Faulkner is attracting a great deal of attention in the magazines."

I modestly agreed.

"Under the circumstances," he went on, "we feel that a *Portable Faulkner* might have a chance to

find readers. How soon could you have the copy ready?"

A few days later I wrote a jubilant letter to Faulkner, who was then serving another sentence in Hollywood.

August 9, 1945.

Dear Faulkner:

It's gone through, there will be a Viking Portable Faulkner, and it seems a very good piece of news to me. . . .

And now comes the big question, what to include in the book. It will be 600 pages, or a shade more than 200,000 words. The introduction won't be hard; it will be based on what I have written already (bearing your comments in mind); but what about the text?

I have an idea for that, and I don't know what you'll think about it. Instead of trying to collect the "best of Faulkner" in 600 pages, I thought of selecting the short and long stories, and passages from novels that are really separate stories, that form part of your Mississippi series — so that the reader will have a picture of Yoknapatawpha County [I misspelled the name in those days] from Indian times down to World War II. . . .

Thursday [August 16, 1945]

Dear Cowley:

The idea is very fine. I wish we could meet, but that seems impossible now. I will do anything I can from here.

By all means let us make a Golden Book of my apocryphal county. I have thought of spending my old age doing something of that nature: an alphabetical, rambling genealogy of the people, father to son to son.

I would hate to have to choose between Red Leaves and A Justice, also another one called Lo! from Story Mag. several years ago. . . .

What about taking the whole 3rd section of SOUND AND FURY? That Jason is the new South too. I mean, he is the one Compson and Sartoris who met Snopes on his own ground and in a fashion held his own. Jason would have chopped up a Georgian Manse and sold it off in shotgun bungalows as quick as any man. But then, this is not enough to waste that much space on, is it? The next best would be the last section, for the sake of the negroes, that woman Dilsey who "does the best I kin."

AS I LAY DYING is simple tour de force, though I like it. But in this case it says little that spotted horses and Wash and Old Man would not tell.

THE HAMLET was incepted as a novel. When I began it, it produced Spotted Horses, went no further. About two years later suddenly

I had The HOUND, then JAMSHYD'S COURTYARD, mainly because SPOTTED HORSES had created a character I fell in love with: the itinerant sewing-machine agent named Suratt. Later a man of that name turned up at home, so I changed my man to Ratliff for the reason that my whole town spent much of its time trying to decide just what living man I was writing about, the one literary criticism of the town being "How in the hell did he remember all that, and when did that happen anyway?"

Meanwhile my book had created Snopes and his clan, who produced stories in their saga which are to fall in a later volume: MULE IN THE YARD, BRASS, etc. This over about ten years, until one day I decided I had better start on the first volume or I'd never get any of it down. So I wrote an induction toward the spotted horse story, which included BARN BURNING and WASH, which I discovered had no place in that book at all. Spotted horses became a longer story, picked up the HOUND, rewritten and much longer and with the character's name changed from Cotton to Snopes, and went on with JAMSHYD'S COURTYARD. . . .

Wish to hell we could spend three days together with these books. Write me any way I can help.

"Suppose you use the last section, the Dilsey one, of SOUND & FURY," Faulkner said in another letter from Hollywood, "and suppose (if there's time: I am leaving here Monday for Mississippi) I wrote a page or two of synopsis to preface it, a condensation of the first 3 sections, which simply told why and when (and who she was) and how a 17 year old girl robbed a bureau drawer of hoarded money and climbed down a drain pipe and ran off with a carnival pitchman."

The suggestion aroused my enthusiasm. On October 1, I made a progress report to Marshall Best of the Viking Press.

Dear Marshall:

After a lot of rereading and excogitation, I have drawn up a tentative table of contents for the Faulkner book. It runs to 248,000 words, but I can squeeze 15,000 words out of it on demand ("Wedding in the Rain" and "A Rose for Emily"). It contains no complete novel — though it does contain one complete story of 47,000 words and another of 36,000 words. What it offers is a suggestion of Faulkner's epic, the story of a Mississippi county and its people from the days when it was inhabited by Chickasaws down to the Second World War, as well as the long stories in which Faulkner is a master. I think that for the first time, people will be able to see his talent as a whole. . . .

About printer's copy, I still lack tear-up copies of "Dr. Martino," "The Sound and the Fury" and "Sanctuary." I can get along without them, in a pinch, by sacrificing my own copies, but it would help me a lot to have them. . . .

In those days the problem of assembling a printer's manuscript was sometimes a difficult one for anthologists. It was before the time of inexpensive photocopies. Linotypers objected to working from a bound book — they still object — and there was an extra charge if they had to set type from both sides of a printed leaf. Accordingly, the anthologist was urged to tear apart two copies of any book from which he was making long extracts. In the case of Faulkner's books, however, even one tear-up copy was hard to find. Viking advertised in the trade journals and obtained a few of them, but nobody came forward with others. In the end, feeling like Alaric at the sack of Rome, I had to sacrifice some of my first editions.

Meanwhile I had written Faulkner a letter, now lost, in which I suggested that he might collect his short stories in a volume arranged by cycles: the Indian cycle, the Compson cycle, the town cycle, the Ratliff-Bundren cycle, and all the others. I also told some anecdotes about his reputation in Europe. Again he answered promptly.

[Oxford]

Friday. [October 5, 1945]

Dear Cowley:

Yours at hand this morning. I am getting at the synopsis right away, and I will send it along.

The idea about the other volume [the collected stories] is pretty fine. There are some unpublished things which will fit it that I had forgot about, one is another Indian story which Harold Ober has, the agent I mean. It is the story of how Boon Hogganbeck, in *THE BEAR*, his grandfather, how he won his Chickasaw bride from an Indian suitor by various trials of skill and endurance, one of which was an eating contest. I forget the title of it. There is also another Sartoris tale, printed in *STORY* two years ago, about Granny Millard and General Forrest, told by the same Bayard who told *THE UNVANQUISHED*. There is an unpublished Gavin Stevens story which Ober has, about a man who planned to commit a murder by means of an untameable stallion. You may have seen these. If you have not, when you are ready to see them, I will write Ober a note.

Yes, I had become aware of Faulkner's European reputation. The night before I left Hollywood I went (under pressure) to a party. I was sitting on a sofa with a drink, suddenly realised I was being pretty intently listened to by three men whom I then realised were squatting on their

heels and knees in a kind of circle in front of me. They were Isherwood, the English poet and a French surrealist, Hélión: the other one's name I forget. I'll have to admit though that I felt more like a decrepit gaffer telling stories than like an old master producing jewels for three junior co-laborers.

I'll send the synopsis along. It must be right, not just a list of facts. It should be an induction I think, not a mere directive.

THE induction to the Dilsey section of *The Sound and the Fury* arrived two weeks later in a fat envelope. It was something vastly different from the "page or two of synopsis" that Faulkner had projected in a letter from Hollywood. Instead, it was a manuscript of twenty or thirty pages, a genealogy, rich in newly imagined episodes, of the Compson family over a period of almost exactly two centuries, beginning with the battle of Culloden in 1745.

Enclosed with the genealogy was a letter written in the tone of exultation mingled with apology that I have known other writers to adopt after completing a work they felt would stand for a long time. And why the apology? Ostensibly it was offered to me, for the length of the manuscript, but I suspect it was really offered to the fates that had been kind beyond reason but that still expected him to be humble and submissive, else they would strike him down in his pride.

[Oxford]

Thursday. [October 18, 1945]

Cher Maitre:

Here it is. I should have done this when I wrote the book. Then the whole thing would have fallen into pattern like a jigsaw puzzle when the magician's wand touched it.

NOTE: I don't have a copy of *TSAF*, so if you find discrepancies in chronology (various ages of people, etc.) or in the sum of money Quentin stole from her uncle Jason, discrepancies which are too glaring to leave in and which you don't want to correct yourself, send it back to me with a note. As I recall, no definite sum is ever mentioned in the book, and if the book says TP is 12, not 14, you can change that in this appendix.

I think this is all right, it took me about a week to get Hollywood out of my lungs, but I am still writing all right, I believe. The hell of it though, letting me get my hand into it, as was, your material was getting too long; now all you have is still more words. But I think this belongs in your volume. What about dropping *DEATH DRAG*, if something must be eliminated? That

was just a tale, could have happened anywhere, could have been printed as happening anywhere by simply changing the word Jefferson where it occurs, once only I think.

Let me know what you think of this. I think it is really pretty good, to stand as it is, as a piece without implications. Maybe I am just happy that that damned west coast place has not cheapened my soul as much as I probably believed it was going to do.

The completion of that "Appendix," as Faulkner decided to call it, was an event in his career as a novelist. It became an integral part of *The Sound and the Fury* and was the last change he was to make in what remained his favorite among his own works. Years later he would say, in the extraordinary interview he gave to Jean Stein for the *Paris Review*:

Since none of my work has met my own standards, I must judge it on the basis of that one which caused me the most grief and anguish, as the mother loves the child who became the thief or murderer more than the one who became the priest.

INTERVIEWER: What work is that?

FAULKNER: *The Sound and the Fury*. I wrote it five separate times, trying to tell the story, to rid myself of the dream which would continue to anguish me until I did. It's a tragedy of two lost women: Caddy and her daughter. Dilsey is one of my favorite characters, because she is brave, courageous, generous, gentle, and honest. She's much more brave and honest and generous than me.

INTERVIEWER: How did *The Sound and the Fury* begin?

FAULKNER: It began with a mental picture. I didn't realize at the time it was symbolical. The picture was of the muddy seat of a little girl's drawers in a pear tree, where she could see through a window where her grandmother's funeral was taking place and report what was happening to her brothers on the ground below. By the time I explained who they were and what they were doing and how her pants got muddy, I realized it would be impossible to get all of it into a short story and that it would have to be a book. And then I realized the symbolism of the soiled pants, and that image was replaced by the one of the fatherless and motherless girl climbing down the rainpipe to escape from the only home she had, where she had never been offered love or affection or understanding.

I had already begun to tell the story through the eyes of the idiot child, since I felt that it would be more effective as told by someone capable only of knowing what happened, but not why. I

saw that I had not told the story that time. I tried to tell it again, the same story through the eyes of another brother. That was still not it. I told it for the third time through the eyes of the third brother. That was still not it. I tried to gather the pieces together and fill in the gaps by making myself the spokesman. It was still not complete, not until fifteen years after the book was published, when I wrote as an appendix to another book the final effort to get the story told and off my mind, so that I myself could have some peace from it. It's the book I feel tenderest towards. I couldn't leave it alone, and I never could tell it right, though I tried hard and would like to try again, though I'd probably fail again.

In this instance Faulkner didn't try again, as he had actually tried in other instances — for example, in *Big Woods* (1955), which is partly a recasting of *Go Down, Moses* (1942) — but the truth is that his Appendix had brought him closer to success, even by his own impossible standards, than he acknowledged in the interview. After one reads the Compson genealogy, the whole book does fall into pattern "like a jigsaw puzzle when the magician's wand touched it." What seems extraordinary is that he wrote the genealogy sixteen, not fifteen, years after publishing *The Sound and the Fury*, and at a time when he did not own a copy of his favorite novel. The works might disappear from his shelves and even from the second-hand bookstores, but the story lived completely in his mind.

Moreover, it was linked with stories presented in other books, some of which, in that autumn of 1945, were still to be written. The power and persistence of his imagination was (not "were," for power and persistence must be regarded here as related aspects of the same quality) what made him unique among the novelists of his century. Soon I would try, without success, to describe the quality in my introduction to the *Portable*. "All his books in the Yoknapatawpha saga," I would say, "are part of the same living pattern. It is this pattern, and not the printed volumes in which part of it is recorded, that is Faulkner's real achievement. Its existence helps to explain one feature of his work: that each novel, each long or short story, seems to reveal more than it states explicitly and to have a subject bigger than itself. All the separate works are like blocks of marble from the same quarry: they show the veins and faults of the mother rock. Or else — to use a rather strained figure — they are like wooden planks that were cut, not from a log, but from a still living tree. The planks are planed and chiseled into their final shapes, but the tree itself heals over the wound and continues to grow."

Like a tree, the Compson story had continued to grow, striking roots into the past — as deep as the battle of Culloden — and raising branches into what had been the future when the published novel ended on Easter morning, 1928. That was the morning when it was discovered that Caddy's daughter, Quentin, the younger of Faulkner's "two lost women," had run off with a carnival pitchman after breaking open her Uncle Jason's strongbox — "And so vanished," Faulkner tells us in his Appendix. It is a way of saying that although she was the last of the Compsons, nothing in her subsequent career had touched his imagination. But the other lost woman, Quentin's mother, he had always regarded with a mixture of horror and unwilling affection. Therefore he follows her to 1943, when she is living in occupied France as a German general's mistress, "ageless and beautiful, cold serene and damned."

It was in this fashion that the story lived in Faulkner's mind, where it grew and changed like every living thing. The more I admired his Appendix, the more I found that some of the changes raised perplexing questions. Where, for example, did Jason keep his strongbox? — under a loose board in the clothes closet, as the novel tells us, or in a locked bureau drawer, as I read in the new manuscript? How much money was in the box? — three thousand dollars, as Jason informed the sheriff in the novel, or nearly seven thousand, as in the Appendix? — where I also learned that Jason himself "in niggard and agonized dimes and quarters and halfdollars"; the novel had implied that all the money in the box was stolen from his niece. How did Quentin escape from Jason's locked room? — did she climb down a pear tree (novel) or slide down a rainspout (Appendix)? Was it Luster or TP (or both) who bounced golf balls against the smokehouse wall? and which of the two Negro boys was older? And what about Jason Compson? — is he altogether repellent and hateful, as in the novel, or should we think of him as having a certain redeeming doggedness and logic, as the Appendix suggests?

Faulkner had challenged me, as it were, to find "discrepancies . . . too glaring to leave in," and it seemed to me that there were more than a few. I wrote him that since I couldn't undertake to remove the discrepancies, I would shortly return the manuscript for whatever changes Faulkner thought best to make. He answered immediately.

[Oxford]

Saturday. [October 27, 1945]

Dear Cowley:

Letter received. I hope this catches you before you have returned the ms. . . .

Jason would call \$2840.50 '\$3000.00' at any time the sum was owed him. He would have particularised only when *he* owed the money. He would have liked to tell the police she stole \$15,000.00 from him, but did not dare. He didn't want the money recovered, because then the fact that he had stolen \$4000.00 from the thief would have come out. He was simply trying to persuade someone, anyone with the power, to catch her long enough for him to get his hands on her.

(In fact, the purpose of this genealogy is to give a sort of bloodless bibliophile's point of view. I was a sort of Garter King-at-Arms, heatless, not very moved, cleaning up "Compson" before going on to the next "C-o" or "C-r".)

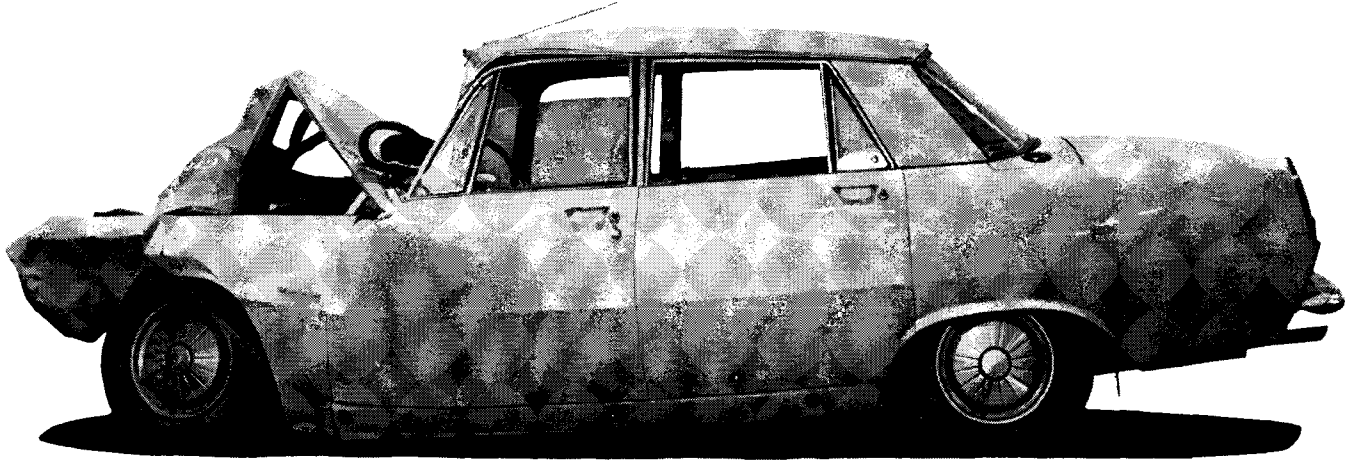
Re Benjy. This Garter K/A didn't know about the monument and the slipper. He knew only what the town could have told him: a) Benjy was an idiot. b) spent most of his time with a negro nurse in the pasture, until the pasture was deeded in the County Recorder's office as sold. c) was fond of his sister, could always be quieted indoors when placed where he could watch firelight. d) Was gelded by process of law, when and (assumed) why, since the little girl he scared probably made a good story out of it when she got over being scared.

My attitude toward Benjy and Jason has not changed. . . .

Ignorant as I was of heraldic terms, I consulted the *Britannica* and found that the Garter King of Arms presides over the Heralds' College, or College of Arms, which rules on questions having to do with armorial bearings and pedigrees. Faulkner had often written as if the author too were an imagined character, and the Garter King of Arms was his latest avatar. Besides providing him with a fresh approach to the Compson story, his new role had another great advantage. "This Garter K/A," as Faulkner said, ". . . knew only what the town could have told him." Presumably he hadn't read *The Sound and the Fury*, and his ignorance might serve as an excuse for the discrepancies in his narrative.

In that case, however, Faulkner himself was indirectly apologizing for an apparent weakness that was also his strongest quality as a novelist. His creative power was so unflagging that he could not tell a story twice without transforming one detail after another. He waved his magician's wand, and a pear tree in blossom was metamorphosed into a rainspout. He waved the wand again, and four thousand additional dollars appeared in Jason's strongbox, while the box itself, after vanishing from a closet, materialized in a locked bureau drawer. That was easy for him, but I was merely an editor, not a magician, and

Why is the owner of this Rover 2000 smiling?



Because he's alive.

This Rover 2000 Sports Sedan was photographed just after a head-on collision with a truck.

With virtually any other make of car, certain things tend to happen in these dire circumstances, among them: a) The engine tries to join you in the front seat; b) The steering column, which on most cars begins near the front wheels, competes with your chest.

Neither of these happened to the driver of this Rover 2000. (If you are wondering what *did* happen, he cracked a collar bone and two ribs because his safety harness was carelessly loose.)

Luck Had Little To Do

Luck had very little to do with it; the answer is in the car itself.

First off, the Rover 2000 is designed with the thought that, on collision, an engine ought to go down *under* a car rather than up into your lap.

Also, the forward section of the body is designed to crumple defensively; an expensive shock-absorber, but well worth it. Note that although the front lost 18 inches, the passenger compartment is intact.

Steering Column Has To Go

As to the lost 18 inches; in the ordinary car a foot-and-a-half of steering column has to go *somewhere*. The 2000's steering column begins behind the engine, and thus is not accident-prone. Moreover, the steering wheel is flexible and shock-absorbent.

The seats, front and back, are bucket seats of molded steel covered by fine padded leather. The tops of the front seats are padded, as well, to protect them from the faces of the rear passengers.

The top of the dash and the storage bins in front of your knees are also padded. Objects that are necessarily hard are carefully located and inoffensively shaped.

The Rover 2000 Sports Sedan is thought by many authorities to be the safest car in the world. Happily, it is also among the best handling, so that the likelihood of accident is far less to begin with, and it is fun to drive.

In addition to a revolutionary suspension system which makes for fantastic maneuverability, the 2000 also has disc brakes all around.

Heartless To Pretend . . .

In conclusion, may we apologize for mentioning such unpleasant possibilities? However, it is even more heartless to pretend that they don't exist—and neglect to provide for them.

The stern fact is that very few cars have *any* of the safety features we have mentioned; and only the 2000 has all of them—and a good many more besides.

Oh, yes, the price: \$3998. Or you can buy it for delivery in Europe and save enough to pay for your passage. If you write, we'll tell you about that, too. Thank you.

The Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd., Chrysler Bldg., New York

what was I to say about his text? In retrospect the situation impresses me as a high comedy of misunderstanding. Here was Faulkner striding ahead in his imperial fashion, finding the same sort of excuses for violating the laws of consistency that an emperor finds for invading the realm of a neighboring kinglet; and here was I admiring his boldness, but still mildly objecting that he had told a somewhat different story in the published novel, that the pear tree should still be in blossom, and that Jason was more of a villain than the Appendix made him seem.

The pedantry and the caution were imposed on me by my role as editor, but I still blame myself for one sort of obtuseness. I should have realized from the beginning that, as Faulkner was to tell me in a subsequent letter, the true Compson story was the one that lived and grew in his imagination. The published book contained only what he had known about the story in 1929; in other words, only part of the truth. If I had offered to change everything in the published novel that did not agree with the Appendix, I suspect that Faulkner would have encouraged me in the undertaking. It was vastly different, however, when I urged him to change the Appendix and make it agree with the published book, for that would have meant going back to an earlier time when he had known or invented much less about the Compson family.

DURING the next month, while I worked on the introduction, most of my correspondence was concerned with two subjects. One of them was Faulkner's map of Yoknapatawpha County; the other was the descriptive text to be printed on the jacket of the *Portable*. On those two subjects I exchanged more letters with the Viking Press than I did with Faulkner.

Marshall Best wrote me about the map on November 20, 1945. "I am sure we can get it in somehow," he said. "If Faulkner would draw a new map it would be an added touch. If so, he might make it with less text on it, keeping only what is appropriate to this volume and thereby making it more legible." Then, after consulting with the production department, he added, "Better let us have the lettering done as his is not very legible. . . . We will use it as an endpaper turned sideways. I am returning the map as you may not have a copy."

I promptly forwarded the map to Faulkner.

In the same letter Marshall broached the second topic. "I enclose rough copy for the front of the jacket," he said. "Is this what we ought to say and have the right to say?" His rough copy read:

THE PORTABLE FAULKNER

The saga of Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi (1820-1945) — in effect, a new work by William Faulkner, drawn from his best published novels and short stories, with connective material and notes on the characters supplied by himself.

I did not think that this was quite what we ought to say, and I exchanged letters with Marshall on the subject. Also I had sent the proposed wording to Faulkner and said that I questioned the phrase "in effect, a new work by William Faulkner."

In the same letter I had mildly complained about the lack of biographical details. There was hardly anything in *Who's Who* except the place and date of his birth (b. New Albany, Miss., Sept. 25, 1897) and the titles of his books. The sketch was followed by an asterisk, to signify — in the special language of the editors — "that either the published biography could not be verified, or that at least temporary non-currency in respect to general reference interest has been indicated by lack of change in the data or failure to receive requested information." I translated: Faulkner hadn't been answering letters from *Who's Who*. He was listed as William Falkner, without a "u." What, I asked, was the proper spelling of his name?

Once again he answered my questions at length.

[Oxford]

Saturday. [December 8, 1945]

Dear Cowley:

You should have the map by now.

You are right, the phrase wont do, out of regard to Random House. Could it read something like this:

. . . saga of . . . county . . . :

A chronological picture of Faulkner's apocryphal Mississippi county, selected from his published works, novels and stories, with a heretofore unpublished genealogy of one of its principal families.

Edited by M. Cowley

It's not a new work by Faulkner. It's a new work by Cowley all right through. If you like, you might say "the first chronological picture" etc.

The name is "Falkner". My great-grandfather, whose name I bear, was a considerable figure in his time and provincial milieu. He was prototype of John Sartoris: raised, organised, paid the expenses of and commanded the 2nd Mississippi Infantry, 1861-2, etc. Was a part of Stonewall Jackson's left at 1st Manassas that afternoon; we have a citation in James Longstreet's longhand as his corps commander after 2nd Manassas. He built the first railroad in our county, wrote a few books, made grand European tour of his time,

died in a duel and the county raised a marble effigy which still stands in Tippah County. The place of our origin shows on larger maps; a hamlet named Falkner just below Tennessee line on his railroad.

My first recollection of the name was, no outsider seemed able to pronounce it from reading it, and when he did pronounce it, he always wrote the "u" into it. So it seemed to me that the whole world was trying to change it, and usually did. Maybe when I began to write, even though I thought then I was writing for fun, I secretly was ambitious and did not want to ride on grandfather's coat-tails, and so accepted the "u", was glad of such an easy way to strike out for myself. I accept either spelling. In Oxford it usually has no "u" except on a book. The above was always my mother's and father's version of why I put back into it the "u" which my greatgrandfather, himself always a little impatient of grammar and spelling both, was said to have removed. I myself really don't know the true reason. It just seemed to me that as soon as I got away from Mississippi, I found the "u" in the word whether I wished it or not. I still think it is of no importance, and either one suits me.

I graduated from grammar school, went two years to highschool, but only during fall to play on the football team, my parents finally caught on, worked about a year as a book-keeper in grandfather's bank, went to RAF, returned home, attended 1 year at University of Mississippi by special dispensation for returned troops, studying European languages, still didn't like school and quit that. Rest of education undirected reading.

The above I still hope can remain private between you and me, the facts are in order and sequence for you to use, to clarify the whos who piece. The following is for your ear too. What I have written is of course in the public domain and the public is welcome; what I ate and did and when and where, is my own business.

I more or less grew up in my father's livery stable. Being the eldest of four boys, I escaped my mother's influence pretty easy, since my father thought it was fine for me to apprentice to the business. I imagine I would have been in the livery stable yet if it hadn't been for motor car.

When I came back from RAF, my father's health was beginning to fail and he had a political job: business manager of the state University, given to him by a countryman whom my grandfather had made a lawyer of, who became governor of Mississippi. I didn't want to go to work; it was by my father's request that I entered the University, which I didn't want to do either. That was in 1920. Since then I have: Painted houses. Served as a 4th class postmaster. Worked for a New Orleans bootlegger.

Deck hand in freighters (Atlantic). Hand in a Gulf of Mexico shrimp trawler. Stationary boiler fireman. Barnstormed an aeroplane out of cow pastures. Operated a farm, cotton and feed, breeding and raising mules and cattle. Wrote (or tried) for moving pictures. Oh yes, was a scout master for two years, was fired for moral reasons. [That is, because he was the author of *Sanctuary*.]

I wondered what Faulkner would say after reading my introduction. I hoped he would like it. I believed, though not confidently, that he would like it. And he did like most of it, as I was soon to learn; he even accepted my reservations about his work. I had felt that it was necessary, however, to include a few biographical details, not those he had told me in confidence, but others, not always accurate, that I had gathered from the sources available in New York. To these details, true or false, he objected strongly, and they would become the subject of a protracted discussion that had its comic overtones.

AMONG the writers of his time, Faulkner was altogether exceptional in the value that he placed on privacy. It was not that he had a great secret, or more than the usual quota of little secrets; it was simply that he could not bear to have his personal affairs discussed in print. To find anything like his feeling in that respect, one would have to go back to Henry James and the abhorrence for published gossip that he expressed in short novels like *The Reverberator* and *The Aspern Papers*. But again like James, though in a fashion of his own, Faulkner had a habit of doing and saying things that made good stories and that proved to be the crack in his armor. The stories were repeated by his friends to strangers and by strangers to newspaper columnists, often with an embroidery of details, until at last they were printed as largely erroneous accounts. These Faulkner seldom read, and apparently he made a principle of never correcting them, with the result that the errors became sanctified by repetition.

In my search for dependable information I had turned to a useful reference work, *Twentieth Century Authors* (1942). It was edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, with some concern for accuracy in a field where legends abound, but the conflicting stories about Faulkner had proved too much for them. For example, their account of his wartime activities is a short paragraph containing, as I afterward learned, at least five misstatements of fact. It reads:

The First World War woke him from this lethargy. Flying caught his imagination, but he refused to enlist with the "Yankees," so went to Toronto and joined the Canadian Air Force, becoming a lieutenant in the

R.A.F. Biographers who say he got no nearer France than Toronto are mistaken. He was sent to France as an observer, had two planes shot down under him, was wounded in the second shooting, and did not return to Oxford until after the Armistice.

I wanted to accept that paragraph because I had come to think of Faulkner, perhaps rightly, as being among the "wounded writers" of his generation, with Hemingway and others. It was hard for me to believe that his vivid stories about aviators in France — "Ad Astra," "Turnabout," "All the Dead Airmen" — and his portraits of spiritually maimed veterans, living corpses, in *Soldier's Pay* and *Sartoris*, were based on anything but direct experience. At the same time I wanted to follow his wishes by giving no more than the necessary bare details of his life. So I had mentioned his wartime adventures at the very beginning of my introduction, but had disposed of them in only three sentences:

"When the war was over — the other war — William Faulkner went back to Oxford, Mississippi. He had been trained as a flyer in Canada, had served at the front in the Royal Air Force, and, after his plane was damaged in combat, had crashed it behind the British lines. Now he was home again and not at home, or at least not able to accept the postwar world."

What I did not realize was that my second sentence, rewritten as it was from the paragraph in *Twentieth Century Authors*, included three of the misstatements. There was nothing right in it except that Faulkner had been trained as a flier in Canada. Still, I did not dream that my facts were wrong or that Faulkner would question them. I was worried, however, by some reservations I had offered on a later page about his prose style. I had conjectured that its faults were due partly to his always having worked in solitude. In this connection I had quoted some remarks made by Henry James in his little book about Hawthorne. "Great things," James says, "have of course been done by solitary workers; but they have usually been done with double the pains they would have cost if they had been produced in more genial circumstances. The solitary worker loses the profit of example and discussion; he is apt to make awkward experiments; he is in the nature of the case more or less of an empiric. The empiric may, as I say, be treated by the world as an expert; but the drawbacks and discomforts of empiricism remain to him and are in fact increased by the suspicion that is mingled with his gratitude, of a want in the public taste of a sense of the proportion of things." After quoting from James, I had continued:

"Like Hawthorne, Faulkner is a solitary worker by choice, and he has done great things not only with double the pains to himself that they might have cost if produced in more genial circumstances,

but sometimes also with double the pains to the reader. Two or three of his books as a whole and many of them in part are awkward experiments. All of them are full of overblown words like 'imponderable,' 'immortal,' 'immutable,' and 'immemorial' that he would have used with more discretion, or not at all, if he had followed Hemingway's example and served an apprenticeship to an older writer. He is a most uncertain judge of his own work, and he has no reason to believe that the world's judgment is any more to be trusted; indeed, there is no American writer who would be justified in feeling more suspicion of 'a want in the public taste of a sense of the proportion of things.'"

What would Faulkner say about my strictures? In his first letter after reading the introduction, he said nothing at all about them, though later he was to discuss them briefly. He perturbed me, however, by objecting to my mention of his wartime experiences.

[Oxford]

Monday. [December 24, 1945]

Dear Cowley:

The piece received, and is all right. I still wish you could lead off this way:

When the war was over — the other war — William Faulkner, at home again in Oxford, Mississippi, yet at the same time was not at home, or at least not able to accept the postwar world.

Then go on from there. The piece is good, thoughtful, and sound. I myself would have said here:

"or rather what he did not want to accept was the fact that he was now twenty-one years old and therefore was expected to go to work."

But then, that would be my piece and not yours. It is very fine and sound. I only wish you felt it right to lead off as above, no mention of war experience at all.

Best season's greetings and wishes. I hope to see you some day soon, thank you for this job.

Why didn't he say flatly that he hadn't served in France during the war? I suspect that he was adhering to his fixed principle of never correcting misstatements about himself, though at the same time he was determined not to let these particular misstatements stand at the head of my introduction to his work. I was slow to catch the point, however, and I answered his letter by explaining briefly that some mention of his wartime experiences seemed essential if the reader was to understand his rebellion against the post-war world.

In an undated letter that must have been written in the first days of January, 1946, Faulkner an-

swered my questions in his own fashion. But first he returned to the topic of what should or shouldn't be said about his part in World War I.

Dear Cowley:

Herewith returned [the text of the introduction], with thanks. It's all right, sound and correct and penetrating. I warned you in advance I would hope for no biography, personal matter, at all. You elaborate certain theses from it, correctly I believe too. I just wish you didn't need to state in the piece the premises you derive from. If you think it necessary to include them, consider stating a simple skeleton, something like the thing in Who's Who; let the first paragraph, Section Two, read, viz:

Born (when and where). (He) came to Oxford as a child, attended Oxford grammar school without graduating, had one year as a special student in modern languages in the University of Mississippi. Rest of education was undirected and uncorrelated reading. If you mention military experience at all (which is not necessary, as I could have invented a few failed RAF airmen as easily as I did Confeds) say "belonged to RAF 1918." Then continue: Has lived in same section of Miss. since, worked at various odd jobs until he got a job writing movies and was able to make a living at writing.

Then pick up paragraph 2 of Section II and carry on. I'm old-fashioned and probably a little mad too; I don't like having my private life and affairs available to just any and everyone who has the price of the vehicle it's printed in, or a friend who bought it and will lend it to him. I'll be glad to give you all the dope when we talk together. Some of it's very funny. I just don't like it in print except when I use it myself, like old John Sartoris and old Bayard and Mrs. Millard and Simon Strother and the other Negroes and the dead airmen.

I don't see too much Southern legend in it [the introduction]. I'll go further than you in the harsh criticism.

The style, as you divine, is a result of the solitude, and granted a bad one. It was further complicated by an inherited regional or geographical (Hawthorne would say, racial) curse. You might say, studbook style: "by Southern Rhetoric out of Solitude" or "Oratory out of Solitude". . . .

Thank you for seeing the piece. It's all right. The "writing in solitude" is very true and sound. That explains a lot about my carelessness about bad taste. I am not always conscious of bad taste myself, but I am pretty sensitive to what others will call bad taste. I think I have written a lot and sent it off to print before I actually realised strangers might read it.

I was dismayed by Faulkner's suggestion that I should omit the whole first part of the introduction; that would cost me four pages of text in which I had made what seemed to me important statements about his work. Still slow to catch the point, I wrote to explain once again why I thought it was necessary to mention his activities in wartime. Then I went back to work on some editorial notes for the book. A few days later I received the only stern letter that Faulkner wrote me.

[Oxford]

Monday. [January 21, 1946]

Dear Cowley:

Yours at hand. You're going to bugger up a fine dignified distinguished book with that war business. The only point a war reference or anecdote could serve would be to reveal me a hero, or (2) to account for the whereabouts of a male of my age on Nov. 11, 1918 in case this were a biography. If, because of some later reference back to it in the piece, you can't omit all European war reference, say only what Who's Who says and no more:

Was a member of the RAF in 1918.

I'll pay for any resetting of type, plates, alteration, etc. . . .

I'm really concerned about the war reference. As I said last, I'm going to be proud of this book. I wouldn't have put in anything at all about the war or any other personal matter.

This time I saw the light. In a letter to the Viking Press, I asked them to delete the statement that Faulkner's plane had been damaged in combat. It was too late to make extensive changes, but Faulkner was relieved by the correction of this one gross error. He wrote:

[Oxford]

Friday. [February 1, 1946]

Dear Cowley:

Yours of 26th at hand. I see your point now about the war business, and granting the value of the parallel you will infer, it is "structurally" necessary. I don't like the paragraph because it makes me out more of a hero than I was, and I am going to be proud of your book. The mishap was caused not by combat but by (euphoniously) "cockpit trouble"; i.e., my own foolishness; the injury I suffered I still feel I got at bargain rates. A lot of that sort of thing happened in those days, the culprit unravelling himself from the subsequent unauthorised crash incapable of any explanation as far as advancing the war went, and grasping at any frantic straw before someone in authority would want to know what became of the aeroplane, would hurry to the office and enter it in the squadron

records as "practice flight". As compared with men I knew, friends I had and lost, I deserve no more than the sentence I suggested before: "served in (or belonged to) RAF". But I see where your paragraph will be better for your purpose, and I am sorry it's not nearer right. . . .

I sent him a revised first paragraph of my introduction, with the account of his military service reduced to ten accurate words: "He had served in the Royal Air Force in 1918."

[Oxford]

Monday. [February 13, 1946]

Dear Brother:

I feel much better about the book with your foreword beginning as now. I saw your point about (and need for) the other opening all the time. But to me it was false. Not factually, I don't care much for facts, am not much interested in them, you can't stand a fact up, you've got to prop it up, and when you move to one side a little and look at it from that angle, it's not thick enough to cast a shadow in that direction. But in truth, though maybe what I mean by truth is humility and maybe what I think is humility is immitigable pride, I would have preferred nothing at all prior to the instant I began to write, as though Faulkner and Typewriter were concomitant, coadjutant and without past on the moment they first faced each other at the suitable (nameless) table. . . . I don't want to read TSAF again [I had sent him my treasured copy of the novel]. Would rather let the appendix stand with the inconsistencies, perhaps make a statement (quotable) at the end of the introduction, viz.: The inconsistencies in the appendix prove to me the book is still alive after 15 years, and being still alive is growing, changing; the appendix was done at the same heat as the book, even though 15 years later, and so it is the book itself which is inconsistent: not the appendix. That is, at the age of 30 I did not know these people as at 45 I now do; that I was even wrong now and then in the very conclusions I drew from watching them, and the information in which I once believed. . . .

The book was printed and bound copies were ready by the middle of April. The author wrote me a few days later.

[Oxford]

Tuesday. [April 23, 1946]

Dear Cowley:

The job is splendid. Damn you to hell anyway. But even if I had beat you to the idea, mine wouldn't have been this good. By God, I didn't know myself what I had tried to do, and how much I had succeeded.

I am asking Viking to send me more copies (I had just one) and I want to sign one for you, if you are inclined. Spotted horses is pretty funny, after a few years.

Random House and Ober [Faulkner's literary agent] lit a fire under Warner, I don't know how, and I am here until September anyway, on a dole from Random House, working at what seems now to me to be my magnum o.

It was the handsomest letter of acknowledgment I had ever received. But the treasure I have saved from those days is the copy of *The Sound and the Fury* that I sent him because he had no copy of his own. It came back with an inscription:

To Malcolm Cowley —

Who beat me to what was to have been the
leisurely pleasure of my old age.

William Faulkner

IN October, 1948, he published a new book, the first since *Go Down, Moses* in 1942 (though meanwhile not a few of the earlier books had been re-issued). The new one was *Intruder in the Dust*, and I reviewed it for the *New Republic*. I said that the story, or rather the sermon that one of the characters, Gavin Stevens, interpolated into the story, revealed the dilemma of Southern nationalism. "The tragedy of intelligent Southerners like Stevens (or like Faulkner)," I concluded, "is that their two fundamental beliefs, in equal justice and in Southern independence (or simple identity), are now in violent conflict."

Toward the end of the month Faulkner made his long-promised visit to New York. My wife and I were invited to a dinner given to celebrate his arrival. That would be our first meeting.

When I was working on a profile of Hemingway in the summer of 1948, my editor at *Life*, Robert Coughlan, had asked me whether I would undertake a companion piece on Faulkner. "That depends," I said, "on whether Faulkner consents to have it written. I'll ask him when he comes to New York, and in the meantime, I'll start collecting material."

Accordingly, I made some very long entries in my notebook during Faulkner's October visit. Here I shall set them down without correcting some errors and repetitions.

Sunday, October 23. — This week William Faulkner has been in NY. There was a dinner for him Tuesday evening at the Park Avenue apartment of Robert Haas [a partner in Random House] — a dinner with two butlers hired for the occasion, one of those dinners in style (though nobody dressed)

where the ladies withdraw as they did fifty years ago and leave the gentlemen discoursing over cigars and cognac. There was a good deal of cognac. Muriel [my wife] and I left at two in the morning, but it seems that Faulkner and Eric Devine and perhaps one or two others adjourned to Hal Smith's apartment.

Faulkner is a small man (5 ft. 5, I should judge), very neatly put together, slim and muscular. Small, beautifully shaped hands. His face has an expression like Poe's in photographs, crooked and melancholy. But his forehead is low, his nose Roman, and his gray hair forms a low wreath around his forehead, so that he also looks like a Roman emperor. Bushy eyebrows; eyes deeply set and with a droop at the outer corners; a bristly mustache. He stands or walks with an air of great dignity and talks — tells stories — in a strong Mississippi accent.

Very modest. Takes suggestions if they are offered in good part. Has a Southerner's extremely good manners. Also has an extreme sense of privacy. Doesn't want his private life in the public prints.

I remember setting down those notes on a gray and shivery Sunday morning. That afternoon I drove to New York, saw Faulkner again, and brought him back with me to our house in Sherman. Among other subjects, we talked about the profile of him that *Life* had asked me to do. I thought it should deal chiefly with his work, and that the biographical details might be limited to those already published in magazines or newspapers. Faulkner wasn't happy about the intrusion into his life, modest and circumspect as it promised to be, but when we went back to the subject, after lunch on Tuesday, he gave what I interpreted as a sigh of resigned assent.

It was a magnificent fall afternoon. The maples had lost most of their leaves, but the oaks still wore an imperial purple. We went for a long drive across the foothills of the Taconic Range into the Harlem Valley, which is like a continuation northward of the Shenandoah. Between comments on the landscape, Faulkner brought forth a good deal of information about himself, as if to help along my project. He continued to talk about himself that evening, and some of the information went into the next entry in my notebook.

October 26, Faulkner again. — He's gone now, by train for New York. . . . I want to set down a few of the things he told us (1) about his life in Oxford and New Orleans after the war, and his first book; (2) about the South; (3) about writing.

1. After the war he traveled around the country with a friend and drinking companion who was the receiver for a big bankrupt lumber company. Some-

times he was called an assistant, sometimes a secretary, and he was about to go to Cuba as an interpreter (he didn't know Spanish) when Stark Young told him that he ought to try living in NY and promised to get him a job at Lord & Taylor's bookstore. He worked there several months for \$11 a week. . . . Then he got a letter from home telling him that he had been appointed postmaster.

After working as postmaster for about two years, he went to New Orleans and became a rum runner. He ran a cabin cruiser out to where he got the alcohol, took it into the city through bayous, and delivered it to the back room of an Italian restaurant. There the proprietor's mother, a woman of 80, took charge of it and gave it the proper flavors: laudanum, if it was to be called Scotch, and creosote, if it was to be rye. She couldn't read, but she knew the labels by the looks of them.

In New Orleans he met his old boss at Lord & Taylor's, Elizabeth Prall, and found that she was now Mrs. Sherwood Anderson. He used to go walking with Anderson in the afternoon and drink with him all night. He thought, "If this is the way a writer lives, I want to be a writer." He told Mrs. Anderson that he was writing a book. She said, "Don't you ask Sherwood to read it." Then she said, "But I'll read it," and he finally gave her the ms. Before that time Sherwood had said, expecting his publisher in New Orleans, "If you promise that I won't have to read it, I'll make Horace Liveright publish it."

Bill went for a walking trip in France and Italy. When he was back in Paris, broke, he got a letter from Liveright with a check for \$200, his advance. Nobody would cash the check for him. The American consul told him to send it back to Liveright and ask for a draft. But he went to the British consul, showed him his British army dogtag, and the consul gave him the \$200. When he got back to Oxford the book, *Soldier's Pay*, had been published and forgotten.

He says that he commenced with the idea that novels should deal with imaginary scenes and people — so *Soldier's Pay* was laid in Georgia, where he had never been. With *Sartoris*, his third novel, he began to create Yoknapatawpha County. He started with the characters: then they required a background, which he imagined, and the background suggested other characters. When he was writing *The Sound and the Fury*, he found there were connections between the Sartoris family and the Compsons, and from that point the county continued to grow. Several times its location has shifted a few miles westward. It borrows scenes and features from three real Mississippi counties.

2. *The South.* — "Mississippi is still the frontier," he says. "In Mississippi an officer of the law can't go around without a gun where he can reach it fast,

because he never knows when he's going to need it." The Southern or frontier way, he says, is to have not enough, but always more than enough, enough to waste. Cut down a tree to make a linchpin.

Speaking of the Southern sense of family, "That's also a memory of the frontier. It goes back to the days when kin were all you had to depend on for help, because you couldn't depend on the law. But it's also a memory of the Highland clans." . . .

. . . We talked about *Intruder in the Dust*, though without mentioning my review; I assumed that he hadn't read it. Still, what he said about Gavin Stevens may have been an indirect answer to my interpretation of the novel. Stevens, he explained, was not speaking for the author, but for the best type of liberal Southerners; that is how they feel about the Negroes. "If the race problems were just left to the children," Faulkner told me, "they'd be solved soon enough. It's the grown-ups and especially the women who keep the prejudice alive."

His farm is run by the three Negro tenant families, in which there are five hands. He lets them have the profits, if any, because — he said, speaking very softly — "The Negroes don't always get a square deal in Mississippi." He figures that his beef costs him \$5 a pound. . . .

3. *On writing.* "Get it down. Take chances. It may be bad, but that's the only way you can do anything really good."

"Wolfe took the most chances, although he didn't always know what he was doing. I come next and then Dos Passos. Hemingway doesn't take chances enough."

Faulkner works when he feels like working, sometimes for 12 or 13 hours a day. Usually he works in the morning, but when the mood is on him he works in the afternoons too, and at night. I think he writes in pencil, then copies and corrects on a very old typewriter (see his story of how he wrote *As I Lay Dying* on the bottom of a wheelbarrow). "Some time you've got to go to work and finish it," he said.

That was in the evening after our return from the Harlem Valley. He got out of his chair and began pacing up and down the living room. With his short steps and small features, he gave an impression of delicacy, fastidiousness, but also of humility combined with almost Napoleonic pride. "My ambition is to put everything into one sentence," he said. "Not only the present but the whole past on which it depends and which keeps overtaking the present, second by second." He went on to explain that in writing his prodigious sentences he is trying to convey a sense of simultaneity, not only giving what happened in the shifting instant, but everything that went before and made the quality of that instant. . . .

He said that his mother wanted him to be a painter. Sometimes he does paint a little, not with a brush — "I have no patience for that" — but with

a kitchen knife. If he had the money he would hire a fresco painter to do some of the scenes in his books — for example, the Chickasaws dragging the steamboat through the woods on rollers, while The Man sits on deck in the red shoes too small for his feet (as in "A Justice"), or the scene from *Absalom, Absalom!* in which the French architect, hiding in a swamp, is discovered and held cowering in a circle of torches by Sutpen and his half-naked slaves. . . .

I remember two of the remarks about writing that he made on the long drive to the station. In regard to style he said, "There are some kinds of writing that you have to do very fast, like riding a bicycle on a tightrope." Later I mentioned Hawthorne's complaint about the devil who got into his inkpot. "I listen to the voices," Faulkner told me, "and when I put down what the voices say, it's right. Sometimes I don't like what they say, but I don't change it."

I wondered what Faulkner would say when he saw my Hemingway profile, which was published early in 1949. It was, as I had told him, a straightforward account of Hemingway's career, about which I had gathered a good deal of unfamiliar material; I was reasonably satisfied with what I had written. But the text was surrounded, submerged, and, it seemed to me, changed in import by a collection of intimate photographs, beginning with a full-page portrait of Hemingway in his bedroom at half past six in the morning with five of his favorite cats: he looms behind them, bare-footed, bare-thighed, bare-chested, while he meditatively sprinkles salt on his breakfast egg. There were also photographs of Hemingway's four wives, who, by an inspiration of the makeup department, were candid-cameraed on facing pages: look and compare. I was hardly surprised by Faulkner's comment when it finally arrived.

Oxford, Friday. [February 11, 1949]
Dear Malcolm:

I saw the LIFE with your Hemingway piece. I didn't read it but I know it's all right or you wouldn't have put your name on it; for which reason I know Hemingway thinks it's all right and I hope it will profit him — if there is any profit or increase or increment that a brave man and an artist can lack or need or want.

But I am more convinced and determined than ever that this is not for me. I will protest to the last: no photographs, no recorded documents. It is my ambition to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless, no refuse save the printed books; I wish I had had enough sense to see ahead thirty years ago and, like some of the Elizabethans, not signed them. It is my aim, and every effort bent, that the sum and history

of my life, which in the same sentence is my obit and epitaph too, shall be them both: He made the books and he died. . . .

FAULKNER died in July, 1962, almost exactly a year after Hemingway, eight months after James Thurber, and a few weeks before E. E. Cummings. Those were all great losses, and, with earlier ones, they completely changed the literary landscape.

I think of their generation, which is also mine, as it started out many years ago. It was a generation like any other, I suppose, but it included what seems to be an extraordinary assortment of literary personalities. Of course the truth may be that the personalities, which might exist in any generation — which probably do exist there, by the law of averages — were given an extraordinary freedom to develop by the circumstances of the time. We started to publish in the post-war years, when our youth in itself was a moral asset. People seemed to feel that an older generation had let the world go to ruin, and they hoped that a new one might redeem it. The public was as grandly hospitable to young writers as it was to young movie actors and financiers just out of Yale. Scott Fitzgerald was a best-selling novelist at twenty-four, and Glenway Wescott at twenty-seven. Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wilder, and Wolfe were all international figures at thirty. Even Faulkner, though slower to be recognized than the others, was a famous author in France while he was being neglected at home.

The generation had, like any other, a particular sense of life, which it was determined to express in books. Perhaps it felt more confidence than other generations have felt in its ability to make the books completely new. Everything in American literature seemed to be starting afresh. Every possibility seemed to be opening for the first time (since in those days we were splendidly ignorant of the American literary past), and almost any achievement seemed feasible. "I want to be one of the greatest writers who have ever lived, don't you?" Fitzgerald said to Edmund Wilson not long after they got out of Princeton. Wilson thought the remark was rather foolish, but he shared some of the feeling that lay behind it, as obviously Hemingway and Faulkner did. They all had a sense of being measured against the European past — against the future, too — and of being called upon to do not only their best but something mysteriously better that could be done "without tricks and without cheating," as Hemingway said, if a writer was serious enough and had luck on his side.

Fortunate in the beginning, the generation was fortunate again after World War II. Most of the new writers who appeared in the 1950s were less

adventurous than their predecessors had been in the realm of imaginative art, perhaps because their critical sense was more exacting and inhibiting. They were given to writing critical studies, and the subject of these, in many cases, was the books that Faulkner and other famous men of his time had written twenty or thirty years before. Thus, in middle age the generation had the privilege of basking in a warm critical afterglow. Even its less prominent members acquired a sense of reassurance from the presence of their great contemporaries. Their world was like a forest in which the smaller trees were overshadowed and yet in some measure protected by the giants.

Then came the autumn gales, and most of the tallest trees were among the first to be uprooted.

Now, from where the forest stood, we seem to look out at a different landscape. There are no broad fields like those where we ran barefoot, no briery fencerows for quail to shelter in, and no green line on the horizon like the one that used to mark the edge of the big woods. Everywhere in the flatland, the best farming country, are chicken-coop houses in rows, in squares and circles, each house with its carport, its TV antenna, and its lady's green cambric handkerchief of lawn. An immense concrete freeway gouges through the hills and soars on high embankments over the streams, now poisoned, where we fished for trout. It is lined equidistantly with toy-sized cars, all drawn by hidden wires to the shopping center, where they stand in equidistant rows. From a hillside we watch their passengers go streaming into the supermarket, not one by one, but cluster by tight cluster, and we wonder whether they are speaking in a strange language. There must be giants among them, but distance makes them all look smaller than the men and women we knew.

Among the great dead, I find myself thinking of Faulkner with more affection than of others I also admired and knew more intimately. Perhaps this is due to his peculiar mixture of genius and talent, of dignity and impishness, with a fairy-book innocence of mind. Though almost lacking in vanity — except in such minor concerns as riding jackets — he was the proudest man I knew. The pride made him act by his own standards, which were always difficult ones. In his Nobel Prize address, when he spoke of work accomplished "in the agony and sweat of the human spirit," he had reason to think of his own work. When he invoked "the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice" that have been the glory of man's past, his big words precisely named the qualities that he demanded of himself and that he achieved more often than the rest of us did, if always in his own fashion.



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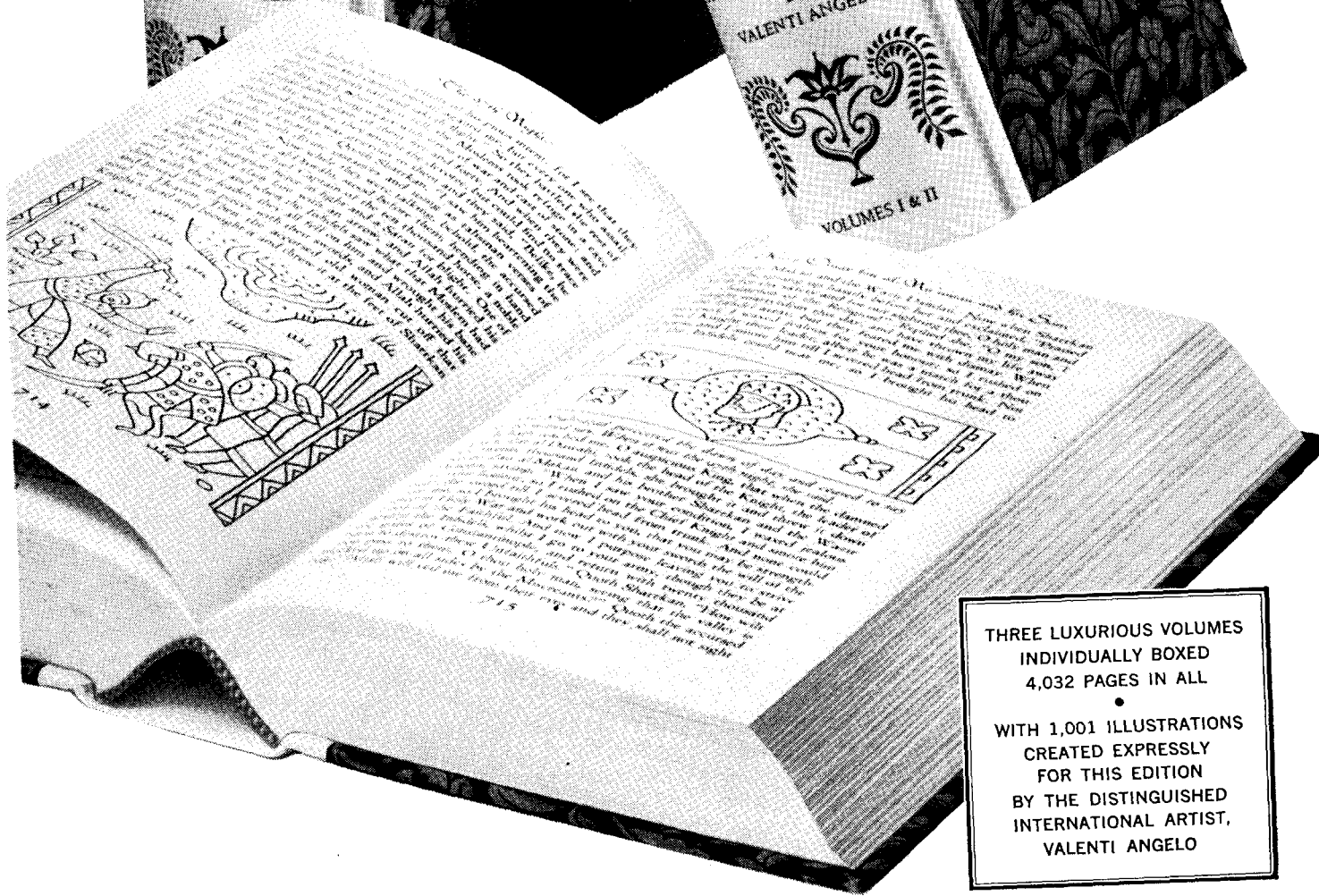
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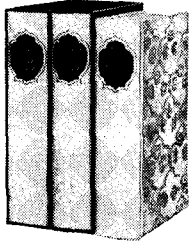
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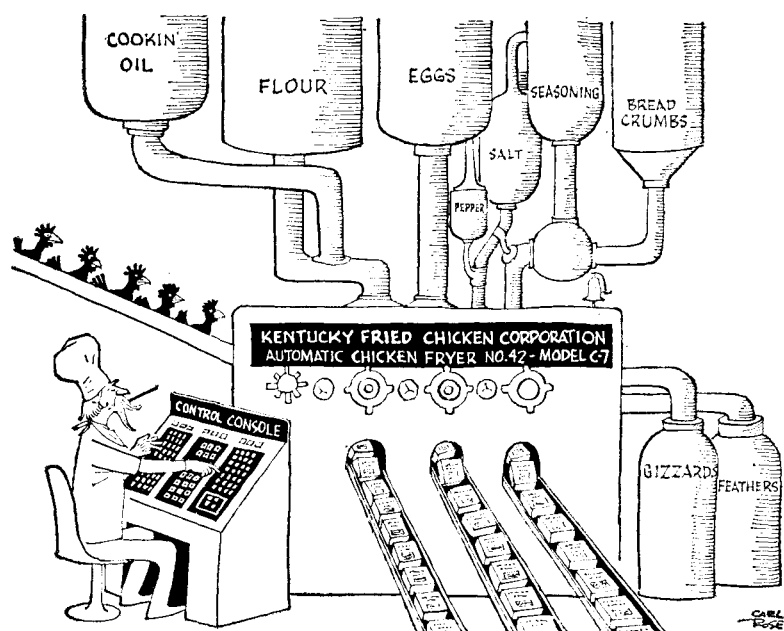
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Accent on

WHAT'S NEW IN FRIED CHICKEN?

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

"This announcement constitutes neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. . . ." The italicized note at the top of the advertisement went on to refer to the Prospectus and the underwriters from whom a copy could be obtained. Immediately flanking the note were the words "Not a New Issue."

This cautionary language accompanies most financial advertising, and I mention it only to keep my terminology in order, for it was more the subject of the "announcement" than its precise legal status that caught my attention: the existence of 425,000 shares of common stock — "Price \$15 per share" — in Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation. The regional touch in this otherwise austere piece of copy is a drawing of a white-haired man, with mustache, goatee, and string tie. The rest of the advertisement lists the twenty-one underwriters from whom the Prospectus can be had.

The highly specialized corporation is certainly nothing new in American life. I think offhand of a company whose proprietors devised

and patented a machine that does nothing but prepare and apply the batter and mix used in "breeding" such foodstuffs as scallops and veal cutlets in vast quantities. The cost of their machine runs into the tens of thousands, yet it more than earns its keep in a restaurant — perhaps a government cafeteria in Washington — undertaking to serve 5000 portions at a single meal. The success of this company I think I can understand: it developed a machine to perform a service that no previous machine could accomplish. I myself am nursing along a small investment in a company which expects to "revolutionize" all television receivers. (I bought a few shares at 12, watched it decline instantly to 7, and am now uneasily letting it laze its days away between 12 and 15.) So far, its annual reports speak jubilantly of nonrecurring losses; the hydra heads continue to spout red ink as fast as the vigilant management lops them off; but at least I have the feeling that I may learn some bright morning that the revolution in TV receivers has come to pass.

While the revolution in television is still in the making, I cannot help wondering what expectation is causing hundreds or thousands of investors to dream great dreams about Kentucky fried chicken, dreams sufficient to gain support upwards of \$6 million for an enterprise based on that commodity. What sort of developments would set Wall Street buzzing about fried chicken? The investment counselor, the financial editor, the broker's letter — what would they be remarking in the fried-chicken world, near term or long pull, that might lead to an upward movement of 10 or 15 points? True, there might be an intracompany struggle for control that would run the price up. There was the rich mineral deposit that the Curtis Publishing Company happened to find on its timberland in Canada, and something like this could very well befall the fried-chicken people — an oil strike under the incubator area or perhaps gold itself just outside the fry house. There is always the possibility, too, that a huge company in search of diversification might ask itself, "How come we have never gone into fried chicken?" and a takeover could follow at a fancy figure.

But any business could experience

this kind of contingency, and there ought to be some bold stroke, some inspired decision by its management that would give the fried-chicken concern a sharp upswing overnight. I confess to a certain degree of regionalism, even of prejudice, in making this conjecture, but some of the very worst meals I have ever eaten were in the middle South, and

the more Southern the dish was vaunted to be, the more discouraging it was in reality. I wonder, therefore, whether the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation might not score a great coup by firing the goateed man and his string tie, and moving its operation base and changing its name, becoming the Fried Chicken Corporation of Vermont.

Unidentified Shining Objects

BY WEARE HOLBROOK

A former Iowan, now retired in Hartsdale, New York, WEARE HOLBROOK was the creator of the comic supplement feature "Clarence" for the New York HERALD TRIBUNE syndicate.

Every month the local paper publishes a sky map, a big black oval spangled with white specks and a few dotted lines indicating what goes where. Surrounded by news of the international power struggle, the jittery stock market, the highway death toll, and other uncertainties, it is a comforting reminder to us that some things are still definitely predictable.

The sky map is not intended for the guidance of apprentice astronauts but for the encouragement of amateur astronomers, and you don't even need a telescope to qualify. All you have to do is to get out in an open space on a clear night and look up. But you can't tell the players without a scorecard, and that's where the sky map comes in. The instructions say you should hold it overhead with the top to the north. Then you find the Pole Star — it's at the end of the Little Dipper's handle — and work out from there.

That sounds easier than it is. Assuming that you live in an apartment house, as I do, in order to get a fairly unobstructed view of the firmament you have to take the elevator to the top floor and then climb a narrow stairway leading to a heavy metal door which opens reluctantly. It is very dark on the roof, as you discover when you trip over a ventilator and chin yourself on a clothesline. This darkness is accentuated by the perimeter of parapets which cut off the glow of the light from the streets below. The effect is rather theatrical, and it may be some time before your eyes adjust to the contrast and you realize that you are

surrounded by a thicket of television aerials.

Now for the astronomy. Hold the map overhead with the top to the north. (The average city dweller can do this by remembering where the W. street numbers change to the E. street numbers; it's bound to be either north or south.) The first time I tried it I couldn't see the map and had to go back after a flashlight. Then I found I couldn't see the sky with the flashlight on. The only compromise was to do a series of switch-flicks and double takes. By this spasmodic scrutiny I was able to make out the two Dippers, the Pleiades, and a wisp of Milky Way that may have been factory smoke — all of which I had seen many times before.

It was with a disappointing sense of *déjà vu* that I climbed down from the roof that night. If this were fiction I might say that I bumped my head against a television antenna and saw a lovely collection of stars; but that is a phenomenon that occurs only in cartoons, along with the instantaneous black eye. However, a few flecks of light did float before my eyes, the result of prolonged skywatching in a tight collar.

Under optimum conditions there are supposed to be some six thousand stars visible to the naked eye. But neither of my eyes is stark naked. Except in bed and bath, they bat themselves behind bifocals. Consequently I am faced with the same dilemma posed by skywriting: should one use reading lenses or distance lenses? Either seems not exactly right.

The frustrated stargazer can always find consolation in studying his sky map. In fact, it's about the only way he can identify the various constellations, for the old boys who named them had far-out imaginations.

The Dippers are reasonably representational, in an angular way; they certainly look more like drinking utensils than like the Great Bear and the Little Bear, which are what the ancient astronomers christened them. And Draco the dragon is a fairly plausible reptile.

But Cepheus and Cassiopeia display about as much resemblance to the characters they purport to represent as a handful of buttons does to a pair of pants; one looks like a shopping bag and the other like a dover eggbeater. As for Boötes the herdsman and Orion the hunter, they seem indistinguishable from Auriga the charioteer or Sagittarius the archer.

According to the textbooks, a great deal of activity is going on up there, in a *tableau vivant* fashion. For example, Cepheus and Cassiopeia (the shopping bag and the dover eggbeater) were a king and queen who reigned peacefully in Ethiopia



until a sea monster named Cetus demanded the sacrifice of their daughter Andromeda. She was chained to a rock to await her doom. But just as Cetus was about to devour her, along came Perseus on his winged sandals. Making a quick deal with the king, who promised his daughter to anyone who would rescue her, Perseus slaughtered the sea monster, won the girl, married her, and they lived happily ever after — separated only by several million miles of interstellar space.

In addition to people and monsters, the constellations embrace quite a menagerie. There are a cou-

ple of bears, a team of dogs, Taurus the bull, Pegasus the horse, Lepus the rabbit, Columba the pigeon, Cygnus the swan, Aquila the eagle, Delphinus the porpoise, and Leo the lion. There is also a scorpion named Scorpio who bit the great hunter Orion on the heel and is being pursued by him forever but never caught.

All this static drama in the sky is based on myths which have remained unchanged for centuries. But since 1957 when the Russians launched Sputnik I, a number of new actors have appeared on the stage — more than a thousand of them, to be imprecise — including satellites, spacecraft, and assorted fragments. At least a hundred are up there right now, the oldest being the U.S. Explorer I, launched in 1958, and the largest the Echo I, launched in 1960.

Should the *dramatis personae* of the sidereal sideshow continue to increase at their present rate, a new mythology is likely to develop.

Somewhat one cannot think of astral deities personified by Gagarin, Titov, Popovich, and other earthy Russians. But it may be only a matter of time until astronomers will have a whole new set of constellations to study, with Cepheus and Cassiopeia dethroned by a team of astronauts named Smith and Jones, Andromeda replaced by the current Miss Rheingold, Perseus by Batman, and the Dippers by Dixie cups. Pegasus, of course, will remain in the heavens as a symbol of petrol rather than poetry.

The title of Gemini, which originally belonged exclusively to Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Zeus, was appropriated last year by Charles Conrad and Gordon Cooper; and the other titles are up for grabs.

But it's the added starters that complicate the pattern. And if Jane Taylor were alive today, she might very well say,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder if you are"!

English as Spoken in Scandinavia

BY THEODORE PRATT

THEODORE PRATT has written thirty-four novels, the latest of which is *THE MONEY*. He lives in Delray Beach, Florida.

Anyone contemplating a trip to the Scandinavian countries worried about the people's speaking English can continue to worry a little, even though most of the guidebooks blithely keep on saying: "Don't worry, everybody speaks English," as one of them comes right out with, flatly and unequivocally.

That guidebook writer should have been along with me last summer in Scandinavia. He should also read the little booklet "We Danes and You," put out by the National Travel Association of Denmark, selling for one krone and well worth it. If there is one thing the Danes have, it is a delicious sense of humor, plus the ability to laugh at themselves. In this booklet the following statements about their speaking English and other languages are made:

"Just after midnight it is general for Danes to break into English whether they can or not."

"Every Dane speaks at least one foreign language. It may not always be easy to be sure which it is."

"It staggers the Danes to think visitors can speak languages like English, French, Swedish, Norwegian, not to mention Spanish and Portuguese, even better than we can."

"Most Danes speak foreign languages more or less."

The Swedes and Norwegians may not kid themselves as readily as this about speaking English, but dealing with them in their languages is much the same as with the Danes. Quite a few in all Scandinavian countries *do* speak English well. But as for that "everybody" of the guidebooks, please listen:

In Oslo, when I asked a man on the street how long it would take me to walk up to the old castle on the hill above the city, he told me without hesitation, "Five minutes, no more." Three quarters of an hour later, on wobbly legs, I came into sight of the castle.

Obviously, my guide must have

THE PASSION OF 304 N. HUMMINGBIRD

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

Friendly Neighborhood Dealer,
prove it.

My Woman's Club is stuck in meaningful
flower arrangements.

My strongly relating teen-agers are
a bore.

My husband is a civic-minded martini, and the clergyman
of our faith refuses to discuss it anymore.

Universally Respected A & P Manager,
think it over.

I look beneath your friendly surface and surprise
a dream.

That little boy inside the wash-and-wear is easy to surmise
from something poignant and even sick at your stomach
in your eyes.

So with faith and a mutually destructive attitude, I'm sure
we should be able to salvage something. I implore
you to call 633-4622 any weekday A.M. after 9,
Nearest Available Love Object,
Deeply Disturbing Reality Factor,
O My Friendly Dark-eyed Oldsmobile Rep of the North
Pelham District &
Environs.

missed a zero in his English computation, meaning fifty instead of five.

Sometimes such misinformation can lead to near-serious consequences. On a Swedish train from Stockholm to Copenhagen I decided to have a late lunch and asked my Scandinavian compartment companions if I would have time before the train was split up (part was to go to Malmö, in another direction). Oh, yes, they informed me, plenty of time, a lot of time. Off I went to the restaurant car. No one there said anything to me about train-splitting or inquired where I might be going. I was in the middle of my lunch when the train stopped and began to lurch back and forth in that unmistakable manner which means cars are being shunted. At that point I made hasty inquiry, and learned that the diner was being jockeyed to go with the cars to Malmö, where in a moment I would be heading.

Leaving half my lunch behind, I just managed to get back to my car. My English-speaking friends had gotten off, lucky fellows.

The following scenes with the



Danes were repeated in the other countries. On the street you ask a Danish man, "Do you speak a little English?"

"Yes, yes," he replies agreeably, and then with a twinkle in his eye, "I also speak a good Danish."

Delightful, except for what follows. I point down the street and ask, "Is the Glyptotek Museum down that way?"

"Yes, yes," he agrees, "down that way."

I thank him and start off down that way. But there is no Glyptotek Museum down there or any other museum. Belatedly I realize the English of my man on the street consisted mainly of "Yes, yes" and

MAGPIE

BY PETER DAVISON

Eight-toes, teetering
Saber unscabbarded,
Bellying spinnaker

Fast to a fence post,
Gape your black bill
In a squawk clean as kindling!

Off, with a smother
Of saw-toothed wingbeats,
My piebald jolly boat!

Surge hull down
Past the crest of the ridge
Where the wind breaks, breaks
All day like foam.

perhaps his joke about speaking Danish, and that he had just been agreeable and had gone along with my own wrong direction, which I was following.

There lies the great danger, the agreeableness of the people. Often they are so charming that you simply can't believe they don't know what they are talking about. In my hotel room when I first moved in, there was a table I liked for my portable typewriter. One day they took that away and brought another, smaller, which I did not like. I asked the desk clerk for the return of the first, to replace the new one, all in English.

"Of course," he replied in that language.

When later in the day I went back to my room, I found that the first table had been brought back all right, but the second one had also been left; I now had two tables, which crowded the room considerably.

Most of the help around the wonderful Tivoli Gardens speak English quite well, but there is one tall, magnificent guard who is usually on duty outside the main entrance who doesn't know the difference, in English, between Tuesday and Thursday, which, after all, do sound somewhat alike. After he had told me a certain weekly event would be on Thursday and I missed it because it was on Tuesday, I tried to point out to him the difference between the two days. "Yes, yes," he agreed, nodding and thanking me.

I hung around to listen to how he got on with the days. A young American couple approached him and asked about the same event I wanted, which came on Tuesday. Beaming, he told them, "That is on Thursday."

I set the young couple straight, but I gave up on the guard. I picture him standing there in his splendid uniform still most pleasantly confusing Thursday with Tuesday.

One just can't get mad with the Danes even when they make such bloopers. I will never forget the middle-aged couple I asked, in the rain, for directions to get to a certain place. In what passed for English, and with many gestures and a few charades and consultation of the map I carried, they assured me they could put me on the way to the place. They walked two blocks in the rain with me to a tram stop, waited while I got on what they assured me was the right car, and smiling in the most friendly fashion, waved after me while I smiled and waved back.

The only trouble was that the trolley didn't go anywhere near the place I wanted to go. But I could only think fondly of them.

The same thing happened with a Swedish couple on a tram in Stockholm. I was with another American that day, and we asked directions from this couple. As soon as they realized we were foreigners, they gave up their seats on the crowded tram, even the woman. I felt decidedly foolish taking her seat, but they insisted. And they, too, gave fulsome and enthusiastic directions to get to a place by the wrong route that never got there.

Scandinavians are always so pleasant and helpful that eventually you find yourself quite happy at being given wrong directions, and accept it as a kind of game.

"Do you speak a little English?"

"Yes, yes."

"Is that the way to Birger Christensen?"

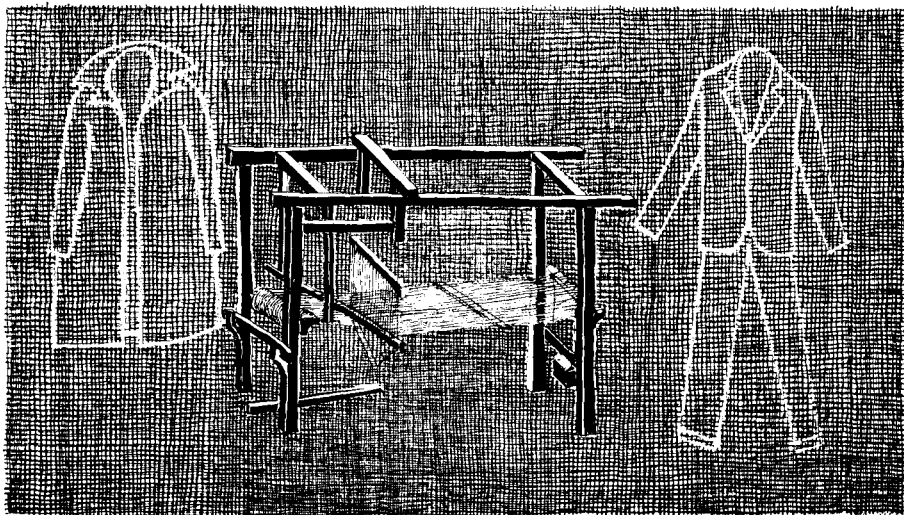
"Yes, yes."

"I'll bet that's the wrong way to go."

"Yes, yes."

In any case, it's a lot more than I could tell any Scandinavian if he came to my country and asked directions. I might want to, but I couldn't even say "No, no" in Finnish.

pleasures *and* places



THE WIZARD OF PLOCKROPOOL

BY VERONICA THOMAS

"Follow the Yellow Brick Road. . . ." The words of the song kept running through my head, except that this wasn't Oz but the Isle of Harris in the Outer Hebrides, and the narrow, bumpy road was far from being brick, yellow or otherwise. The wizard I was off to see was Miss Marion Campbell, who lives on a croft at Plockropool and literally weaves her magic by turning straight-from-the-sheep wool into Harris tweed. She spins the thread, weaves the yarn, designs her own patterns, and nearly all the dyes she uses are homemade. There are very few women like her left these days in the islands.

Since replacing fishing as the main industry, most Harris tweed is now produced by the five mills in Stornoway, capital town of the Western Isles on the Isle of Lewis. Lewis and Harris are actually joined together by a narrow strip of land but in every other respect are quite separate from each other. Lewis comes under the county of Ross and Cromarty, Harris is under Inverness. Lewis is flat moorland, Harris is mountainous. There is even a slight difference between the Gaelic spoken in the two islands, and the Harrisman has more of a lilting accent. But the common bond between the

islanders is the livelihood they make from tweed. There are approximately 1500 weavers, or "spiders," who live in Lewis and Harris. Usually they work a croft as well as weave, and between them produce an annual total of over six million yards of tweed, 75 percent of which is exported to countries all over the world. The United States provides the biggest market by buying half of the total amount of tweed exported.

The Harris Tweed Association sets a high standard. All finished tweed must be passed by a strict inspection before being stamped at three-yard intervals on the reverse side of the cloth with the association's insignia — an orb surmounted by a Maltese cross. In the case of finished garments, there should be an Orb mark label sewn inside. It was in 1964 that Lord Hunter gave judgment in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, that a tweed to be legitimately described and marketed as Harris must be made from 100 percent pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed, and finished in the Outer Hebrides, and handwoven by the islanders at their own homes "in the islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several purlenances, and all known as the

Outer Hebrides." Therefore, only tweed legally recognized as genuine Harris tweed by the British courts can now bear the Orb stamp. Before this it seems even the Japanese got into the act by passing off an imitation cloth under the label "Scotty Harris Tweed." The litigation was fought in Scotland and England for nearly five years, and the hearing continued for forty-nine days in the Court of Session. The whole thing was very complicated, and I'm told two million words were recorded by the court's shorthand writers.

When the Harris Tweed Association was first formed in 1909, the yarn had to be spun by hand, the way Marion Campbell still does hers. This was a time-consuming task, so in the interest of stepping up production, the association amended the regulation in 1934 to the way it stands today. The mills scour, dye, card, and spin the raw wool in readiness for the weaver.

I saw two of the Stornoway mills in action, Stephen Burns Ltd. and Kenneth MacKenzie Ltd. The comparatively small Burns mill is owned and run by three brothers, one of whom, Calum Burns, showed me around. Although it was all carefully explained to me, I still came away with confused impressions — the clank and clatter of complicated machinery, the greenhouse atmosphere smelling of damp wool, skeins of black that looked like lengths of Polynesian hair, hanging from some sort of roller. I did learn, though, that the mixture for dyeing wool a particular shade is called a recipe, not a formula; and that there are eight feet to a weaver's yard, not three.

The MacKenzie mill, founded in 1906, is the oldest in Stornoway, and they also have the only mill in Harris, at Tarbert. I had the same experience here but on a larger scale, as the MacKenzie mill is vast. When I looked through a glass porthole at the mixing room, the scene reminded me of something out of a James Bond picture. The chamber was filled from ceiling to floor with a wild storm of different-colored wool being blown this way and that. I could just imagine some poor victim trying to claw his way to freedom before suffocating.

To my surprise I discovered virtually all weavers are men, not women as I had presumed. "It's a man's job," I was told. Working

from home, they own their own handlooms, which cost around \$300 to buy new. The mills deliver the spun wool to them in gunnysacks with an instruction sheet giving details of the design required. The yarn is sufficient for thirty-three weaver's yards, which make eighty lineal yards of woven cloth.

I visited Pringle Macaulay, a weaver who lives on a croft at a tiny village called Shadder, about eight miles from Stornoway. Like most of the weavers on the islands, he had his loom set up in a shed near the house. In this case the shed was originally a "black house," as the old crofters' cottages were called. There were two rooms with thick stone walls covered with remnants of plaster and paper. In one corner was an open hearth, with hooks still dangling from a crude chimney where the cooking pots used to hang over the fire. I watched Mr. Macaulay half sit, half lean on a high stool that tilted forward. As he moved his feet on the treadle, the boat-shaped wooden shuttles whizzed back and forth and the loom clattered. Harris tweed was in the making. "It's the foot rhythm," he said. "Once you've got that you're away." I asked him how long it took to complete a length, and he said he worked an average of three tweeds per week, taking about thirteen hours per length. Ordinary tweed pays about £7 a length, and a more complicated pattern such as a tartan tweed pays £8.10. "It keeps me happy, and I always knock off work at lunch-time every Friday for the weekend." Foolishly I agreed to Mr. Macaulay's suggestion to "have a go" at the loom. Apart from discovering it was very hard work, I also found I had no sense of weavers' rhythm. One of the shuttles failed to return, and the thread broke.

Another weaver I met, Murdo Nicolson (he doesn't like his name to be spelled the English way, with an "h"), had recently been south to demonstrate work on a handloom at a big department store. He told me about a woman shopper who watched him weave for a while and finally said: "You know, I always thought Harris tweed was an after-shave lotion!"

Plockropool, where Marion Campbell lives, is a tiny place unmarked on most maps of Harris. Her croft is set back from the rough-



ALWAYS LISTEN TO YOUR GRANDFATHER!

When Grandfather Miller began brewing Miller High Life beer in America, after being a famous brewmaster in the royal Hohenzollern castle in Europe, he prophesied, "There will always be enough people who want the very finest . . ." Grandfather was right!

In fact, today, Miller High Life's exceptional quality and costlier ingredients are so much in demand our sales have set all records . . . increasing over 32% in the past two years.

This should teach us three things:

- ... The tradition of quality is good to protect and guard;*
- ... The standard of living is growing tremendously as people want the best; and,*
- ... Always listen to your Grandfather.*

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



surfaced road that meanders past hills, lochs, glens, and wild moorland. The wizard herself welcomed me at the brightly painted orange front door, a plumpish woman with brown eyes and gray hair braided neatly around her head. It was her hands that drew my attention when I first met her — they looked so red and shiny.

Miss Campbell took me inside to the parlor, a plain but cheerful room where linoleum roses bloomed on the floor and an old-fashioned black range heated by peat dispelled the chill. There was a framed tinted photograph of a young man wearing a kilt, and beneath the picture stood Miss Campbell's spinning wheel. I sat on a leather sofa by the window that overlooked the hillside at the back of the house leading down to a loch. Directly outside was a little open porch, with reddish-brown fleece hanging on the railing. She noticed me looking at the wool and said, "That's what we call a crottle brown. I make the dye out of crottle I get from the rocks. It's like a lichen. Just take an old spoon and scrape it off."

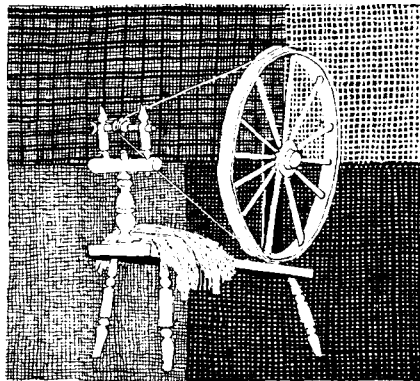
Miss Campbell put the kettle on and made tea for us, serving it with home-baked scones and country butter. I commented on the spinning wheel, and she told me her mother had given it to her when she was fourteen. "I remember I had just left school, and that was forty years ago, so now you know how old I am!" She refilled our cups, checked the fire, and continued. "When I was young, there was nothing else for girls to do then but spin and weave. There were eleven of us, and it was something I could do at home. Five of my brothers live here." She ticked them off on her fingers. "Peter, John, Angus, Malcolm, and Alex. They take care of the croft and the sheep. I look after the house and the cooking. We've got a hundred head of black face; they yield the toughest kind of wool — it never wears out."

Then I asked the wizard exactly how she makes her tweed, and this is what she told me. After the sheep are fleeced in the summer, she rinses the wool in the river "to get rid of the bits." The wool is scoured in a tub with hot water and ordinary soap powder, and while it's still wet she dyes it. She gets her dyes from many different things. "There's green from heather, a

darkish blue from iris; then I make yellow from bracken roots or sometimes peat soot, depending on the shade I want. And I blend them too. For instance, I can get orange from ragwood mixed with crottle. I use everything, even dandelions." When she's gathered all the ingredients, she fills a big pot with water, adds the flowers, and boils them over a good peat fire. "Keep it boiling all the time. With lichen moss, the better the fire, the redder the dye; and the longer I let it boil, the deeper the color." Next the wool is put into the dye mixture and boiled. "Afterward I boil the wool again in alum or salt to fix the color before letting it cool."

She sat down at the spinning wheel and showed me how she spins the yarn. "It's really to put a twist in it," she said. "There's the warp and the weft. The warp is your strong thread, and it needs more twist than the weft, which is easier to spin."

I followed her outside onto the porch, and she patted one of the reddish-brown fleeces drying there. "Crottle," she said. We walked down the path to a shed with a corrugated



iron roof. A man was repairing a boat in front of it, and Miss Campbell paused briefly to introduce me to her brother Alex. "He'll be seventy-three in December," she said. "He used to build boats, but now he just mends them."

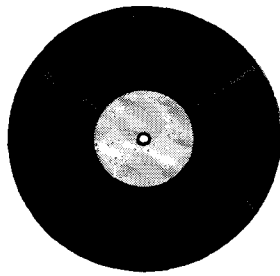
Inside the shed there was another boat that Alex was fitting with a new keel. Wood shavings littered the floor, and there was a hayloft under the roof. In one corner stood Miss Campbell's handloom. "It's fifty years old," she said, looking at it fondly. "I wouldn't thank you for one of those mechanized looms." I asked her what the difference was, and she said that with her loom you pushed the shuttles from side to side

by hand as well as working the foot pedal. She showed me how the threads were set up on the loom to make a particular pattern. "I'm not sending anything to the mills to be finished," she said. "Others do that because of the work, but I'm used to it. And the fluff or pile is thicker on yarn done with *my* handloom."

Miss Campbell told me that now she only made tweed ordered by individual people and no longer did lengths for shops such as W. Bill in Bond Street or the Highland Home Industries. "I used to do a lot of the brown and green mixtures, forty and fifty yards at one time." She showed me a swatch of tweed that she had designed and won first prize with at the Agricultural Show in Tarbert last August. It was a four-color check weave of black, crottle brown, and green on an off-white background. "Those are all my own dyes except for the green — that's commercial," she said. "I put different-colored threads on a piece of paper and move them around until I see which way they go best." I looked at the design and fell in love with it. "Of course I can make it for you," she said. "I never forget a pattern once it's in my head."

We left the shed and walked over to an outhouse where a cat and two kittens were sleeping. Miss Campbell filled a tub with hot water and soap powder, washed a length of tweed, then rinsed it. "Now this part really *is* hard work," she said; "it's called waulking the tweed." I watched her sit at a table with a ridged wooden board on top of it and pound the wet tweed against the board with a drumming rhythm. "This shrinks it," she explained. "At present the cloth is thirty to thirty-one inches wide, and the waulking shrinks it to twenty-eight inches wide, the width specified by the Harris Tweed Association. After I've waulked it, I give the cloth a final wash, and the tweed is ready."

I looked at her red, shiny hands and thought of all the yards and yards of tweed they have handled. It was as if the wizard of Plockropool had guessed my thoughts, for she smiled and said, "I know it seems like a lot of work, but when it's all done with, and you see the finished tweed, there's no grander feeling."



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra
Janáček: Sinfonietta

George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Columbia MS-6815 (stereo) and ML-6215

Few works are as worthy of the designation of modern classic as Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. Composed in 1943 on a commission from Serge Koussevitzky, it has since become a symphonic staple, a solidly constructed, richly colored, powerfully dramatic masterpiece. Although it has been recorded a dozen times, Szell's new version approaches perfection more closely than any other. The various instrumental choirs perform with distinctive individuality, yet all are melded into a stunning whole; the overall effect is that of genius revealed rather than music played. Janáček's brilliant *Sinfonietta* receives an exalted performance, too. Bravo, Szell!

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 2 in G, Opus 44; Piano Concerto No. 3 in E-flat, Opus 75

Gary Graffman, pianist, with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy; Columbia MS-6755 (stereo) and ML-6155

How many piano concertos did Tchaikovsky compose? This record offers incontrovertible evidence that the correct answer is three, for it is devoted to Nos. 2 and 3, works that are practically never presented in the concert hall (although both have led a public existence of sorts in the form of two Balanchine ballets, *Ballet Imperial* and *Allegro Brillante*). Neither concerto has the spectacular qualities of the celebrated No. 1, with its crashing chords and lush melodies, but Gary Graffman does what he can to imbue them with sweep and grandeur. Probably he is

laboring in a lost cause, for neither work approaches No. 1 in effectiveness, no matter how much skill and vigor the soloist offers — and Mr. Graffman offers plenty. There are, to be sure, melodic passages of considerable charm, and sections that call for bravura pianism, especially in No. 2, by far the stronger, and longer, of the two works on the record. But one listens with only passing interest; and the Concerto No. 1 in B-flat Minor remains the Tchaikovsky piano concerto.

Orff: Carmina Burana

Herbert Kegel conducting Radio Leipzig Chorus and Orchestra with Jutta Vulpius, soprano; Hans-Joachim Rotzsch, tenor; and Kurt Rehm and Kurt Huebenthal, baritones; Heliodor HS-25004 (stereo) and H-25004

Heliodor is a new label in the rapidly expanding low-priced-record field, with releases drawn from the Deutsche Grammophon and MGM classical catalogues. This *Carmina Burana* is its prize release so far, a lusty, gusty account of Carl Orff's modern adaptation of some rather disreputable medieval songs and chants. *Carmina Burana* has lost some of its bloom and vigor since it first burst forth on records some fifteen years ago, but this stirring performance recaptures at least some of that original sense of novelty.

The Official Adventures of Batman and Robin

Jackson Beck, narrator, with Jack Curtis, Ron Liss, George Petrie, and others; Leo CH-1019 (monaural)

The household's three youngest dwellers were called in for expert opinions on this production. Their unanimous verdict: "It's pretty good, but television is better." Three episodes are recorded: "The Legend of Batman and Robin," "The Penguin's Plunder," and "The Joker's Revenge." Entertainment values aside (and the tales seem so preposterous as to be reasonably harmless), the record may someday have interest as a kind of social document, or at least footnote. One question, though: Why should the most cultivated accents invariably belong to the most villainous characters? Huh, Batman?

Arthur Miller: Death of a Salesman

Directed by Ulu Grosbard, with Lee J. Cobb as Willy Loman, Mildred Dunnock as Linda, Michael Tolan as Biff,

Gene Williams as Happy, and others; Caedmon TRS-310 (stereo or monaural): three records

Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, one of the most moving of modern plays, here receives a recording that preserves all its melancholy, compassion, and pervasive feeling of bitter truthfulness. Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock, repeating their stage roles of the aging salesman and his loyal wife, seem to find new levels of understanding in them; the result is a depiction of human decline and disappointment that is at once personal and universal. With its flashbacks and shifting scenes, *Death of a Salesman* is no easy play to record, but stereo is used resourcefully, and all the parts are played with verbal clarity as well as dramatic intensity. Mr. Miller himself contributes a spoken introduction, and a complete printed text is provided.

Wait a Minim!

A Musical Entertainment devised and directed by Leon Gluckman, with Andrew Tracey, Paul Tracey, Kendrew Lascelles, Michel Martel, Nigel Pegram, April Otrich, Dana Valery, and Sarah Atkinson; London AMS-88002 (stereo) and AM-58002

A "minim" is a British term for a half note, indicating (a) that this is a musical show and (b) that its nature is good-humored and irreverent. Actually, this is a South African production, utilizing native instruments, rhythms, and chants, and deriving its folk-song flavor from diverse races and nationalities. An exotic atmosphere is provided by such instruments as the *mbira* (an African hand piano) and the *chikulu* (a drum devised from an oil drum and other improvised accessories); but there also are such simple and familiar tunes as "I Gave My Love a Cherry" and "Dirty Old Town." One of the most agreeable numbers, "Sir Oswald Sodde," is a satirical song about medieval chastity belts, set to a neatly archaic little tune. The all-white cast makes several sly references to South African racial policies, and there are one or two direct thrusts at apartheid, but political views are played down in favor of good-natured entertainment. *Wait a Minim!* has been a stage success in Johannesburg, London, and New York; this record helps explain its international appeal.



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THIS is the season of the cuckoo and the commencement address. In my time I have delivered not a few and suffered through many more, and it must not be thought that I am looking for business if what I have to say is critical.

The first commencement speaker I can remember was Clarence Mackay of New York, and a rather imposing figure he seemed to us of Pingry as he took his place on the dais. But boys are a noticing audience, never more so than in the excitement of graduation, and when Mr. Mackay rose to speak, what we noticed was not favorable. His waistcoat with its white piping could not conceal his large paunch; it was plain that he intended to read his speech and that he disdained a funny story or any quip about the New Jersey mosquitoes, then a national joke. No, he began by solemnly asserting that our seniors were like little boats setting forth on the Sea of Life; and the more he belabored that simile, the clearer it became that Clarence knew darned little about sailing: some of us "would run free with the sun and wind at our backs," others "would find themselves in a stormy sea, making little headway" (how could these both occur at the same time?), "the more daring might crowd on sail until a jibe [he pronounced it "jib" but corrected himself] cost him the lead." We got the drift, and our side-glances to each other said simply, "He stinks." And he continued to do so for thirty-three minutes by the school clock.

As an undergraduate I was to learn that ministers, professors, and politicians were equally unreliable at commencement: each has grown accustomed to filling forty minutes and finds it difficult to have his say in less. But if there is one emanation stronger than any other which is wafted toward the platform on a broiling June day, it is the urgent truth that the bulk of the audience has come there to see the degrees conferred — and for God's sake get on with it!

Timing is the first consideration. The finest commencement address I have ever heard — and President Conant pronounced it so at the time — was the one Thornton Wilder delivered at Harvard; it was perceptive, so penetrating that it stirred the fourteen thousand, and it was all said in eleven minutes. Wilder was explaining the seniors to their parents, explicitly, and in so doing he avoided two temptations which often mar the occasion: he did not grope back into childhood hoping to find a link between the generations, and second, he used his generalities sparingly and only after he had vividly documented his case. The older I grow, the more allergic I become to generalities.

When Americans foregather for graduation it is a moment of liberation, and they are in a mood to be enlightened but not admonished. I recall a commencement at St. Mark's School, close to Dr. Thayer's retirement, at which two fellow headmasters were to speak, the Rector of Groton and Dr. Claude Fuess of Phillips Andover. The Rector came first, and for half an hour he lectured the audience on divorce. As some present had changed partners, this made for a certain tension. Then it was Jack Fuess's turn. "I think I must begin," he said, "with a story about a Virginia gentleman who in the Civil War was driving a load of manure to a market town between the lines. It was raining hard, and before long he overtook a Negro, to whom he offered a ride under the canvas cover. Then they came to a Union picket. 'Halt, who goes there?' 'A Virginia farmer with a load of manure and a nigger.' 'Pass, Virginia farmer.' A little further on they were again stopped. 'Halt, who goes there?' 'A Virginia farmer with a load of manure and a nigger.' When out of earshot, the Negro raised the tarpaulin. 'Massa,' he said, 'the next time they asks you that question, would you mind puttin' me first?' " The laughter saved that day.

Atlantic

1965



1966

Prizes

45th ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING CONTESTS

SCHOOLS

- PRIZES:** **Best Story — \$100.00** Harry Langhorne, Jr., The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire; *John B. Heath, Instructor*
- Best Essay — \$100.00** Peter Thomas, Bronx High School of Science, Bronx, New York; *Dr. Isabel S. Gordon, Instructor*
- Best Poem — \$100.00** Kristina E. Krohn, Northfield School, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Mr. Hartley Pfeil, Instructor*

STORIES: Second: Brian Heaney, The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire; *Mr. John B. Heath, Instructor* — Third: Judith E. Parker, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts; *Miss Annette Busse, Instructor* — Fourth: Lois Chabot, Classical High School, Springfield, Massachusetts; *Mrs. Mabel Morrill, Instructor* — Fifth: Robert S. Dietz, The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire; *Mr. F. G. Tremallo, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Castilleja School, Palo Alto, Annette Boushey; South High School, Torrance, Marcia Mendelsohn — Colorado: Fort Collins High School, Sally Hull — Kentucky: Kentucky Home School for Girls, Louisville, Margaret C. Courtney — Maryland: Walter Johnson Senior High School, Bethesda, Eileen J. Lourie — Massachusetts: Belmont Senior High School, Rosemary Connors; Brookline High School, Gail Langer, Sue Seltzer, Roberta L. Golick; Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Anna Lombroso; Northfield School, East Northfield, Penelope Hargrove — New Hampshire: The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, Robert M. Seyfarth, Jr. — New York: The Chapin School, New York, Rachel M. Davies — Texas: Saint John's School, Kathleen Crow — Washington: Edmonds High School, Stephen C. Alaniz.

ESSAYS: Second: Rebecca Whitehouse, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Mrs. Barbara S. Pannwitt, Instructor* — Third: Christine Sandra Miron, Wellesley Senior High School, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts; *Mr. W. A. Crockett, Instructor* — Fourth: Linda A. Walker, Duxbury High School, Duxbury, Massachusetts; *Mrs. Irene Sherwood, Instructor* — Fifth: Julie Nixon, The Chapin School, New York, New York; *Miss Florence B. McKinlay, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Connecticut: Saint Margaret's School, Waterbury, Mary Blakeslee Thomson — Illinois: Regina Dominican High School, Wilmette, Jacquelyn Kelly — Indiana: Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Joseph H. Blatt — Kentucky: Danville High School, Suzanne Cockrell — Maryland: Walter Johnson High School, Bethesda, Robert L. Pear — Massachusetts: Walnut Hill School, Natick, Sarah K. Jayne; Wellesley Senior High School, Alan M. Gerlach, Jr., John Mark Powell, II — New Jersey: The Kimberley School, Montclair, Joan Poor — New York: George W. Hewlett High School, Hewlett, Susan Gottschalk; Horseheads Central School, Horseheads, David S. Cohen — Ohio: Orange High School, Cleveland, Eve Silberbach, Leslie Arnold; Rocky River High School, Rocky River, Michael C. Marino — Pennsylvania: Gwynedd Mercy Academy, Joan Laky.

POEMS: Second: Jeanie Murray, Bellaire High School, Bellaire, Texas; *Mrs. Shirley Wiley, Instructor* — Third: Alfred K. LaMotte, The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire; *Mr. John B. Heath, Instructor* — Fourth: Maxine Miska, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Mrs. Barbara S. Pannwitt, Instructor* — Fifth: Holland Cotter, The Lawrence Academy, Groton, Massachusetts; *Mr. Robert Shepherd, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Pasadena High School, Sandra Knudsen — Illinois: Evanston Township High School, Mary Elise Marquam; New Trier Township High School — East, Winnetka, Ellin Wineberg, Susan A. Knox, Ralph Michael Todhunter — Kansas: Wichita High School, Southeast, Judith Kornfeld — Massachusetts: Brookline High School, Michael Lee; Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Marguerite Besse; Classical High School, Springfield, Donna C. Siddell; Bancroft School, Worcester, Ruah Donnelly — Michigan: Loy Norrix High School, Kalamazoo, Linda Hachadorian — New York: George W. Hewlett High School, Leon Joffe; The Chapin School, Susan Denker — Ohio: Tecumseh High School, New Carlisle, David Stuller — Pennsylvania: Mount Lebanon High School, Pittsburgh, George Goodman.

COLLEGES

- PRIZES:** **Best Story — \$100.00** Dennis Noyes, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois; *John P. Fox, Instructor*
- Best Essay — \$100.00** Sister Marie Simone, O.P., Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister M. Julie, O.P., Instructor*
- Best Poem — \$100.00** Irene R. Dvorak, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Ruth Miriam, S.S.N.D., Instructor*

STORIES: Second: Charles R. Lloyd, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Montgomery M. Culver, Instructor* — Third: Sister Marjorie Mary Welsh, B.V.M., Mundelein College, Chicago, Illinois; *Mrs. David Spencer, Instructor* — Fourth: Sister Marie J. McCarthy, Fontbonne College, St. Louis, Missouri; *Sister Marcelle Holloway, Instructor* — Fifth: Dean Koontz, Shippensburg State College, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; *Mabel Lindner, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, Kathleen Haverick, Linda Caggiano; San Diego State College, Kenneth Schwarz — Illinois: Mundelein College, Chicago, Barbara M. Walsh, Sister Mary Ann Michaela, B.V.M., Marilynne Tivener — Massachusetts: Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Eugene M. McCarthy, Paul L. Goepfert — Michigan: Aquinas College, Grand Rapids, Johanna A. Wojewski; Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Jon Jellena — North Carolina: Meredith College, Raleigh, Gloria Hunt — Ohio: Rio Grande College, David N. McGinnis; Youngstown University Edwina G. Susko — Pennsylvania: Academy of The New Church: College, Bryn Athyn, Jan Jungé — Virginia: University of Virginia, Charlottesville, David Dewitt.

ESSAYS: Second: Anita E. Mallinger, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Mrs. Margery Gulbransen, Instructor* — Third: Barbara Deck, Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts; *Miss Elizabeth R. Hanlon, Instructor* — Fourth: Mary Ann Frisoli, Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts; *Miss Elizabeth R. Hanlon, Instructor* — Fifth: J. Emmett Goggins, S.J., Saint Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Missouri; *Reverend R. J. O'Sullivan, S.J., Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Illinois: Rosary College, River Forest, Mary Egan Cameron, Susan L. Quillin; Wheaton College, Wheaton, Michael T. Noyes, Garnet Gibbs — Maryland: College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Elizabeth Hopkins — Massachusetts: Emmanuel College, Boston, Kathleen Rogers, Louise Manfredi, Paula Duggan — Minnesota: College of Saint Scholastica, Duluth, Joyce Nelson — Missouri: Saint Louis University, Florissant, Thomas Dale Cowan, S.J. — Pennsylvania: University of Pittsburgh, M. Suzanne Stenzel, Richard Matlak; Maryland College, Scranton, Patricia Cadden; Shippensburg State College, Shippensburg, Dean Koontz — Texas: Saint Mary's University, San Antonio, Stephen D. Smith.

POEMS: Second: Jane Driscoll, Webster College, St. Louis, Missouri; *Sister Jean Carmel, Instructor* — Third: Beverly J. Sopp, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Ruth Miriam, S.S.N.D., Instructor* — Fourth: Eunice M. Diehl, Trinity College, Washington, D. C.; *Sister Thérèse of the Blessed Sacrament, S.N.D., Instructor* — Fifth: Elaine G. Carroll, Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts; *Miss Elizabeth R. Hanlon, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, Frances Fisher — Illinois: Mundelein College, Chicago, Helen Pierson, Sister Alice Miriam O'Brien, B.V.M. — Indiana: Evansville College, Michael J. Carson — Iowa: Clarke College, Dubuque, Katherine Basham — Kansas: Mount Saint Scholastica College, Atchison, Martha Bergland, Kathleen Lew — Kentucky: Villa Madonna College, Covington, Joanna F. Heinrich — Maryland: College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Susan Kimble, Marianne Confalone — Massachusetts: Emmanuel College, Boston, Cynthia Jobin; Boston College, Chestnut Hill, John R. Conklin — Michigan: Muskegon County Community College, Gloria-Jean Pataky, Barbara Arter — Missouri: Missouri Valley College, Marshall, David Perkins.

Here, then, as the fruit of experience, are *Six Rules for Commencement Speakers*.

1. Keep within twenty minutes. Remember that Lincoln only needed seven for the Gettysburg Address.

2. Make at least two humorous allusions to show that your shirt is not stuffed.

3. Shun all references to "the sea of life," "the playing fields of Eton," and "our national goals."

4. Be sparing of generalities, especially the pious ones. They will fall on deaf ears.

5. Draw from your own experience, using actual episodes, but as little as possible from childhood.

6. If the speech has been written for you, at least have the decency to read it in advance.

KEEPING WINSTON GOING

Because they are such close students of human nature, doctors should be among the best delineators of our time, but professional reticence quiets some of them, and the vast majority are too busy and use their pens only for prescriptions. There are four who have achieved literary eminence in this century: William Carlos Williams; Harvey Cushing, the brain specialist; Hans Zinsser, the pathologist; and more recently, Lord Moran; and in the three latter cases war gave an unexpected impetus to their words.

Lord Moran was president of the Royal College of Physicians when in May of 1940 he became Winston Churchill's doctor, appointed by the Cabinet and accepted without enthusiasm by the Prime Minister. But from then until Sir Winston's death, this stalwart, independent physician was to live in understanding and affectionate intimacy with his patient. He soon came to feel, as did General Smuts, that Churchill was irreplaceable and that Britain's survival depended on keeping this man going. When Winston's struggle with a stubborn windpipe in the White House brought on a dull pain over the heart and symptoms of coronary insufficiency which commonly called for six weeks in bed, Sir Charles had to decide whether his patient's recuperative power and the gravity of the business at hand permitted him to take a chance. That Moran was right comes clear in this exchange later: "Now, Charles, you are making me heart-minded." "You're all right. Forget your damned heart."

When fever and fibrillation at Cairo a year later warned the doctor that Winston was in danger of pneumonia, it was Sir Charles who canceled the meeting with General Alexander and cabled the Cabinet what to say. Not the least fascinating part of Lord Moran's insight is

the way he explained the vulnerability of the body to Churchill, so that the patient became a partner in the cure. "I recall," the doctor wrote, "that he declaimed to me 'King Robert of Sicily', a poem of eighty-six lines, five days after his stroke in 1953, with only a few mistakes. He then asked me what part of the brain stores memories, and went on to tell me that he could recall in detail many incidents in his trench life at Plug Street in the First World War, whereas in the Second War one great event toppling over another seemed to wipe out the last." From such evidence I should say that Lord Moran is one of the great writing physicians and that his **CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN** (Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00) is a close and magnificent portrait of Winston, his strength and his weakness.

It was just as imperative that Lord Moran should know what was tormenting Churchill's mind as what was disturbing his liver, and because of the doctor's discretion and his strength of character, he became the recipient of many confidences from both British and American sources. He saw from the ringside the crises in military leadership and in statecraft, and he writes of them in a sinewy, stirring prose. When Churchill sends his beloved ships, the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, to the East without air cover and against the advice of the First Sea Lord; when in September, 1942, Brendon Bracken warns the doctor, "If we are beaten in this battle [El Alamein], it's the end of Winston. Is he sleeping all right?"; when Sir Charles is witness to the violent explosion between FDR and Winston over India, and to the tension between the two leaders over the Second Front; or when he is told of the PM's anger at Stalin's jesting over the post-war execution of 50,000 Germans, the physician knows that he must resort to palliatives stronger than sleeping pills—the calming talk which comes when men trust each other.

Lord Moran shows us the anger as well as the love which at varying times he felt for the man he served, and he shows us as I think I have never seen before in print the enormity of the decision when the doctor must judge how long the indispensable leader, now past his zenith, can be kept going. Whatever his misgivings, "Pa" Watson could not interpose himself between Roosevelt and the fourth term. In 1955 Lord Moran was faced with the same problem: the family and Winston's intimates knew that after his series of shocks he was slipping; Lord Moran also knew that when finally relieved of office, Churchill would have no further purpose in life.

This book is the heartbeat of history, by a doctor wise in his diagnosis of men and motives. He is immensely likable; his portraits of Alan

Brooke and Marshall, Alexander and Lord Chervell ring true; and his revelation of how Churchill overcame his faltering as a speaker, of the fits of despondency — known as “Black Dog” — and how the PM learned to obliterate them, and, most important, of the difference between the fierce striving of the moment and the serenity with which Sir Winston recalled the events in his books makes this a record of lasting value.

THE INDIAN AND THE WHITES

The short novels of **CONRAD RICHTER** are known for their integrity and careful craftsmanship. Pioneering is in his blood, as it was in that of his clergyman forebears, and the best of his work other than *The Sea of Grass* has been laid in the deep forests and along the hazardous Eastern frontier in the early eighteenth century. In *The Trees* and *The Town*, the latter a Pulitzer Prize winner, Mr. Richter wrote of the Indian from the white man's point of view. Now in **A COUNTRY OF STRANGERS** (Knopf, \$3.95) he writes of the frontier, of Fort Detroit, the Great Lakes, and the settlements in Pennsylvania as they must have seemed to a white girl who has lived so long in Indian captivity that she thinks as one of them. When Stone Girl, with her small dark son, Otter Boy, is brought “home” by the Jesuit priest who has identified her, she comes resentfully and with suspicion. Save for the love of her child, emotion has been drained out of her; she comes looking for hostility, and she finds it.

Research goes into a story of this nature, and for me the most pleasant part of it is that which has to do with Stone Girl's life with the Lenni Lenape before she begins her long journey — we must have this if we are to believe in her basic loyalty, and I regret that her husband, Espan, is such a bloodless shadow. The whites as she finds them are an arrogant, tricky lot — only her Quaker grandmother shows any compassion for her; and this wall of contempt which shuts her in wherever she goes results too often in episodes that are so cold that they seem lifeless. Nor has Mr. Richter quite solved the difficulty of dealing with the Indian idiom; the dialogue is too crowded with unpronounceable words immediately followed by their English equivalent, and the result is archaic and stilted. I wonder if the day will come when someone, perhaps of Cherokee blood, will tell the Indian tragedy in its true, compassionate, gripping detail.

VETERANS AND WRITERS

It was my privilege to edit almost the entire output of the collaboration between Charles

Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. The friendship of the blond Viking from California and the dark modest poet from Iowa began in Paris, where they met after Hall's return from a German prison camp in 1918. They stayed on to write the official history of the Lafayette Flying Corps, in which they both had flown, and in the process their partnership found bedrock. Idealists, imbued with gallantry, who were resolved to quit civilization and write, they thought first of Bermuda, but Tahiti seemed equally inexpensive and more remote. There they settled, and for the next two decades created the books and the legend which Colonel **PAUL L. BRIAND, JR.**, has depicted with fidelity in **IN SEARCH OF PARADISE**, a dual biography (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$6.95).

At the outset they shared quarters in Papeete, and for several lean years each wrote on his own. Hall sent back to the States poems and essays which found more rejection than acceptance; Nordhoff worked on the longer narrative and came up with a good one in *The Pearl Lagoon*. It was desperation which drove them together as a team, and in 1927 when they collaborated in writing *Falcons of France*, a novel about the Lafayette Escadrille, in which Hall's old wing commander, Harold Willis, was one of the heroes, they realized how remarkably they complemented each other, Nordhoff the narrator driving the story forward, Hall the lover of beauty forever pausing to describe and reflect. *Falcons* was a moderate success, and at this turning point Hall recalled a little book he had picked up at a Paris bookstall, the story of Captain Bligh and the most famous mutiny in the British Navy. This was the talisman which united their talents in the writing of the *Bounty* trilogy, *The Hurricane*, and the successful books that followed.

Colonel Briand, professor of English at the Air Force Academy, is at his best in the chapters about the First World War. Hall's adventures as a machine gunner with the British and then as a pursuit pilot make a story in themselves, and the author had, of course, Hall's war books to draw on. Throughout he has taken a good deal of liberty with the dialogue; some of it doubtless is an amplification of letters, but much of it is invented. His account of the working and temperamental years on Tahiti lacks the poetry which Hall would have brought to it and the reticence Nordhoff would have preferred, for Nordhoff's proud spirit chafed at the criticism of his native marriage, and when his drinking became heavy, it was Hall, as the colonel rightly says, who did the bulk of the work. Lacking as it must the inspiration of both men, this is a faithful account of their method and an honest appraisal of their books.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

Direct observation can sometimes be the most fallible of the instruments of human understanding. The evidence of the eyewitness has an inherent plausibility; he himself saw the event. Yet the bystander who lacks the training to evaluate adequately what falls within his field of vision may be cruelly deceived and may deceive others.

Travel accounts are often subject to such distortion, particularly when they treat a strange society which does not offer the voyager the familiar clues that ordinarily guide his judgment. The barriers of foreign language and culture limit even the most honest observations. And the odds against accuracy are overwhelming in a totalitarian society which rigidly controls every visible object and occurrence and even the perspective of the onlooker.

The inability to see correctly accounts in part at least for our difficulty in understanding Communist China. For almost two decades, our fleeting glimpses of that society have come from occasional favored visitors invited by a government which moves them along tightly regulated itineraries. Rarely do they speak the language; never do they have the opportunity to go freely where they wish. Their reports, honest in intention though they may be, are therefore totally undependable. They bring to mind the accounts in the 1930s of Europeans and Americans who wrote enthusiastically about the face of the future in the Soviet Union without noticing that famine and purges were claiming millions of victims. China, larger, less tolerant, and culturally more remote, presents even greater opportunities for deception.

BERYL GREY'S THROUGH THE BAM-

BOO CURTAIN (Reynal, \$4.95) exemplifies all the faults of the unwary traveler. The English ballerina who composed this narrative spent four weeks in China in 1964. Everything was lovely. Her hosts were attentive, and she found enormous enthusiasm for ballet and theater. She returned from her visit with pleasant memories, which gush out in these pages.

The book is valueless as evidence. Before she left, the author dined with the artists of the Cultural Relations Society. Through interpreters, she asked them "many searching questions" in the course of "a most illuminating discussion in which everybody spoke out freely." She was thereby convinced that the Chinese saw nothing wrong in the arts being controlled and used as a medium to present the government's beliefs. The utter naïveté of the expectation that a candid exchange of views was possible under such circumstances illustrates the pitfalls of innocent observation.

THE THOUGHT REVOLUTION by TUNG CHI-PING and HUMPHREY EVANS (Coward-McCann, \$5.00) presents evidence of another and more reliable sort on the state of freedom in Red China. Tung Chi-ping defected to the West in the same year that Beryl Grey visited China. He was then twenty-four years old and found little about which to be enthusiastic in his homeland. Educated at the Institute of Foreign Languages in Shanghai, he had spent his formative years under the Communist regime and was well enough regarded by the Party to be sent as a cultural attaché to Africa, where he found an opportunity to escape.

His simple, unembellished story reveals the pattern of indoctrination in Chinese education, the interminable political harangues, the constant oversight, and the rectification campaigns that stifle dissent. When even the suspicion of a tone of sarcasm in a teacher's reading from Mao can lead to a sentence at manual labor, not many are likely to diverge from the party line. Tung Chi-ping's experiences as an interpreter throw particularly interesting light on the techniques for managing foreign travelers—the fake friendship organizations, the censorship in the process of translation, and the manipulation of the visitors' observations. The doubts that led to his own defection origi-

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nated in glimmers of an alternative sparked by the doctrinal dispute with the Soviet Union and in such evident failures of Party policy as the Great Leap Forward. He and Evans have written an illuminating book that offers Westerners a view of China the travelers rarely see.

THE JEWISH CATASTROPHE

More than two decades after they were perpetrated, the Nazi atrocities still evoke horror. Appallingly familiar though the destruction of life has become, in war, through famine, and in the course of insurrection, there remains a horrifying quality in Hitler's final solution for the Jews. This mad enterprise, purposeless and costly, demanded scientific organization, technical skill, and a willingness cold-bloodedly to set aside human values. The questions will not subside. Why did it happen? Why were there no protests?

GIDEON HAUSNER'S JUSTICE IN JERUSALEM (Harper & Row, \$10.00) has the simplest answers to these questions. The author was Attorney General of Israel when Adolph Eichmann was captured, and he acted as prosecutor during the trial in Jerusalem. Hausner sees the issue in terms of criminality: Eichmann was a collaborator of Hitler's in illegal actions and deserved punishment. The book states the case as it was presented in court.

The argument is no more effective now than when it was delivered to the judges. The tedious, legalistic approach is inadequate to the intellectual demands of the issue, for it cannot come to grips with the question of responsibility. "At the Eichmann trial," the author claims in a blaze of optimism, "the rule was publicly pronounced by an authoritative and universally accepted tribunal that the perpetrator of mass murder will not find shelter in the orders of his superiors, but will be held personally accountable for his deeds." This, alas, is far from being the case. Directly or indirectly, all of Europe was implicated in the destruction of the Jews. The lines of command reached downward from Hitler's chancellory to the manipulator of the gas chamber valve, passing through the whole society and tainting all who collaborated or simply stood by. Eichmann's position was by no means

What do YOU mean by "I BELIEVE"?

It is easy to believe there is a God. It is hard, in fact, not to do so.

For instinct...and the wonders of the universe...almost force a man to say "I believe."

But we have much more certain reasons for our faith. We have, in fact, positive knowledge concerning the nature of God...the things we must believe about Him...the way we must live to fulfill the purpose for which He created us. We have this sure knowledge on the word of God Himself.

God would, indeed, be an inscrutable mystery if we tried to understand Him through the workings of our limited human intelligence. But we can understand Him through the truths He has revealed concerning Himself and our duties toward Him.

The Apostles' Creed, for example, is not merely a pious prayer invented by men. It is a summary of divine truths revealed by God for our understanding and guidance. It is not something which we are free to believe only in part, or to interpret in support of a creed of our own invention.

As far as Catholics are concerned the Apostles' Creed sums up our attitude toward God and our religion. We

believe, as the Creed says, not only in God, the Father Almighty, but "in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary..." We believe that Christ died for our redemption... that He arose from the dead... that "He shall come to judge the living and the dead." We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting.

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so unique that he should bear the total guilt. And neither the trial nor Hausner's defense of it adds to our understanding of where to allocate the blame.

Two years ago Hochhuth's disturbing play, *The Deputy*, touched on this very problem in discussing the responsibility of the spiritual leader of the Catholic Church during the agonized war years. There seems no doubt that Pius XII knew what was going on. Yet, so far as is known, he refrained from protest.

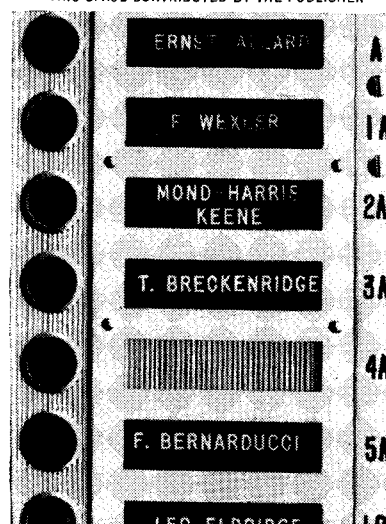
A more effective and better-balanced presentation of the question comes in SAUL FRIEDLÄNDER'S *PIUS XII AND THE THIRD REICH* (Knopf, \$4.95). Friedländer is a historian, born in Prague, who now teaches in Geneva; and though his own parents met their death in Auschwitz, he has attempted to be scrupulously objective in this volume. From archival sources, mainly in Germany, he has extracted the documents that have a bearing on the relationships of the Church with the Nazis; and he has skillfully linked them together.

Friedländer recognizes the limitations of his materials. The whole story will not be known until the Vatican archives are thrown open. Much of his information comes from German diplomats, who wished to emphasize the friendliness of the Vatican to their government. In addition, the formal documents cannot reveal the human emotions and motives involved in the confrontation with the problem. Nevertheless, the book is effective. Through the stilted phrases of the diplomatic correspondence, one can make out the outlines of a great tragedy.

Professor Friedländer suggests two reasons for the Church's silence. "The Sovereign Pontiff seems to have had a predilection for Germany which" was not "diminished by the nature of the Nazi regime"; and Pius XII, fearing a Bolshevization of Europe more than anything else, hoped that Hitler's Germany reconciled with the Western Allies "would become the essential rampart against any advance by the Soviet Union."

These factors undoubtedly played a part in molding the Vatican's attitudes. But they do not fully take account of the moral issue or altogether explain the Pope's dilemma. In its long history, the Church had learned to live with evil. Since it did not expect perfection on earth,

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it was reconciled to adjusting itself to regimes of which it did not approve. That men should sin, that rulers might transgress God's law were familiar aspects of the human condition. The Pope could sincerely mourn the fate of the victims without feeling moved to halt the inevitable evil.

ACCEPTING LIFE

Precisely this concern with evil is at the heart of **ELIE WIESEL's** moving novel **THE GATES OF THE FOREST** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.95). The crisis of European Jewry was a profoundly disturbing test for all men of traditional faith. Was Hitler, too, ultimately the instrument of an all-powerful God? The calamity was far too great to bear Jeremiah's explanation, that the sins of the people had provoked a righteous God to anger. Yet without that justification, the disaster could mean only "that God is unjust and life is a farce. It means that God doesn't love man or deserve his love." Wiesel's problem in examining the catastrophe is to build an idea of the world alternative to the proposition that "In the beginning God created man in order to kill him, he created him because he has no pity."

The power of this novel emanates from its willingness to come to grips with this important issue. The language is sometimes obscure, the plot is loose, and the characters are sketched in outline rather than fully developed. The book's rewards are its flashes of insight.

A Jewish boy of seventeen survives, alone of his family, in a cave in Hungary. Briefly he takes refuge in a peasant village, then joins the partisans in the forest, and ultimately finds safety, but not peace, in the United States. All the while he seeks, and discovers, himself.

A brilliant episode set in the peasant village is symbolic of the relationship of the Jews to Europe. The boy, who pretends to be a deaf mute, receives the confidences of the people; because he cannot hear, they express to him the painful frustrations of their lives. Then, cast in the role of Judas in the school play, he becomes the butt of their hatred. "Only yesterday these had been friendly faces. Only yesterday these people had talked to him, gripped his arm, offered him an

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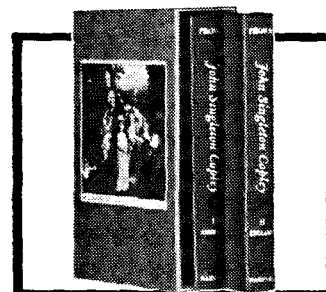


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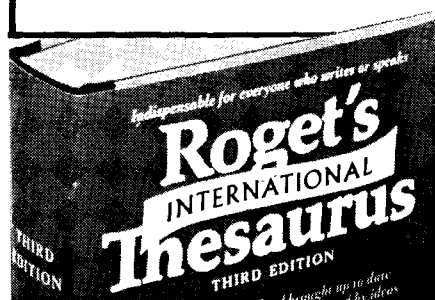
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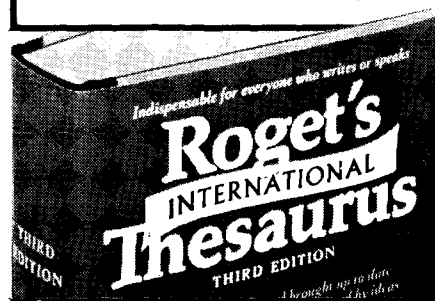
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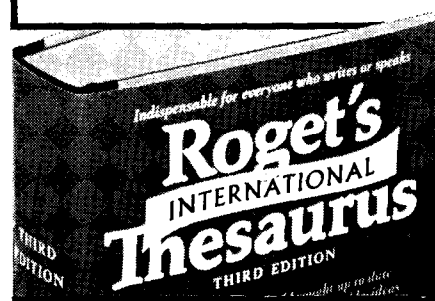
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apple, a cluster of raisins, a kindly word. . . . They were rich in compassion, and thanks to him, they could boast of it. And now here they were asking for his death." Meanwhile, the well-intentioned priest looked on but did not interfere; "he reflected upon the transmission of sin from one generation to the next and the strange, but just, ways of providence."

The central theme of the book is the boy's search for knowledge of himself. How can a man live in a world in which evil exists? "We all have a share in the crime, even if we combat it." Wiesel's answer — the acceptance of life as it is, and prayer — will satisfy those who share his faith. But even those who do not will be moved by his statement of it.

The acceptance of life is also the theme of REYNOLDS PRICE's second novel, *A GENEROUS MAN* (Atheneum, \$4.95). The rustic innocence of North Carolina is a world away from Central Europe, and the terms of a boy's quest for purpose are therefore radically different. Yet the outcome of this search, too, is a resolution to take life as it is.

It is a testimony to Price's skill that his writing successfully surmounts the handicap of an improbable plot. Milo Mustian, fifteen years old, spends three days in a search for his half-witted brother, who has vanished in pursuit of his dog, who, in turn, is chasing a python called Death in the woods. In the process, Milo uncovers the old story of his cousin and alter ego, Tom, who had left home sixteen years earlier, irked by its restraints, driven by the desire for self-fulfillment. Coincidentally, the characters that Tom then abandoned now cross Milo's path; and the need for dealing with them clarifies the boy's understanding and thrusts him into manhood.

In the end, Milo faces a choice. He can run from the given world, as his cousin did, or stay where he is, bound year after year to the round of toil as his father and grandfather had been. His inclination is to escape the destiny established for him by his family and status. But the return of his brother creates the obligation to remain and to bear the burden of his life as it is. The story unfolds in a nice alternation of humor and pathos, tightly written, unfailingly interesting.

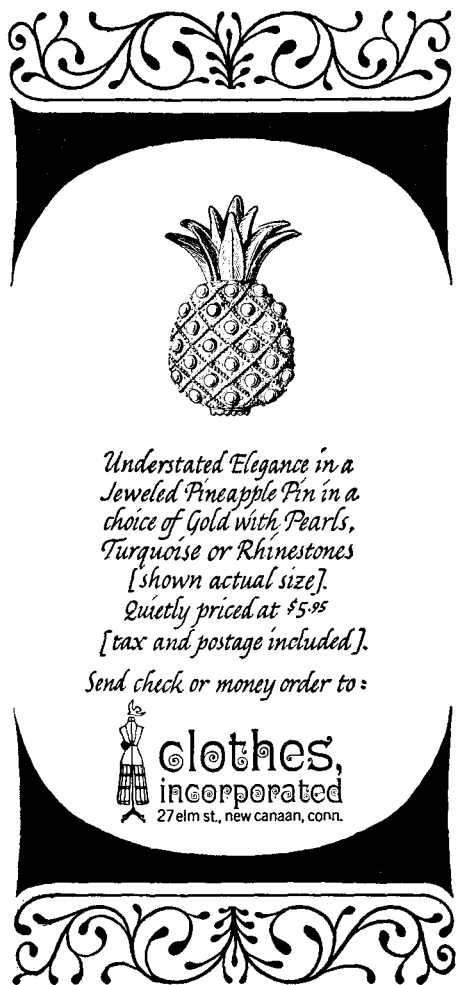
THE LITTLE MEN

There is irony in the fact that much of the shape of the Western world that emerged between 1945 and 1952 is the result of the efforts of little men. Roosevelt had died before the war was over. Churchill and De Gaulle were out of power much of the time and, in any case, had little influence upon the course of events. Suddenly the dominant figures were Harry Truman, Clement Attlee, Konrad Adenauer — earnest men of probity, hardworking and conscientious, dull. Their decisions are responsible for our successes and failures.

KONRAD ADENAUER'S MEMOIRS (Regnery, \$10.00) reflects the character of the man. It is honest, well-documented, and punctilious in matters of detail. It presents a conscientious chronicle of the years between 1945 and 1953 "without omissions, without coloring." It is also heavy and unimaginative.

Adenauer was nearly seventy years old in 1944 when the Nazis arrested him. The jailer who then feared that his prisoner, having "nothing more to expect from life," might commit suicide could not have been more mistaken. This phlegmatic burgher had indeed already had a full career; but the dedication to duty which had kept him from collaborating with the Nazis held him in active service to his country for fifteen more years.

Under his leadership Germany emerged from the wreckage of war, regained its economic strength, and developed genuinely democratic institutions. In that achievement Adenauer's view of society was pivotal. His reflections on the errors of the Nazi period revealed the direction that reform should take. He ascribed Hitler's success not to any fault in German character but to "the weakness of human nature. Anyone who has ever lived in a police state knows how much courage it takes to oppose the state." Nazism was the outgrowth of the German people's attitude toward the state, which they had made an idol and set upon an altar. "The omnipotence of this state, the precedence attributed to it before the dignity and liberty of the individual" violated natural law. It was the "function of the state to serve the individual. Materialist ideology turned the individual into a small,



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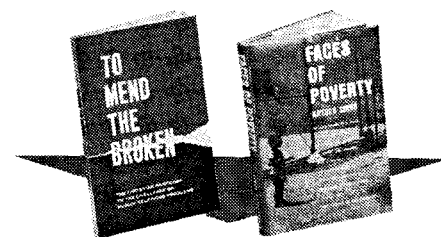
anonymous cog in a huge machine." Hence Adenauer's determination to found "an ideological party based on ethics." He had already been occupied in that task in the 1920s; and as soon as peace permitted him to do so, he set to work once more. The Christian Democratic Union, which has governed Germany since the first election, owes much to his influence.

In **THE TRUMAN PRESIDENCY** (Macmillan, \$6.95) **CABELL PHILLIPS** gives a lucid history of the same years in the United States. A preliminary chapter quickly takes Harry S. Truman from Missouri to the vice presidency. But the book focuses on the events of the two terms in the White House. Phillips is an able reporter, he has read carefully in the sources, and his interpretation is judicious. His competent account of the Truman era in our history reminds us of the origin of many problems which still plague us today. It is a shock to read Dean Rusk's statement, "What we are trying to do is to maintain peace and security without a general war"; and to find that the year is 1951 and the war is in Korea.

Truman emerges from this reconsideration as an able man who rose to the challenge of crises. His decisions saved Europe from disaster. He reacted vigorously to the invasion of South Korea: putting his hand on the globe at Blair House, he grimly said, "This is the Greece of the Far East. If we are tough enough now, there won't have to be any next step." Nor did he lack courage in standing up to General Douglas MacArthur. Phillips is justified in referring to Truman's "triumphant succession" as the heir of Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was a substantial achievement to have led the nation through the trying post-war years.

Would a big man have done more? With the aid of the hindsight of an additional decade, one wonders whether the qualities of foresight, imagination, and boldness might not have produced alternative policies in Germany and in the United States that would have resolved the problems that still haunt us. But this may be only the romantic preference for the heroic coup over the patient inching ahead. Perhaps the risks are too great in our time for the adventuresome big men.

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THE HOLY LAND (Random House, \$3.95) is the latest and presumably the last of the series of novels in which **PÄR LAGERKVIST** represents human life as a mysteriously inspired pilgrimage to an incomprehensible destination. That the destination should finally be revealed as meaningless is no surprise; this conclusion has been implicit from the start in Mr. Lagerkvist's cold, simplified, crystalline symbolism. His style, stripped of all inessentials, matches the frosty elegance of his thought. One may object, on realistic grounds, that humor and even pleasure are not unknown to mankind, but Mr. Lagerkvist is not a realist. He is part poet and part Euclid, and there is no denying the logic of his vision or the power with which he presents it.

ANN BIRSTEIN'S novel **THE SWEET BIRDS OF GORHAM** (McKay, \$3.95) is a demurely malicious account of the collision between an authoress mad about men and the college of Gorham, mad on all counts. Miss Birstein writes wittily, revealing a large acquaintance with bizarre academic fauna and a nice willingness to share her information.

DAN WAKEFIELD is an unusually perceptive reporter, and his book **BETWEEN THE LINES** (New American Library, \$5.95) contains material he left out of various news stories, along with his doubts about the whole official system of news coverage. Practical, original, amusing in its suggestions, the book includes one satirical paragraph on the actual fact underlying a generalized omniscient news report which is as true and as devastating a criticism of the press as I have ever read.

A VERY EASY DEATH (Putnam, \$3.95) is **SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S** account of the death of her mother. It is interminably detailed—the reader gets a full account of every one of the poor lady's distressing symptoms—and it raises the question of the desirability of treatment to prolong life when recovery is impossible. Since Miss De Beauvoir does not know exactly when recovery was discovered to be impossible, she cannot answer her own question

and does not seriously try to do so. Which raises the question of why the book was written at all, except as a substitute for filial grief, an emotion that the author professes but never makes believable.

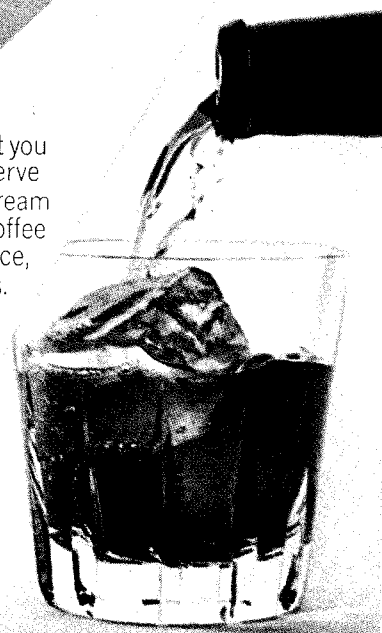
When William of Normandy won the crown of England at the battle of Hastings, he settled a family squabble over the property that had gone on for generations. The nine-hundredth anniversary of this affair has aroused a certain amount of attention and, so far, three books: **THE MAKING OF THE KING: 1066** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.00) by **ALAN LLOYD**; **1066: THE STORY OF A YEAR** (Putnam, \$5.95) by **DENIS BUTLER**; and **THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND** (Doubleday, \$5.95) by **ERIC LINKLATER**. They differ little about plain fact but considerably in manner and emphasis. Mr. Lloyd assumes that King Harold Godwinson of England was seriously alarmed at breaking his oath to support William's claim to the succession. Mr. Linklater believes that since the oath was taken under duress, Harold's concern would have been minimal. Mr. Butler declines to speculate, on the grounds that the truth of Harold's attitude is now unknowable. Of the three, Mr. Lloyd's book is the quickest reading, being in fact close to journalese in its resolute simplification of the past. Mr. Butler fills in much picturesque background concerning the habits of the time, examines neglected figures like the wily churchman Stigand and the troublesome Tostig Godwinson, and includes helpful genealogical charts. Mr. Linklater considers Hastings as the culmination of a Scandinavian assault on England that began as early as the eighth century, took formal shape in Ragnar Lodbrok's time, failed briefly with the early death of King Knut, and finally succeeded under the half-Scandinavian William. William had the advantage of attacking on the heels of his distant kinsman Harald Hardrada of Norway, who had just as good a claim to the English crown but at Stamford Bridge failed bloodily to make it good. *The Conquest of England* is the most comprehensive, informative, and interesting of these three histories by nonprofessional historians, but it is not the easiest reading precisely because Mr. Linklater's explorations range far beyond England and the year 1066.



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